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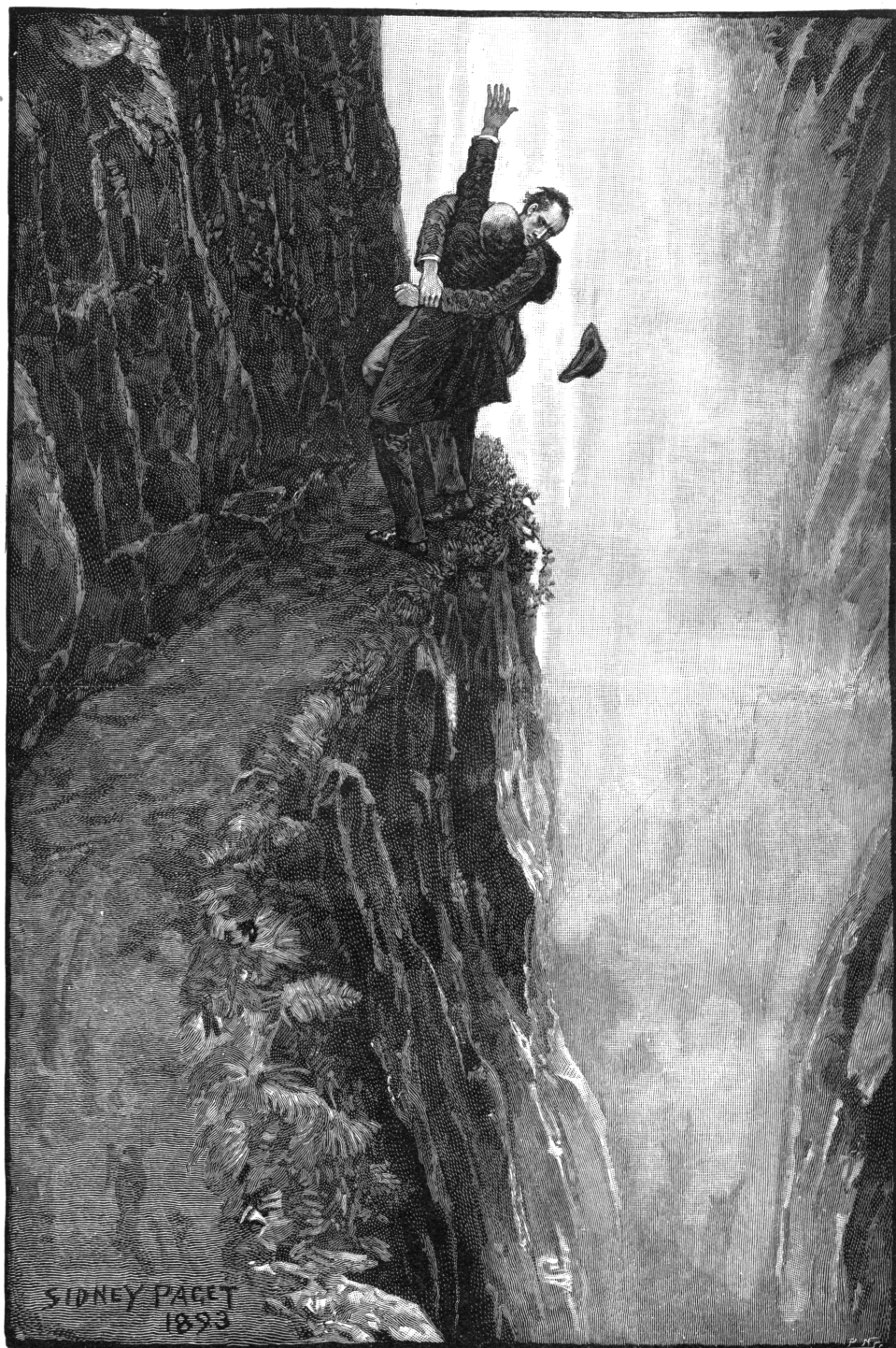
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THE DEATH OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

# *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## XXIV.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE FINAL PROBLEM.



IT is with a heavy heart that I take up my pen to write these the last words in which I shall ever record the singular gifts by which my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes was distinguished. In an incoherent and, as I deeply feel, an entirely inadequate fashion, I have endeavoured to give some account of my strange experiences in his company from the chance which first brought us together at the period of the "Study in Scarlet," up to the time of his interference in the matter of the "Naval Treaty"—an interference which had the unquestionable effect of preventing a serious international complication. It was my intention to have stopped there, and to have said nothing of that event which has created a void in my life which the lapse of two years has done little to fill. My hand has been forced, however, by the recent letters in which Colonel James Moriarty defends the memory of his brother, and I have no choice but to lay the facts before the public exactly as they occurred. I alone know the absolute truth of the matter, and I am satisfied that the time has come when no good purpose is to be served by its suppression. As far as I know, there have been only three accounts in the public Press: that in the *Journal de Genève* upon May 6th, 1891, the Reuter's despatch in the English papers upon May 7th, and finally the recent letters to which I have alluded. Of these the first and second were extremely condensed, while the last is, as I shall now show, an absolute perversion of the facts. It lies with me to tell for the first time what really took place between Professor Moriarty and Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

It may be remembered that after my marriage, and my subsequent start in private practice, the very intimate relations which had existed between Holmes and myself became to some extent modified. He still came to me from time to time when he desired a companion in his investigations, but these occasions grew more and more seldom, until I find that in the year 1890 there were only three cases of which I retain any record. During the winter of that year and the early spring of 1891, I saw in the papers that he had been engaged by the French Government upon a matter of supreme importance, and I received two notes from Holmes, dated

from Narbonne and from Nîmes, from which I gathered that his stay in France was likely to be a long one. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I saw him walk into my consulting-room upon the evening of the 24th of April. It struck me that he was looking even paler and thinner than usual.

"Yes, I have been using myself up rather too freely," he remarked, in answer to my look rather than to my words; "I have been a little pressed of late. Have you any objection to my closing your shutters?"

The only light in the room came from the lamp upon the table at which I had been reading. Holmes edged his way round the wall, and flinging the shutters together, he bolted them securely.

"You are afraid of something?" I asked.

"Well, I am."

"Of what?"

"Of air-guns."

"My dear Holmes, what do you mean?"

"I think that you know me well enough, Watson, to understand that I am by no means a nervous man. At the same time, it is stupidity rather than courage to refuse to recognise danger when it is close upon you. Might I trouble you for a match?" He drew in the smoke of his cigarette as if the soothing influence was grateful to him.

"I must apologize for calling so late," said he, "and I must further beg you to be so unconventional as to allow me to leave your house presently by scrambling over your back garden wall."

"But what does it all mean?" I asked.

He held out his hand, and I saw in the light of the lamp that two of his knuckles were burst and bleeding.

"It's not an airy nothing, you see," said he, smiling. "On the contrary, it is solid enough for a man to break his hand over. Is Mrs. Watson in?"

"She is away upon a visit."

"Indeed! You are alone?"

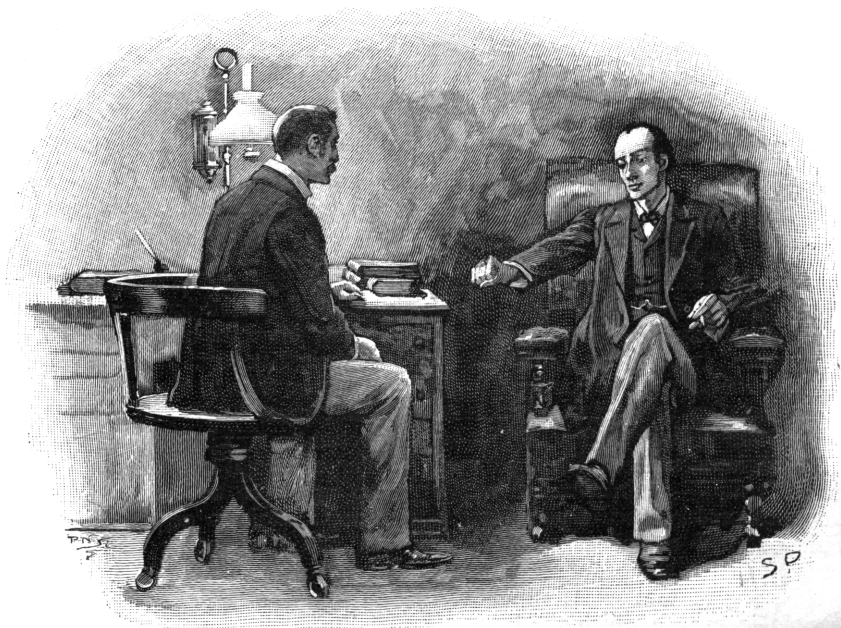
"Quite."

"Then it makes it the easier for me to propose that you should come away with me for a week on to the Continent."

"Where?"

"Oh, anywhere. It's all the same to me."

There was something very strange in all this. It was not Holmes's nature to take an



"TWO OF HIS KNUCKLES WERE BURST AND BLEEDING."

aimless holiday, and something about his pale, worn face told me that his nerves were at their highest tension. He saw the question in my eyes, and, putting his finger-tips together and his elbows upon his knees, he explained the situation.

"You have probably never heard of Professor Moriarty?" said he.

"Never."

"Aye, there's the genius and the wonder of the thing!" he cried. "The man pervades London, and no one has heard of him. That's what puts him on a pinnacle in the records of crime. I tell you, Watson, in all seriousness, that if I could beat that man, if I could free society of him, I should feel that my own career had reached its summit, and I should be prepared to turn to some more placid line in life. Between ourselves, the recent cases in which I have been of assistance to the Royal Family of Scandinavia, and to the French Republic, have left me in such a position that I could continue to live in the quiet fashion which is most congenial to me, and to concentrate my attention upon my chemical researches. But I could not rest, Watson, I could not sit quiet in my chair, if I thought that such a man as Professor Moriarty were walking the streets of London unchallenged."

"What has he done, then?"

"His career has been an extraordinary one. He is a man of good birth and excel-

lent education, endowed by Nature with a phenomenal mathematical faculty. At the age of twenty-one he wrote a treatise upon the Binomial Theorem, which has had a European vogue. On the strength of it, he won the Mathematical Chair at one of our smaller Universities and had, to all appearance, a most brilliant career before him. But the man had hereditary tendencies of the most diabolical kind. A criminal strain ran in his blood, which, instead of being modified, was increased and rendered infinitely more dangerous by his extraordinary mental powers. Dark rumours gathered round him in the University town, and eventually he was compelled to resign his Chair and to come down to London, where he set up as an Army coach. So much is known to the world, but what I am telling you now is what I have myself discovered.

"As you are aware, Watson, there is no one who knows the higher criminal world of London so well as I do. For years past I have continually been conscious of some power behind the malefactor, some deep organizing power which for ever stands in the way of the law, and throws its shield over the wrong-doer. Again and again in cases of the most varying sorts—forgery cases, robberies, murders—I have felt the presence of this force, and I have deduced its action in many of those undiscovered crimes in which I have not been personally

consulted. For years I have endeavoured to break through the veil which shrouded it, and at last the time came when I seized my thread and followed it, until it led me, after a thousand cunning windings, to ex-Professor Moriarty of mathematical celebrity.

"He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson. He is the organizer of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetected in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans. But his agents are numerous and splendidly organized. Is there a crime to be done, a paper to be abstracted, we will say, a house to be rifled, a man to be removed—the word is passed to the Professor, the matter is organized and carried out. The agent may be caught. In that case money is found for his bail or his defence. But the central power which uses the agent is never caught—never so much as suspected. This was the organization which I deduced, Watson, and which I devoted my whole energy to exposing and breaking up.

"But the Professor was fenced round with safeguards so cunningly devised that, do what I would, it seemed impossible to get evidence which could convict in a court of law. You know my powers, my dear Watson, and yet at the end of three months I was forced to confess that I had at last met an antagonist who was my

intellectual equal. My horror at his crimes was lost in my admiration at his skill. But at last he made a trip—only a little, little trip—but it was more than he could afford, when I was so close upon him. I had my chance, and, starting from that point, I have woven my net round him until now it is all ready to close. In three days, that is to say on Monday next, matters will be ripe, and the Professor, with all the principal members of his gang, will be in the hands of the police. Then will come the greatest criminal trial of the century, the clearing up of over forty mysteries and the rope for all of them—but if we move at all prematurely, you understand, they may slip out of our hands even at the last moment.

"Now, if I could have done this without the knowledge of Professor Moriarty, all would have been well. But he was too wily for that. He saw every step which I took to draw my toils round him. Again and again he strove to break away, but I as often headed him off. I tell you, my friend, that if a detailed account of that silent contest could be written, it would take its place as the most brilliant bit of thrust-and-parry work in the history of detection. Never have I risen to such a height, and never have I been so hard pressed by an opponent. He cut deep, and yet I just undercut him. This morning the last steps were taken, and three days only were wanted to com-

plete the business. I was sitting in my room thinking the matter over, when the door opened and Professor Moriarty stood before me.



"PROFESSOR MORIARTY STOOD BEFORE ME."

"My nerves are fairly proof, Watson, but I must confess to a start when I saw the very man who had been so much in my thoughts standing there on my threshold. His appearance was quite familiar to me. He is extremely tall and thin, his forehead comes out in a white curve, and his two eyes are deeply sunken in his head. He is clean shaven, pale, and ascetic-looking, retaining something of the professor in his features. His shoulders are rounded from much study, and his face protrudes forward, and is for ever slowly oscillating from side to side in a curiously reptilian fashion. He peered at me with great curiosity in his puckered eyes.

"You have less frontal development than I should have expected," said he at last. "It is a dangerous habit to finger loaded firearms in the pocket of one's dressing-gown."

"The fact is that upon his entrance I had instantly recognised the extreme personal danger in which I lay. The only conceivable escape for him lay in silencing my tongue. In an instant I had slipped the revolver from the drawer into my pocket, and was covering him through the cloth. At his remark I drew the weapon out and laid it cocked upon the table. He still smiled and blinked, but there was something about his eyes which made me feel very glad that I had it there.

"You evidently don't know me," said he.

"On the contrary," I answered, "I think it is fairly evident that I do. Pray take a chair. I can spare you five minutes if you have anything to say."

"All that I have to say has already crossed your mind," said he.

"Then possibly my answer has crossed yours," I replied.

"You stand fast?"

"Absolutely."

"He clapped his hand into his pocket, and I raised the pistol from the table. But he merely drew out a memorandum-book in which he had scribbled some dates.

"You crossed my path on the 4th of January," said he. "On the 23rd you incommoded me; by the middle of February I was seriously inconvenienced by you; at the end of March I was absolutely hampered in my plans; and now, at the close of April, I find myself placed in such a position through your continual persecution that I am in positive danger of losing my liberty. The situation is becoming an impossible one."

"Have you any suggestion to make?" I asked.

"You must drop it, Mr. Holmes," said

he, swaying his face about. "You really must, you know."

"After Monday," said I.

"Tut, tut!" said he. "I am quite sure that a man of your intelligence will see that there can be but one outcome to this affair. It is necessary that you should withdraw. You have worked things in such a fashion that we have only one resource left. It has been an intellectual treat to me to see the way in which you have grappled with this affair, and I say, unaffectedly, that it would be a grief to me to be forced to take any extreme measure. You smile, sir, but I assure you that it really would."

"Danger is part of my trade," I remarked.

"This is not danger," said he. "It is inevitable destruction. You stand in the way not merely of an individual, but of a mighty organization, the full extent of which you, with all your cleverness, have been unable to realize. You must stand clear, Mr. Holmes, or be trodden under foot."

"I am afraid," said I, rising, "that in the pleasure of this conversation I am neglecting business of importance which awaits me elsewhere."

"He rose also and looked at me in silence, shaking his head sadly.

"Well, well," said he at last. "It seems a pity, but I have done what I could. I know every move of your game. You can do nothing before Monday. It has been a duel between you and me, Mr. Holmes. You hope to place me in the dock. I tell you that I will never stand in the dock. You hope to beat me. I tell you that you will never beat me. If you are clever enough to bring destruction upon me, rest assured that I shall do as much to you."

"You have paid me several compliments, Mr. Moriarty," said I. "Let me pay you one in return when I say that if I were assured of the former eventuality I would, in the interests of the public, cheerfully accept the latter."

"I can promise you the one but not the other," he snarled, and so turned his rounded back upon me and went peering and blinking out of the room.

"That was my singular interview with Professor Moriarty. I confess that it left an unpleasant effect upon my mind. His soft, precise fashion of speech leaves a conviction of sincerity which a mere bully could not produce. Of course, you will say: 'Why not take police precautions against him?' The reason is that I am well convinced that it is from his agents the blow would fall. I





"HE TURNED HIS ROUNDED BACK UPON ME."

the day. Now I have come round to you, and on my way I was attacked by a rough with a bludgeon. I knocked him down, and the police have him in custody; but I can tell you with the most absolute confidence that no possible connection will ever be traced between the gentleman upon whose front teeth I have barked my knuckles and the retiring mathematical coach, who is, I daresay, working out problems upon a black-board ten miles away. You will not wonder, Watson, that my first act on entering your rooms was to close your shutters, and that I have been compelled to ask your permission to leave the house by some less conspicuous exit than the front door."

have the best of proofs that it would be so."

"You have already been assaulted?"

"My dear Watson, Professor Moriarty is not a man who lets the grass grow under his feet. I went out about midday to transact some business in Oxford Street. As I passed the corner which leads from Bentinck Street on to the Welbeck Street crossing a two-horse van furiously driven whizzed round and was on me like a flash. I sprang for the footpath and saved myself by the fraction of a second. The van dashed round by Marylebone Lane and was gone in an instant. I kept to the pavement after that, Watson, but as I walked down Vere Street a brick came down from the roof of one of the houses, and was shattered to fragments at my feet. I called the police and had the place examined. There were slates and bricks piled upon the roof preparatory to some repairs, and they would have me believe that the wind had toppled over one of these. Of course I knew better, but I could prove nothing. I took a cab after that and reached my brother's rooms in Pall Mall, where I spent

my friend's courage, but never more than now, as he sat quietly checking off a series of incidents which must have combined to make up a day of horror.

"You will spend the night here?" I said.

"No, my friend, you might find me a dangerous guest. I have my plans laid, and all will be well. Matters have gone so far now that they can move without my help as far as the arrest goes, though my presence is necessary for a conviction. It is obvious, therefore, that I cannot do better than get away for the few days which remain before the police are at liberty to act. It would be a great pleasure to me, therefore, if you could come on to the Continent with me."

"The practice is quiet," said I, "and I have an accommodating neighbour. I should be glad to come."

"And to start to-morrow morning?"

"If necessary."

"Oh, yes, it is most necessary. Then these are your instructions, and I beg, my dear Watson, that you will obey them to the letter, for you are now playing a double-handed game with me against the cleverest

rogue and the most powerful syndicate of criminals in Europe. Now listen! You will dispatch whatever luggage you intend to take by a trusty messenger unaddressed to Victoria to-night. In the morning you will send for a hansom, desiring your man to take neither the first nor the second which may present itself. Into this hansom you will jump, and you will drive to the Strand end of the Lowther Arcade, handing the address to the cabman upon a slip of paper, with a request that he will not throw it away. Have your fare ready, and the instant that your cab stops, dash through the Arcade, timing yourself to reach the other side at a quarter-past nine. You will find a small brougham waiting close to the curb, driven by a fellow with a heavy black cloak tipped at the collar with red. Into this you will step, and you will reach Victoria in time for the Continental express."

"Where shall I meet you?"

"At the station. The second first-class carriage from the front will be reserved for us."

"The carriage is our rendezvous, then?"

"Yes."

It was in vain that I asked Holmes to remain for the evening. It was evident to me that he thought he might bring trouble to the roof he was under, and that that was the motive which impelled him to go. With a few hurried words as to our plans for the morrow he rose and came out with me into the garden, clambering over the wall which leads into Mortimer Street, and immediately whistling for a hansom, in which I heard him drive away.

In the morning I obeyed Holmes's injunctions to the letter. A hansom was procured with such precautions as would prevent its being one which was placed ready for us, and I drove immediately after breakfast to the Lowther Arcade, through which I hurried at the top of my speed. A brougham was waiting with a very massive driver wrapped in a dark cloak, who, the instant that I had stepped in, whipped up the horse and rattled off to Victoria Station. On my alighting there he turned the carriage, and dashed away again without so much as a look in my direction.

So far all had gone admirably. My luggage was waiting for me, and I had no difficulty in finding the carriage which Holmes had indicated, the less so as it was the only one in the train which was marked "Engaged." My only source of anxiety now was the non-appearance of Holmes. The station clock

marked only seven minutes from the time when we were due to start. In vain I searched among the groups of travellers and leave-takers for the lithe figure of my friend. There was no sign of him. I spent a few minutes in assisting a venerable Italian priest, who was endeavouring to make a porter understand, in his broken English, that his luggage was to be booked through to Paris. Then, having taken another look round, I returned to my carriage, where I found that the porter, in spite of the ticket, had given me my decrepit Italian friend as a travelling companion. It was useless for me to explain to him that his presence was an intrusion, for my Italian was even more limited than his English, so I shrugged my shoulders resignedly, and continued to look out anxiously for my friend. A chill of fear had come over me, as I thought that his absence might mean that some blow had fallen during the night. Already the doors had all been shut and the whistle blown, when—

"My dear Watson," said a voice, "you have not even condescended to say good morning."

I turned in incontrollable astonishment. The aged ecclesiastic had turned his face towards me. For an instant the wrinkles were smoothed away, the nose drew away from the chin, the lower lip ceased to protrude and the mouth to mumble, the dull eyes regained their fire, the drooping figure expanded. The next—the whole frame collapsed again, and Holmes had gone as quickly as he had come.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "How you startled me!"

"Every precaution is still necessary," he whispered. "I have reason to think that they are hot upon our trail. Ah, there is Moriarty himself."

The train had already begun to move as Holmes spoke. Glancing back I saw a tall man pushing his way furiously through the crowd and waving his hand as if he desired to have the train stopped. It was too late, however, for we were rapidly gathering momentum, and an instant later had shot clear of the station.

"With all our precautions, you see that we have cut it rather fine," said Holmes, laughing. He rose, and throwing off the black cassock and hat which had formed his disguise, he packed them away in a hand-bag.

"Have you seen the morning paper, Watson?"

"No."



“MY DECREPIT ITALIAN FRIEND.”

“You haven’t seen about Baker Street, then?”

“Baker Street?”

“They set fire to our rooms last night. No great harm was done.”

“Good heavens, Holmes! This is intolerable.”

“They must have lost my track completely after their bludgeon-man was arrested. Otherwise they could not have imagined that I had returned to my rooms. They have evidently taken the precaution of watching you, however, and that is what has brought Moriarty to Victoria. You could not have made any slip in coming?”

“I did exactly what you advised.”

“Did you find your brougham?”

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“Yes, it was waiting.”

“Did you recognise your coachman?”

“No.”

“It was my brother Mycroft. It is an advantage to get about in such a case without taking a mercenary into your confidence. But we must plan what we are to do about Moriarty now.”

“As this is an express, and as the boat runs in connection with it, I should think we have shaken him off very effectively.”

“My dear Watson, you evidently did not realize my meaning when I said that this man may be taken as being quite on the same intellectual plane as myself. You do not imagine

that if I were the pursuer I should allow myself to be baffled by so slight an obstacle. Why, then, should you think so meanly of him?”

“What will he do?”

“What I should do.”

“What would you do, then?”

“Engage a special.”

“But it must be late.”

“By no means. This train stops at Canterbury; and there is always at least a quarter of an hour’s delay at the boat. He will catch us there.”

“One would think that we were the criminals. Let us have him arrested on his arrival.”

“It would be to ruin the work of three



months. We should get the big fish, but the smaller would dart right and left out of the net. On Monday we should have them all. No, an arrest is inadmissible."

"What then?"

"We shall get out at Canterbury."

"And then?"

"Well, then we must make a cross-country journey to Newhaven, and so over to Dieppe. Moriarty will again do what I should do. He will get on to Paris, mark down our luggage, and wait for two days at the dépôt. In the meantime we shall treat ourselves to a couple of carpet bags, encourage the manufactures of the countries through which we travel, and make our way at our leisure into Switzerland, via Luxembourg and Basle."

At Canterbury, therefore, we alighted, only to find that we should have to wait an hour before we could get a train to Newhaven.

I was still looking rather ruefully after the rapidly disappearing luggage van which contained my wardrobe, when Holmes pulled my sleeve and pointed up the line.

"Already, you see," said he.

Far away, from among the Kentish woods there rose a thin spray of smoke. A minute later a carriage and engine could be seen flying along the open curve which leads to the station. We had hardly time to take our place behind a pile of luggage when it passed with a rattle and a roar, beating a blast of hot air into our faces.

"There he goes," said Holmes, as we watched the carriage swing and rock over the points. "There are limits, you see, to our friend's intelligence. It would have been a *coup-de-maitre* had he deduced what I would deduce and acted accordingly."

"And what would he have done had he overtaken us?"

"There cannot be the least doubt that he would have made a murderous attack upon me. It is, however, a game at which two

may play. The question now is whether we should take a premature lunch here, or run our chance of starving before we reach the buffet at Newhaven."

We made our way to Brussels that night and spent two days there, moving on upon the third day as far as Strasburg. On the Monday morning Holmes had telegraphed to the London police, and in the evening we found a reply waiting for us at our hotel. Holmes tore it open, and then with a bitter curse hurled it into the grate.



"IT PASSED WITH A RATTLE AND A ROAR."

"I might have known it!" he groaned. "He has escaped!"

"Moriarty?"

"They have secured the whole gang with the exception of him. He has given them the slip. Of course, when I had left the country there was no one to cope with him. But I did think that I had put the game in their hands. I think that you had better return to England, Watson."

"Why?"

"Because you will find me a dangerous companion now. This man's occupation is gone. He is lost if he returns to London. If I read his character right he will devote his whole energies to revenging himself upon me. He said as much in our short interview, and I fancy that he meant it. I should certainly recommend you to return to your practice."

It was hardly an appeal to be successful with one who was an old campaigner as well as an old friend. We sat in the Strasburg *salle-à-manger* arguing the question for half an hour, but the same night we had resumed our journey and were well on our way to Geneva.

For a charming week we wandered up the Valley of the Rhone, and then, branching off at Leuk, we made our way over the Gemmi Pass, still deep in snow, and so, by way of Interlaken, to Meiringen. It was a lovely trip, the dainty green of the spring below, the virgin white of the winter above; but it was clear to me that never for one instant did Holmes forget the shadow which lay across him. In the homely Alpine villages or in the lonely mountain passes, I could still tell by his quick glancing eyes and his sharp scrutiny of every face that passed us, that he was well convinced that, walk where we would, we could not walk ourselves clear of the danger which was dogging our footsteps.

Once, I remember, as we passed over the Gemmi, and walked along the border of the melancholy Daubensee, a large rock which had been dislodged from the ridge upon our right clattered down and roared into the lake behind us. In an instant Holmes had raced up on to the ridge, and, standing upon a lofty pinnacle, craned his neck in every direction. It was in vain that our guide assured him that a fall of stones was a common chance in the spring-time at that spot. He said nothing, but he smiled at me with the air of a man who sees the fulfilment of that which he had expected.

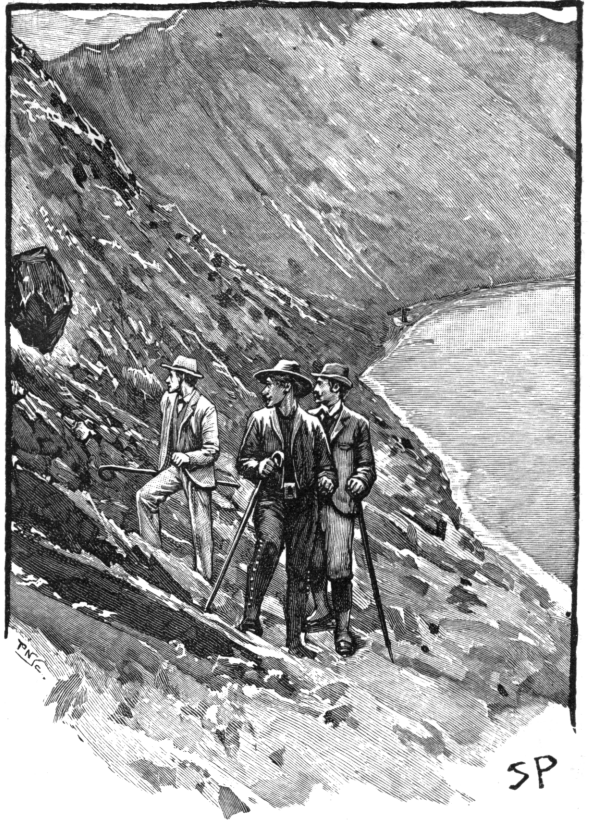
And yet for all his watchfulness he was never depressed. On the contrary, I can never recollect having seen him in such exuberant spirits. Again and again he recurred to the fact that if he could be assured that society was freed from

Professor Moriarty he would cheerfully bring his own career to a conclusion.

"I think that I may go so far as to say, Watson, that I have not lived wholly in vain," he remarked. "If my record were closed to-night I could still survey it with equanimity. The air of London is the sweeter for my presence. In over a thousand cases I am not aware that I have ever used my powers upon the wrong side. Of late I have been tempted to look into the problems furnished by Nature rather than those more superficial ones for which our artificial state of society is responsible. Your memoirs will draw to an end, Watson, upon the day that I crown my career by the capture or extinction of the most dangerous and capable criminal in Europe."

I shall be brief, and yet exact, in the little which remains for me to tell. It is not a subject on which I would willingly dwell, and yet I am conscious that a duty devolves upon me to omit no detail.

It was upon the 3rd of May that we reached the little village of Meiringen, where we put up at the *Englischer Hof*, then kept



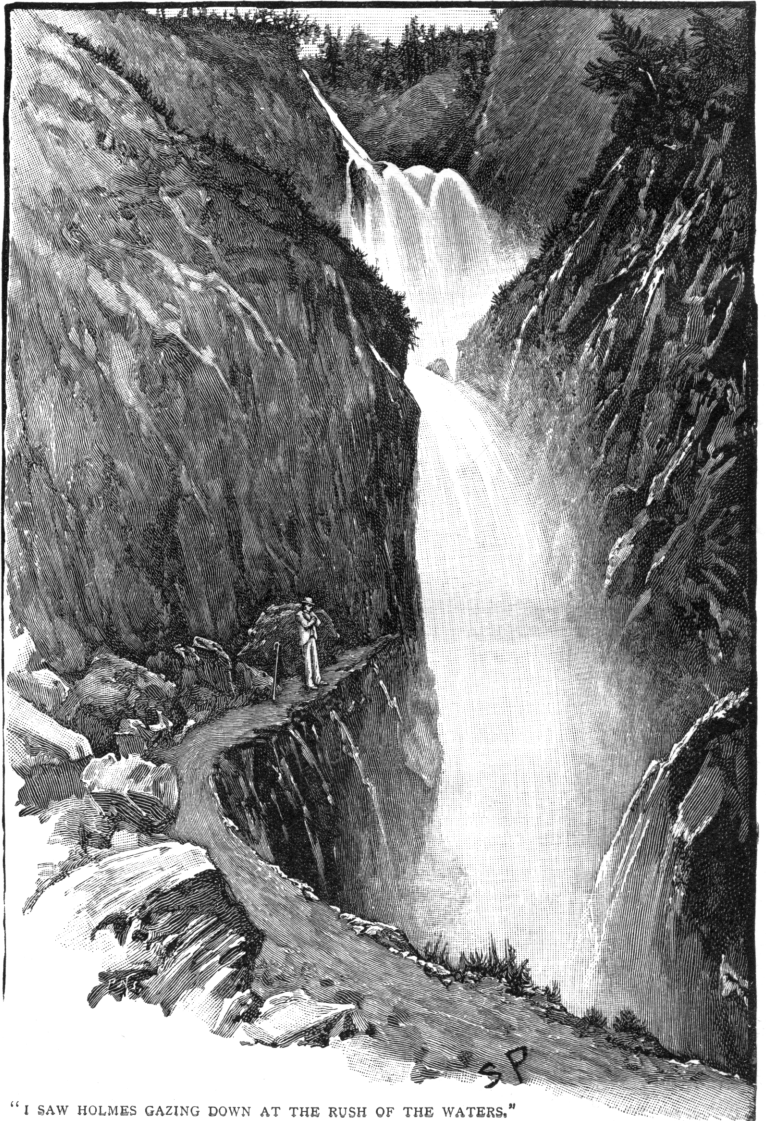
"A LARGE ROCK CLATTERED DOWN."

by Peter Steiler the elder. Our landlord was an intelligent man, and spoke excellent English, having served for three years as waiter at the Grosvenor Hotel in London. At his advice, upon the afternoon of the 4th we set off together with the intention of crossing the hills and spending the night at the hamlet of Rosenlaui. We had strict injunctions, however, on no account to pass the falls of Reichenbach, which are about half-way up the hill, without making a small détour to see them.

It is, indeed, a fearful place. The torrent, swollen by the melting snow, plunges into a tremendous abyss, from which the spray rolls up like the smoke from a burning house. The shaft into which the river hurls itself is an immense chasm, lined by glistening, coal-black rock, and narrowing into a creaming, boiling pit of incalculable depth, which brims over and shoots the stream onward over its jagged lip. The long sweep of green water roaring for ever down, and the thick flickering curtain of spray hissing for ever upwards, turn a man giddy with their constant whirl and clamour. We stood near the edge peering down at the gleam of the breaking water far below us against the black rocks, and listening to the half-human shout which came booming up with the spray out of the abyss.

The path has been cut half-way round the fall to afford a complete view, but it ends abruptly, and the

traveller has to return as he came. We had turned to do so, when we saw a Swiss lad come running along it with a letter in his hand. It bore the mark of the hotel which we had just left, and was addressed to me by the landlord. It appeared that within a very few minutes of our leaving, an English lady had arrived who was in the last stage of consumption. She had wintered at Davos Platz, and was journeying now to join her friends at Lucerne, when a sudden hemorrhage had overtaken her. It was thought that she could hardly live a few hours, but it would be a great consolation to her to see an English doctor, and, if I would only return,



"I SAW HOLMES GAZING DOWN AT THE RUSH OF THE WATERS."

etc., etc. The good Steiler assured me in a postscript that he would himself look upon my compliance as a very great favour, since the lady absolutely refused to see a Swiss physician, and he could not but feel that he was incurring a great responsibility.

The appeal was one which could not be ignored. It was impossible to refuse the request of a fellow-countrywoman dying in a strange land. Yet I had my scruples about leaving Holmes. It was finally agreed, however, that he should retain the young Swiss messenger with him as guide and companion while I returned to Meiringen. My friend would stay some little time at the fall, he said, and would then walk slowly over the hill to Rosenlauri, where I was to rejoin him in the evening. As I turned away I saw Holmes, with his back against a rock and his arms folded, gazing down at the rush of the waters. It was the last that I was ever destined to see of him in this world.

When I was near the bottom of the descent I looked back. It was impossible, from that position, to see the fall, but I could see the curving path which winds over the shoulder of the hill and leads to it. Along this a man was, I remember, walking very rapidly.

I could see his black figure clearly outlined against the green behind him. I noted him, and the energy with which he walked, but he passed from my mind again as I hurried on upon my errand.

It may have been a little over an hour before I reached Meiringen. Old Steiler was standing at the porch of his hotel.

"Well," said I, as I came hurrying up, "I trust that she is no worse?"

A look of surprise passed over his face, and at the first quiver of his eyebrows my heart turned to lead in my breast.

"You did not write this?" I said, pulling the letter from my pocket. "There is no sick Englishwoman in the hotel?"

"Certainly not," he cried. "But it has the hotel mark upon it! Ha, it must have been written by that tall Englishman who came in after you had gone. He said——"

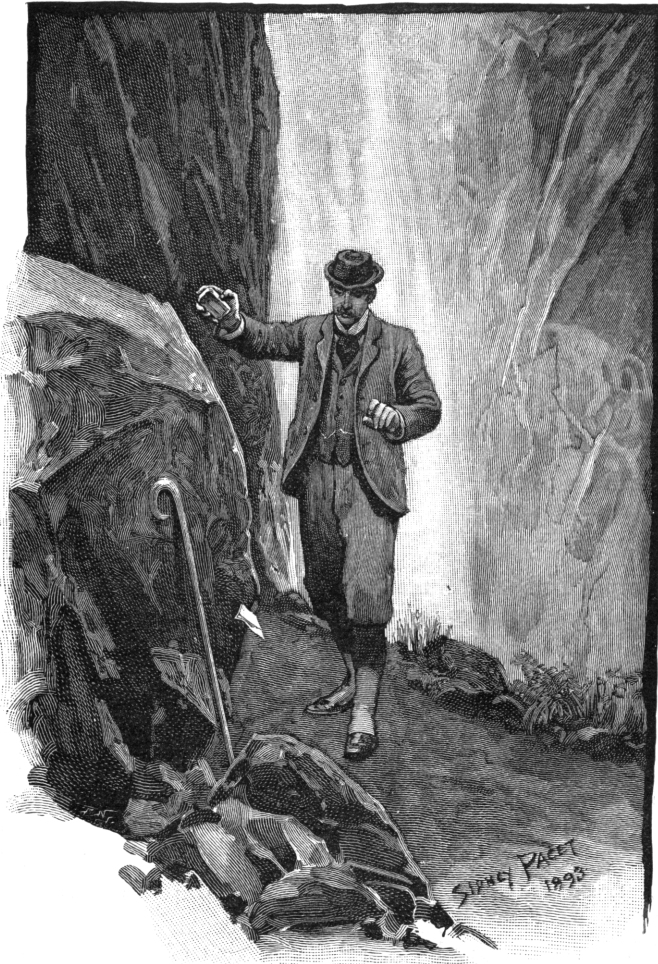
But I waited for none of the landlord's explanations. In a tingle of fear I was already running down the village street, and making for the path which I had so lately descended. It had taken me an hour to come down. For all my efforts two more had passed before I found myself at the fall of Reichenbach once more. There was Holmes's Alpine-stock still leaning against the rock by which I had left him. But there

was no sign of him, and it was in vain that I shouted. My only answer was my own voice reverberating in a rolling echo from the cliffs around me.

It was the sight of that Alpine-stock which turned me cold and sick. He had not gone to Rosenlauri, then. He had remained on that three-foot path, with sheer wall on one side and sheer drop upon the other, until his enemy had overtaken him. The young Swiss had gone too. He had probably been in the pay of Moriarty, and had left the two men together. And then what had happened? Who was to tell us what had happened then?

I stood for a minute or two to collect myself, for I was dazed with the horror of the thing. Then I began to think of Holmes's own methods and to try to practise them in reading this tragedy. It was, alas, only too easy to do. During our conversation we had not gone to the end of the path, and the Alpine-stock marked the place where we had stood. The blackish soil is kept for ever soft by the incessant drift of spray, and a bird would leave its tread upon it. Two lines of footmarks were clearly marked along the further end of the path, both leading away from me. There were none returning. A few yards from the end the soil was all ploughed up into a patch of mud, and the brambles and ferns which fringed the chasm were torn and bedraggled. I lay upon my face and peered over with the spray spouting up all around me. It had darkened since I left, and now I could only see here and there the glistening of moisture upon the black walls, and far away down at the end of the shaft the gleam of the broken water. I shouted; but only that same half-human cry of the fall was borne back to my ears.

But it was destined that I should after all have a last word of greeting from my friend and comrade. I have said that his Alpine-stock had been left leaning against a rock which jutted on to the path. From the top of this boulder the gleam of something bright caught my eye, and, raising my hand, I found that it came from the silver cigarette case which he used to carry. As I took it up a small square of paper upon which it had lain fluttered down on to the ground. Unfolding it I found that it consisted of three pages torn from his note-book and addressed to me. It was characteristic of the man that the direction was as precise, and the writing as firm and clear, as though it had been written in his study.



"A SMALL SQUARE OF PAPER FLUTTERED DOWN."

"My dear Watson," he said, "I write these few lines through the courtesy of Mr. Moriarty, who awaits my convenience for the final discussion of those questions which lie between us. He has been giving me a sketch of the methods by which he avoided the English police and kept himself informed of our movements. They certainly confirm the very high opinion which I had formed of his abilities. I am pleased to think that I shall be able to free society from any further effects of his presence, though I fear that it is at a cost which will give pain to my friends, and especially, my dear Watson, to you. I have already explained to you, however, that my career had in any case reached its crisis, and that no possible conclusion to it could be more congenial to me than this. Indeed, if I may make a full confession to you, I was quite convinced

that the letter from Meiringen was a hoax, and I allowed you to depart on that errand under the persuasion that some development of this sort would follow. Tell Inspector Patterson that the papers which he needs to convict the gang are in pigeon-hole M., done up in a blue envelope and inscribed 'Moriarty.' I made every disposition of my property before leaving England, and handed it to my brother Mycroft. Pray give my greetings to Mrs. Watson, and believe me to be, my dear fellow,

"Very sincerely yours,  
"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

A few words may suffice to tell the little that remains. An examination by experts leaves little doubt that a personal contest between the two men ended, as it could hardly fail to end in such a situation, in their reeling over, locked in each other's arms. Any attempt at recovering the bodies was absolutely hopeless, and there, deep down in that dreadful caldron of swirling water and seething

foam, will lie for all time the most dangerous criminal and the foremost champion of the law of their generation. The Swiss youth was never found again, and there can be no doubt that he was one of the numerous agents whom Moriarty kept in his employ. As to the gang, it will be within the memory of the public how completely the evidence which Holmes had accumulated exposed their organization, and how heavily the hand of the dead man weighed upon them. Of their terrible chief few details came out during the proceedings, and if I have now been compelled to make a clear statement of his career, it is due to those injudicious champions who have endeavoured to clear his memory by attacks upon him whom I shall ever regard as the best and the wisest man whom I have ever known.



# *The Sultan of Turkey.*

— BY MOULVIE RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD.



ABDUL HAMID II., SULTAN OF TURKEY.

*From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street. Taken during His Majesty's visit to England.*



HERE is, perhaps, no person living who is historically, religiously, and politically more interesting to both the East and the West than the occupant of the throne of Constantine and the head of the religion of the Prophet of Arabia.

True it is that Turkey is no longer an invincible power, dictator of peace and war in Europe, arbiter between great nations, and a terror to Christendom ; but she does still possess a large empire, extending over three continents, claims sovereignty over lands the richest and most beautiful in Nature, and holds under her sway a multitude of races, nationalities, and religions. Her capital, which is the meeting-place of two

great civilizations, continents, and religions, commands the keys of the commerce of both East and West. She owns, even yet, a highly powerful army of soldiers, second to none in bravery and patriotism. Apart from his political importance, which is unquestionably great, the Ruler of Turkey, as Caliph of Islam and protector of her holy shrines, exercises a moral influence over countless millions quite unrivalled in this age of scepticism and unbelief. And yet, strange to say, there is no ruler who is so little known to Europeans and Asiatics alike beyond his country as Sultan Abdul Hamid.

It is true that many European and American travellers have written pamphlets and articles about His Majesty, but few of them are free from bias, and all of them generally

run in the same narrow and beaten groove of politics. Some of these good men, after enjoying the generous hospitality of the Sultan and professing most profound attachment to his person, have returned to their own country only the more vehemently to condemn him and plan out the partition of his kingdom between their own pet States of Europe. After such bitter experiences, who can be surprised to find the Sultan grow suspicious of his Christian foreign visitors? Who shall blame him if His Majesty plays the diplomatist with his visitor, lest he should inadvertently let drop an important hint into the ears, perchance, of a mere political spy?

Few European visitors have the means of becoming familiar with the social and the religious position of the Sultan, upon which, in a great measure, depends the political success of a monarch in a Moslem country. The Sultan in the mosque is much more important than the Sultan in the kiosk. Many a whisper in the mosque against a monarch has led to his downfall. The Ruler of Turkey is nobody if he is not Caliph at the same time. To arrive at a true conclusion regarding the power and prestige of the Sultan's person, one should approach Constantinople with the eyes and ears of an Oriental Mohammedan.

European visitors are as much at a loss to understand the nature of the deep Turk as a Chinaman is to understand that of the prosaic German.

An Oriental is surprised to find the amount

of ignorance that prevails here regarding the Moslems. Very often unfounded, untrustworthy trash passes for useful and reliable information in the British Press. But it is high time that it should cease. It is of the greatest importance, indeed, that people of all classes in this country should possess most trustworthy knowledge regarding the Mohammedan nations of the world. Lord Beaconsfield wisely remarked that the keys

of India are not at Kandahar, but in London. It may safely be added that the political fulcrum of the Islamic nation has now been placed in London, as Great Britain is in daily and hourly contact with them all.

But it is as surprising as it is regrettable that the teeming millions of the faithful in the far East, who recognise the spiritual authority of Sultan Abdul Hamid, and offer weekly prayers for his well-being, have little personal knowledge of their own Caliph. To all these, therefore, any ray of light from one of themselves regarding His

Majesty cannot but be welcome.

The following pages are intended as much for the Mohammedans of the far East as they are for the people of this country. It may be urged that a British magazine is rather a curious channel of communication with the far-off Moslems. Curious, indeed, it is; nevertheless it is the safest, the speediest, and the best. News from London to a Mohammedan country, and *vice-versâ*, is transmitted earlier and circulated earlier than it is



MOULVIE RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.

*Rafiuddin Ahmad*



SULTAN SELIM.  
(The Sultan's Great-Grandfather.)

between neighbouring Moslem countries themselves. This is really the key of the success of British administration in the East. Any political movement taking place to-day in Afghanistan is the property of the British Press, and therefore of every Englishman, to-morrow. It may, perhaps, take some weeks to reach the Imperial ears of the Shah of Persia. Long before the people of Hyderabad knew anything of the religious riots in Bombay, the London dailies were devoting long leaders to the discussion of their cause and effects. So also the Egyptians and the Turks may know nothing of a marriage in the Royal Family of Morocco; but the news of the marriage of the grandson of the Queen of England was the very next day the gossip of Cairo and Constantinople. Few Moslems in Constantinople speak Hindustani, but a great many speak English and French. London, therefore, may be termed the General Post Office of the Moslem world.

Twenty-six years ago a Turkish monarch, for the first time in the history of Christendom, landed on these shores, not as an

invader, not as a dreaded foe, but as a powerful ally and honoured guest of the Sovereign and people of England. With his entry into London, for the first time, too, in the annals of this kingdom, the flag of the Crescent and the Star floated side by side with the Union Jack on the walls of Buckingham Palace. This Prince was Sultan Abdul Aziz, of sacred memory, "Lord of two lands, master of two seas, servant of two sacred shrines, and Caliph of the Moslems." The Sovereign and the nation entertained him with the greatest possible ceremony.

The Lord Mayor received him at the Guildhall, and within its historic walls, for the first time in the history of Europe, the Sultan made a speech to a Christian audience. His Majesty, after thanking his hosts, said: "I have two objects in visiting this and other parts of Europe: one to see in these centres of civilization what still remains to be done in my own country to complete the work which we have begun; the other to show my desire to establish, not only



SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID.  
(The Sultan's Father.)





THE LATE SULTAN ABDUL AZIZ.

among my own subjects, but between my people and other nations of Europe, that feeling of brotherhood which is the foundation of human progress and the glory of our age."

With him the Sultan brought two of his nephews, T.R.H. Murad Effendi and Hamid Effendi. According to report, Prince Hamid was extremely shy, modest, and reticent. So shy was he that he used to hide himself under trees whenever his Imperial uncle appeared in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. We give at the head of this article a portrait of the Prince when he visited England.

That Prince was no other than the present enlightened Ruler of the Turkish Empire. Perhaps the greatest service Sultan Abdul Aziz ever did to his nephew or to his country, was in taking the Prince along with him in his travels through Europe, and particularly to London. The tragic circumstances amid which Abdul Hamid was brought to assume the reins of government are too fresh in the memory of the reader to require detailed mention here. But let it be said to the eternal credit of this modest Prince—a fact which is not generally known—that when a deputation waited on him to offer him the Crown of Turkey, he declined the offer point-blank, a thing which few princes would have done. And it was not until the lunacy of his

brother was conclusively proved and an appeal to his high sense of religion and patriotism was made, that he consented to accept the most responsible and perilous position in the world. He was then, according to immemorial usage, taken to the Mosque of Ayoob, where he was invested with the command of the Moslems by having the Sword of Osman, the founder of the dynasty, given to him by the Scherif of Kuoich, who is summoned to Constantinople for the purpose, such a privilege being reserved to men of his order ever since 1299.

It was a critical time in the history of Turkey. A strong man was required on the throne: one false step, one imprudent action, one wrong move on the part of the Prince would have wrecked the Empire. Now all those who have carefully watched the career of Abdul Hamid through storm to peace will have little hesitation in saying that he has shown tact, judgment, and penetration scarcely surpassed by any monarch of Turkey for two centuries at least.

The Sultan has been his own Foreign Secretary, practically, during the last seventeen years, and he is the most efficient man in his kingdom regarding what is called the Eastern Question. He is the most hard-worked man in his empire, being literally buried in papers and correspondence of all kinds. He has never signed a paper which he had not previously read. It is a wonder to all how he can work so hard. The fate of the empire rests in his hands. Such a man, naturally, is an interesting personality, and every visitor desires to



OSMAN PASHA OF PLEVNA.

see him, but few have the honour of knowing him personally. The Sultan is the most courteous Sovereign in Europe, and all his visitors bear testimony to his being immeasurably polite.

Having naturally an interest in the religion and history of Turkey, and having followed closely the political and religious career of her Ruler—in India and ever since my stay in Europe—I visited Turkey in the autumn of 1892. Having been informed of my desire to pay my respects to him, His Imperial Majesty most graciously notified his intention to receive me on Friday, August 12th, 1892, after prayers. I went to the Palace, accompanied by Sir Alfred Sandison, of the British Embassy, who kindly acted as interpreter. I shall first describe the festivities connected with the Friday prayers.

The pride and pomp of the Caliph, as well as the glory of Islam, is to be observed every Friday, when the Sultan proceeds to his mosque to offer his homage to the Universal Sovereign, like the meanest of his subjects. Indeed, at the present day, such a scene is not to be witnessed in any Mohammedan or even Christian country. About 12,000 of the best troops of the Faithful, bearing the standard of the Crescent and the Star, and wearing full Turkish uniform, are arrayed in lines on both sides of the road leading from the Palace to the Hamidek Mosque, to greet the Monarch whose hand grasps the flag of the Prophet. The soldiers appear very strong and muscular, and are equipped with the latest warlike weapons. The Sultan's *aides-de-camp*, on white Arab steeds, with beautiful black uniforms, gold-laced and embroidered, and scarlet Turkish fez, having medals, won for bravery, glittering on their breasts, run to and fro, the bearers of Imperial messages. There is a neat little building in front of the mosque adjoining the Yaldiz Palace, where distinguished visitors are received and seated by an officer of the Palace, to view the entry of the Great Turk into his mosque. As soon as the Turkish clock strikes six—corresponding to twelve at noon in English time—the Imam



MONIER PASHA.  
(Master of Ceremonies for Foreign Visitors.)

of the Padshah, dressed in flowing robes and green turbans, accompanied by some learned Ulemas of Arabia and Syria, dressed in their own national costume, leaves the precincts of the Palace for the House of God. After him follow two carriages bearing some female members of the Sultan's family. The horses are unyoked as soon as the carriages reach the precincts of the mosque, and the inmates remain in them till the completion of the Divine service. Then follow the Grand Vizier, the Shai-khul Islam, the Generals of the Army, Ministers of State, Admirals of the Navy, Secretaries, Court officials, and a host of dignitaries, presenting the appearance of a moving mass of glittering grandeur.

In universal silence the note of a bugle falls upon the ear. Hush! he is coming. The Sultan is seated in a carriage drawn by two beautiful Arabs. In attendance upon his person is the famous hero of Plevna, Osman Pasha, who has permission to be seated opposite the Sovereign. The carriage is surrounded by the bodyguard of His



SUREYA PASHA.  
(First Secretary of the Sultan.)

Imperial Majesty. A stronger and handsomer set of men I have never seen. The guards are mounted on Arabs and attired in the most gorgeous European uniforms. His appearance before his troops occasions a hearty burst of loyal devotion. The soldiers cry aloud something like "God Save Our Lord!" This is echoed and re-echoed till the dome of the mosque reverberates.

When the carriage reaches the building crowded with foreign visitors, the ladies make low curtsies and the gentlemen show equal signs of homage. His Imperial Majesty returns their greetings with the Turkish

salutation. He first puts his hand on his breast, and then raises it to his head, signifying thereby Imperial pleasure and welcome. At the door of the mosque His Majesty is received by the Imam and distinguished confidential officers. He is taken to the Imperial gallery, whence he can see and hear everything in the mosque, while other worshippers can scarcely see him. From the windows of the building erected for distinguished visitors I saw the arrival of the Sultan. After his entry into the mosque, one of the *aides-de-camp* of His Majesty came up to me and took me to

a very good seat inside the mosque. The Imam began with the short sermon always given before the service proper. At the conclusion of this the Imam offered fervent prayers for the prosperity and well-being of the Sultan and Caliph, much in the same way as I have heard them being offered for the Queen in her chapel. But here I remarked, with mingled feelings of surprise and delight, the observance of a very old custom of Islamic democracy. At the time of the immediate successors of the Prophet, on the occasion of these Friday sermons and prayers, even the humblest Moslem could stand and criticise the conduct of the Ameer

of the Faithful, or unfold any of his legitimate grievances, which always received prompt attention. Here, too, as soon as the name of Sultan Abdul Hamid was uttered, a few persons got up, with petitions in their hands, seeking that redress at the hands of the Caliph which was perhaps denied them by his lower officials. The attendants of the Sultan received those petitions from the suitors, promising that the same would be put before the Caliph. I don't know how far they met with the attention of the Sovereign, but the custom delighted me exceedingly. First, because it is a remnant

and a precious relic of the spirit of early Islamic independence and equality. Secondly, because it is an institution by which the feeble voice of the aggrieved and the oppressed falls into the ears of the powerful ruler. The sacredness of the spot is a shield against all kinds of violence. In the mosque the all-powerful ruler himself feels equal to the humblest of the worshippers present; this being a tribunal where the master and the servant stand side by side before One who is the Universal Lord, and before whose vengeance the most autocratic must tremble. The service is conducted



HIS HIGHNESS JAWAD PASHA.  
(Prime Minister.)

with the greatest solemnity, as indeed the Moslem Nimoz always is. But the eloquent appeal of the Imam to the Great Defender of the True Faith, for the protection of the religion of the Arabian Prophet, and for Divine care for the falling nations of Islam as well as for the Caliph of the true believers, in which the congregation solemnly joined, produced the most pathetic of all effects in my mind. Looking to the condition of Turkey, and, indeed, of all Mohammedan peoples, my heart and voice most warmly joined the general chorus. After prayers, His Majesty stepped into a carriage drawn by two beautiful white Arabs, and drove himself

back to the Palace, acknowledging the salaams of the people.

After his departure I went, accompanied by His Majesty's *aides-de-camp*, to the edifice before mentioned, to await the orders of the Lord Chamberlain. This was a day of some political importance, and therefore His Majesty was particularly busy. The French Ambassador, M. Cambon, was going on leave to his country, and was consequently very anxious to confer with the Sovereign upon some diplomatic matters. Then, for the first

time since the Bulgarian independence, the energetic Prime Minister of that Principality, M. Stambouloff, had arrived in Constantinople to pay homage to his Suzerain. After the French Ambassador's visit, M. Stambouloff was summoned to the Imperial presence. When he left the room the Agent for Bulgaria came to my room, and being introduced to me by the Oriental Secretary of the British Embassy, entered into a very interesting conversation. He told me that the Bulgarians were warmly devoted to the Sultan. I was glad to hear that. I asked him if his people would fight for Turkey against any future Russian invasion. He assured me they would do so, because, he remarked, their own existence as a nation was curiously intertwined with the maintenance of Turkey in Europe. He seemed to entertain a very high opinion of the Sultan as an enlightened ruler and a skilful diplomatist. While I was thus pleasantly occupied, His Majesty sent for me. Accompanied by Sir Alfred Sandison, I entered Yaldiz Kiosk, the new Palace. At the entrance we were received by Monier Bey, the Master of Ceremonies for foreign guests.

I was much surprised to find the Palace of an Oriental monarch like the drawing-room of an English nobleman. If I had gone to the Palace of the Mogul Emperor at Delhi, I

should have seen his private reception-room full of articles of rare value and precious stones of all kinds. I really cannot say what I should not have seen. The transformation of Turkey is marvellous. But the reader must not suppose that the Sultan has no rich and gorgeous palace. He has many such places, but he scarcely uses any; they are used, however, by his guests. When we entered the room we found His Majesty standing ready to receive us. My surprise

knew no bounds when I saw the owner of the Palace himself. I was in the presence of the Pasha of the Turks, the descendant of Mahomet II. and Selim. He had no rich turbans, no jewelled robes, no ornaments, nothing that distinguishes Princes from ordinary people in the East, except the true ornaments of the noble and the well-born, polite bearing and refined expression. He appeared a perfect European Prince, if anything politer and simpler than ordinary men. (They have an axiom in the East, "Look at the Prince, and you will know his people.") I really felt ashamed of my Indian turban and flowing Arabian robe. But for the feeling of respect for the Caliph and patriotism for my own country, I should have appeared before His Majesty with my fez and a Turkish frock-coat. His Majesty has

even cast off the aigrette which his predecessors wore with the fez. Another matter attracted my attention and surprised me no less. There were no intricate ceremonies to be gone through as at the reception of the Great Mogul or at other Eastern Courts.

There were no attendants present, as are invariably to be seen in the private rooms of Eastern Princes. There was no one in the room except myself, Sir Alfred Sandison, and the Master of Ceremonies. I was presented by the Master of Ceremonies, who



GENERAL AHMAD JELALÜDDIN PASHA.  
(Aide-de-Camp to the Sultan.)



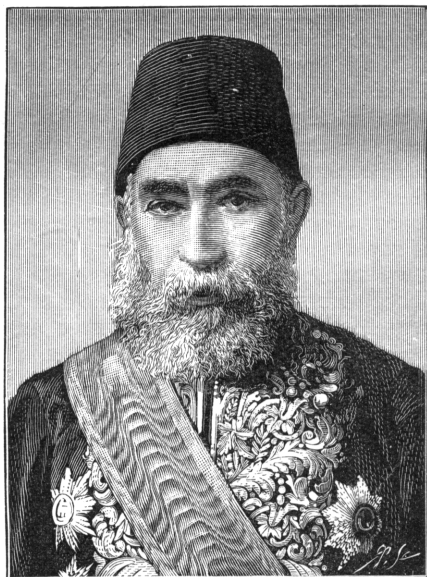
KIAMIL PASHA.  
(Ex-Prime Minister.)

probably thought I should pay my respects like a European. But sentiment and tradition compelled me to do homage to the Caliph like an Oriental, with a bow. As soon as the formality was gone through His Majesty shook hands, took his seat, and desired me to be seated. His reception of me was more like that of a friend than a religious follower. I never expected so much politeness at the hands of a Sovereign. I was astonished to hear His Majesty ask his visitors to take seats in his presence—a privilege which his ancestors seldom condescended to grant.

His Majesty was dressed in a simple Turkish coat, and had a long, military cloak above it. He wore no orders, stars, or ribands of any kind. He is very fair, has a round head grizzled with grey hair, and possesses striking features. It is one of the most remarkable things that the medium between the Padshah-i-Roum and an Indian Mohammedan should be the language of Great Britain. His Majesty understands Persian, and some languages of Europe too; but he seldom speaks any other than his own. He speaks, I am informed, most eloquent Turkish, and I felt extremely sorry at my inability to admire the beauty of the expressions that fell from his lips. He opened the conversation with a smile, which in Sovereigns is particularly pleasing. His simplicity forces itself on the attention of his visitors at every moment. He enters into conversation with marked suavity and frank-

ness, and lets you forget that he is a Prince. While in conversation with his favourite Ambassadors he offers them cigarettes, and condescends to light the same for them.

He takes much interest in the Mohammedans of India, and felt greatly pleased to hear from one of themselves of their great progress and happiness under the reign of Queen Victoria. He was, as patron of Moslem literature, delighted to hear of the compliment which the Empress of India had paid to Oriental people and literature by studying the language of the Moguls. "Can the Queen read and write Hindustani?" asked His Majesty. "Yes, sire," I answered. I had heard that the Sultan's stock of general information on all subjects is extremely astonishing. I had occasion to see it for myself. He is never at a loss in conversation. He knows just what subject would suit his particular visitor. Aware of my extreme interest in the Mohammedan law, His Majesty made one or two inquiries in connection with that subject. He said that he was much pleased to see me, and hoped I should enjoy my visit to his capital. I thanked His Majesty for his gracious kindness and courtesy to me, and wished him a glorious career as Sultan of Turkey and Caliph of the Moslems. The conclusion of the visit was very touching. When I took leave of him he put his hand on my head and shoulders, giving me by that act his Caliphal blessing.



MUNHIF PASHA.  
(Ex-Minister of Education.)



It is now nearly four centuries since an ancestor of the present Sultan (Sultan Selim) was, after his conquest of Egypt, declared Caliph of the Mohammedans. But we doubt whether, during all this time, there has ever been a Prince on the Turkish throne who has shown himself a more zealous follower of the Prophet than the present ruler. Abdul Hamid may have committed some political mistakes, but let it be said to his eternal credit that, ever since his accession to the Caliphate, he has devoted himself most admirably to his manifold duties as the Head of Islam.

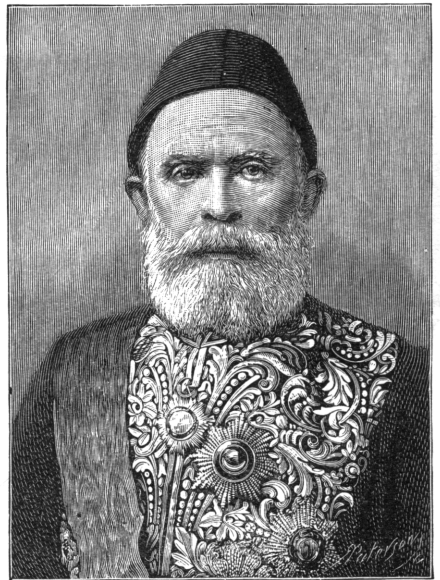
With the multifarious duties that he has to perform, His Majesty prays, according to Mohammedan usage, five times a day with the regularity of a clock. He fasts for thirty days during the month of the Ramadhan. He abstains from all kinds of alcoholic beverages and from gambling. He patronizes religious and moral institutions not only among his own people, but among all the Mohammedans of the world. Moreover, he does not confine his charity to the poor and needy of his own religion, but, according to the dictates of the Koran, he helps the deserving, irrespectively of their religious beliefs. If the Sheikful Islam receives any present from him, the Greek and Armenian patriarchs also receive signs of Royal favour. He allows toleration to the highest degree, and is himself anything but a bigot. He is a great patron of learning of all kinds. It is rather interesting to know that he has encouraged painting and sculpture, a thing which some of his ancestors would never have done. He entertains most liberally learned Mohammedans of all countries, and thus keeps up the traditionary hospitality of his forefathers. Even Christian visitors are received with a generosity at his Court which they would never experience at any other European Court.

Sultan Abdul Hamid has abandoned old prejudices. He entertains distinguished European ladies to dinner at his own table with true Saracenic chivalry. He caused a great stir in the Turkish circles by driving with the Empress of Germany on her visit to Stamboul, and leading her to the table at the State banquet.

A few suggestions to His Imperial Majesty as Caliph will not be quite out of place here. The sufferings that the Indian pilgrims to Mecca undergo at Kamran and other places, on their way to the holy city, are really a disgrace to Islam. A great and influential merchant of Bombay, Mr. Omer Janial, who

was himself one of the pilgrims, two years ago sent me a letter from the coast of Arabia, describing the horrors of the pilgrims and begging me to do something in the matter. When I was at Constantinople I explained these grievances at some length to Ahmad Jelalüddin Pasha, an *aide-de-camp* of His Majesty, who promised that he would lay the subject before the Sovereign at his earliest convenience. A year has passed and I have heard nothing of the subject. I know the financial and the political difficulties attending the solution of the question; but the importance of the whole affair is so great that I think it my duty to invite the attention of the Caliph to it once more. I am sure that if financial help is necessary, the Mohammedan Princes and merchants in India would gladly offer it to the Turkish authorities in Arabia.

Then I respectfully suggest the establishment of a Mohammedan University at Constantinople, for granting degrees in Mohammedan law and literature. At present there is no such institution throughout the Mohammedan world. The Christian Universities cannot grant the degrees. The establishment of such an institution will draw learned men to the heart of Turkey from all parts of the Islamic world.



JOWDAT PASHA.

It will tend to revive the smouldering embers of Moslem civilization and increase the tie of affection between the faithful of all nationalities. Nothing will endear the name of Sultan Abdul Hamid more per-

manently to posterity than the establishment of such a University.

To the right understanding of Abdul Hamid as a ruler one must know the enormous difficulties which clog his footsteps, and the barriers which have been placed in his way by the Powers of Europe. First, take the capital itself. Constantinople is a mixture of all nationalities, religions, denominations, and creeds in the world. It is a museum for political, ethnological, geological, and theological students. It abounds with political intriguers, news manufacturers, hireling foreign newspaper correspondents; and spies of all kinds. A foreign resident therein can pass as a Turkish subject or as the subject of his own Sovereign, as suits his interest for the time being. The capital is a microcosm of the whole Empire. It is difficult to govern such a congeries of nations, such an agglomeration of creeds; but, notwithstanding his difficulties, the Sultan has introduced many reforms into his country. He has improved the financial status of Turkey. He has increased in various ways the efficiency of her army. It is now by no means an easy task for any Power to invade Turkey, without serious thought. He has gone to the very root of all evil. He has been seriously devoting himself to the spread of education among his people. In the capital there are twenty and in the provinces a hundred secondary schools, established by the present Sultan. He has established schools even for nomadic tribes. Of course, there is much to be done yet; but we may be thankful for small mercies. I am particularly pleased to find that he is a great patron of female education, and opens schools freely for Turkish girls.

The British Ambassador in Constantinople is always one of the most influential and interesting persons in Turkey. The success of

an Ambassador in a foreign country depends greatly upon his knowledge of the country, his sympathies with her people, and the social influence which he exercises over them. A great diplomatist without social qualities is always a failure in an Oriental country. Sir Clare Ford, Her Majesty's present representative to the Porte, although comparatively new to Turkey and her people, is sympathetic with the Turks. I was much pleased to hear Turkish officials speak highly of him in every respect. He is a very hard-working man. In the month of August, when all the members of his staff went to reside at Therapia, he was still to be seen at Pera. I spent a few of my happiest hours in his company. He is an admirable host. I have derived much useful information regarding the country from him, and am greatly obliged to him for the attention and hospitality which I received at his hands during my stay in Constantinople.

I spent a good half-hour one day with the Patriarch of the Greek Church. I was much pleased to see an enlightened person at the head of the Greek clergy. The Christian historians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries deplore the ignorance and servility of the clergy of the Armenian and Greek Churches. In their theological disputes these priests appealed to the Moslem Ulemas for

final decision. A very interesting decision is recorded in history. Even as late as the early years of this century the Armenian and Greek clergy had a great dispute as to whether or not water should be mixed with Sacramental wine. Both parties appealed to a learned Mohammedan, who, after hearing both of them at great length, decided thus: "Wine is an impure liquid — why don't you use pure water?" (Pitzipia's "*L'Eglise orientale*" II. p. 141). I hope the Greek Church will flourish under the tender care of the present able and learned Patriarch.



AHMAD MOKHTAR PASHA.  
(Envoy in Egypt.)

It is sometimes remarked that after the Sultan there is scarcely an interesting person in Turkey. No doubt the Sultan, owing to his political and religious distinctions, occupies a unique position in the country; but it is a libel to say that there are no other interesting persons at all. Some of the Turkish Pashas are extremely clever, and even gifted, personages. I had a long interview with Jawad Pasha, the Prime Minister at the Porte. We conversed on varied subjects, and he seemed to be very well informed on a great many of them which were not strictly in his line.

Munhif Pasha, Minister of Education in the last Cabinet, is one of the most eminent educationalists of the day. He knows English, French, German, Arabic, and Persian. He spoke on English politics with ability. Of others that struck me as remarkably clever were Sureya Pasha, Riza Pasha, Nüshey Bey, and General Shakar Ahmad Pasha, the painter.

We are able to give here the portraits of two other eminent men of Turkey. One is Jowdat Pasha, a distinguished scholar of Mohammedan law, who was recently Minister of Justice, and to whose labours Turkey owes her present code of civil law. The other is Ahmad Mokhtar Pasha, the Sultan's envoy in Egypt, a diplomatist of renown, not unknown to the British public.

Lastly, I must remark that there is nothing like religious bigotry among the Turks. Moslems and Christians sit at the same table, and otherwise mix freely. The young Turk is sober, dignified, and law-abiding. The Turks, being free from drinking, the mother of all vices, are scarce to be seen in criminal courts, which are generally crowded with Christians of all denominations.

It has been my endeavour of late to prove to the people of this country the advantages they derive, and are likely to derive in a

greater degree, from a firm alliance with, and the good opinion of, the Mohammedan world. No portion of the Queen's subjects are more loyal to her, or appreciate more fully the blessings of her rule, than the Mohammedans. It is for this reason that I desire a cordial friendship between England and Turkey. Turkish interests do not clash with the British interests in any part of India. Turkey will be quite happy in the enjoyment of what remains of her empire. Nevertheless, the good opinion of her ruler is of the utmost importance to England. It is an unimpeachable fact that the Sultan commands unbounded influence with the sixty millions

of Moslems in India. This influence has been once, not in a very distant past, used in the favour of England in the time of her trouble. It may be required by England again, and doubtless it will be placed at her disposal by the enlightened Ruler of Turkey.

Upon this very important subject I will quote the views of the late Prime Minister of Hyderabad, son of the most distinguished Indian statesman of the century. Sir Salar Jung, in an article to the *Nineteenth Century*, contributed in December, 1887, says: "England has in India some 50,000,000 of Mos-



THE GREEK PATRIARCH.

lem subjects, including in their mass the most warlike of the native races, the races upon whom England must chiefly rely to roll back the tide of Russian aggression; and England is not likely to forget that it was these very races who in 1857, at the bidding of their Caliph, the Sultan Abdul Medjid, gave their united support to the British connection at that supreme moment when their defection might have cost the life of every white man and woman in India. My late father frequently assured me that the whole influence of the Caliphate was used most unremittingly from Constantinople to check the spread of



mutiny, to rally to the English standards the Mussulman races of India, and that in this way the debt that Turkey owed to Great Britain for British support in the Crimea was paid in full. And the time may again come when the devotion of the Mussulmans to their Caliph and the shrine of St. Sophia may be not less necessary to Great Britain than in 1857."

The recurrence of danger to British interests in the South-East of Europe is more than possible. The steps of the multiplication table are no more beyond suspicion than is the fact that during a European war, in which Russia is involved, the Divine Figure of the North will become a diabolical figure

in the South. In order to cripple her power in Europe, Russia will attack England on the borders of India. She has an enormous army, and can easily afford the diversion. England must maintain her traditional alliance with Turkey. When we are establishing buffer States on all our frontiers abroad, are we to permit the disestablishment of the buffer State which lies between England's possessions in the East and the hordes of the myriad Slavs? Surely England will not suffer her Eastern Empire to be over-run by savagedom, the civilization of centuries to be wrecked, and the glory of her Imperial history to be brought to ruin.



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.  
(Present Day.)

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[The foregoing article on the Sultan of Turkey is especially appropriate at the present moment, when the representation of the Sultan's capital, Constantinople, at Olympia, displays that city with a grandeur and magnificence of effect which far surpasses even that of Venice, which attracted so many thousands of spectators last year.]

## *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

### XI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

#### THE MINIS- TERIAL MAJORITY.

WITH a House of Commons not yet entered upon its second year, it seems premature to be talking about the next General Election. Yet in political circles the topic is already stale. It came to the front almost as soon as the new Parliament met. There were authorities who declared, and seemed to have convinced themselves of the accuracy of their forecast, that the new House would not live through its first Session. Some, not to be lacking in precision, fixed Easter as the limit of its troubled life.

As we know, the House is not only still living but is still sitting, a Session running to the length of nearly eight months not being enough to sap its young energy. As for the Ministerial majority, jeered at as fragile and insufficient for everyday work, those who saw strength in its very narrowness have been justified by the result. A Liberal majority in the House of Commons is bound to crumble away as the sparks fly upward. A majority of from eighty to over one hundred begins the process with a light heart in the first week a Liberal Ministry takes its seat on the Treasury Bench. With such a backing, what does it matter if ten, twenty, or even thirty members, returned to support the Government, set up in business for themselves? With a majority of only forty, the instinct of self-preservation is alert and predominant. If on any division the majority falls by even a unit below the normal figure, there is a close, sharp examination of the lists, which brings to light the identity of the laggard or the rebel. The condition of affairs places exceptional power in

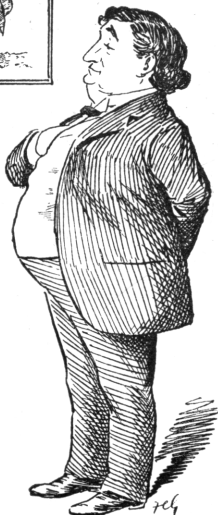
the hands of the Whips, and when it is used with the skill and urbanity that have marked the period of office of Mr. Marjoribanks and his rare team, the position of Ministers is impregnable against persistent, desperate, adroitly-planned and well-led attack.

Mr. Grenfell, having views on bimetallism, breaks away from a party pledged to Home Rule. Mr. T. H. Bolton, yielding at length to innate Imperialistic tendencies, formally joins the ranks of the "gentlemen of England." Mr. Saunders, like Martha, troubled with many things, absents himself from a critical division. By these items the majority is diminished. The main body stands firm, and, according to present appearance, will remain so to the end.

#### THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Nevertheless, the House of Commons elected in July of last year is predestined to an early dissolution, the circumstances attending which and the approximate date being plainly foreshadowed. The early and greater

part of the present Session having been devoted to the Home Rule Bill, the interests of the island adjacent to Ireland will next Session have an innings. It is not yet clearly understood whether a Home Rule Bill will find a place in the programme of the new Session. Such an arrangement is one to be contemplated only in view of the fatal tendency of a Liberal Ministry to attempt to get a quart of Bills into the pint pot of a Session. It would be idle to include a Home Rule Bill in the promises of a Queen's Speech unless it were intended to carry it through all its stages before the prorogation. That done, it would be futile to include a Registration Bill, much less a Church Disestablishment measure.



MR. T. H. BOLTON.



MR. W. SAUNDERS.

What will doubtless happen will be that next Session will be set apart for clearing the decks for action preparatory to a General Election; that in the Session of 1895 the Home Rule Bill will again be brought in, pressed through the Commons, thrown out again by the Lords, and, somewhere between Easter and Whitsuntide, battle will be given on a field in which will be staked much more than the issue of Home Rule for Ireland. Old electioneering hands know that for an appeal to the popular vote there is no cry more effective than that shouted round the walls of the House of Lords after its inmates have twice, within a brief period of time, set at naught the decrees of the House of Commons.

Whilst there is this unusual THE NEXT measure of certainty as to the MINISTRY. career of the present Parliament, an influential section of the Opposition are not less definite in their arrangements of what shall follow after the next General Election. They have convinced themselves that in the result the Liberals will be placed in a minority variously estimated at from fifty to seventy. There will then devolve upon the Unionist party the duty of carrying on the Queen's Government. How is it to be done? How are the conflicting claims of the two wings of the party to be adjusted?

It is all cut and dried, all parcelled out in larger and smaller allotments. The only thing not settled is, Who is to be Prime Minister? That is a matter left for final determination when the hour has struck and the man is called for. But as an alternative scheme is devised, no hesitancy or embarrassment

need be apprehended. Either Lord Salisbury or the Duke of Devonshire will succeed Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury having precedence, not without expectation that he will yield it to the Duke of Devonshire, as he proffered it to Lord Hartington in 1886. Should Lord Salisbury elect to lead the House of Lords, Mr. Chamberlain will become Leader of the House of Commons. Should the Duke of Devonshire be Premier, Mr. Arthur Balfour will be Leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain undertaking the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Salisbury will return to the Foreign Office.

I do not know how far this patent adjustable scheme has been accepted at Arlington Street and on the Front Opposition Bench. It was rough-hewn in

Liberal Unionist councils, those of the inner circle not making any secret of the matter. It bears on the face of it the mark of a well-considered, equitable arrangement, and forms the groundwork of a strong Ministry.

It is noteworthy at the present time as marking an important stage in Mr. Chamberlain's political development. In 1886, when Lord Salisbury's Government was formed, the Member for Birmingham might have had any office he liked to name as the price of his defection from the Liberal party. But he declined to take the Conservative shilling, protesting that he was not less Liberal than he had been at any earlier stage. It was the Liberal party that had gone astray, he and the few that remained with him being the only true Liberals. He would stand in



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS ET—"

with the Tories in their opposition to Home Rule, and even on that, as was shown by the Round Table confabulation, he was desirous of coming to an understanding with his own colleagues. But his new allies would make a fatal mistake if they supposed he was, on other questions of the day, less ruthlessly Radical than when, on the eve of the General Election of 1885, he preached the doctrine of the Unauthorized Programme to an applauding populace.

There were some who, knowing Mr. Chamberlain publicly and privately, through six years combated the assumption that he would finally drift within the ranks of Toryism, wherein he was of yore the most detested and the most feared of political adversaries. There have been times during the present Session when it has been difficult to cling to this belief. It would seem that there is no longer room for conjecture, and that the next time a Tory Ministry is formed, the gas-lit roof of the House of Commons, unabashed at sight of many strange things, will look down on Mr. Chamberlain rising from the Treasury Bench, officially to defend the measures and policy of a Conservative Government.

One other important matter THE NEXT settled in anticipation of a SPEAKER. Conservative majority after the next General Election is the choice of Speaker. It is assumed that Mr. Peel will not consent to a further term of office, an assumption which, in the interests of the House of Commons and of the country, it is hoped may prove baseless. But it will be seen that, in a particular quarter of the political camp, there is a wholesome disposition to be prepared for every contingency. Should Mr. Peel claim the right to retire with laurels that will remain green as long as the history of Parliament remains on record, Mr. Courtney will be nominated as his successor.

That is a choice which, should opportunity present itself for making it, will receive general if not enthusiastic approval. As Mr.



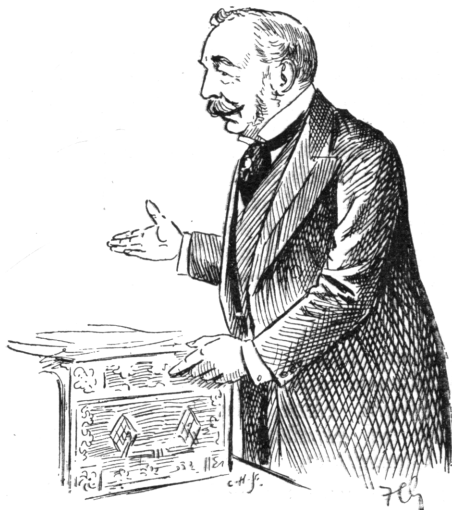
MR. L. COURTNEY.

Peel has been incomparably the best Speaker of modern times, so was Mr. Courtney the most unimpeachable Chairman of Committees. It does not follow that because a man has shown aptitude in the Chair at the table, he will, necessarily, be a success as a Speaker. A man may be quick in forming a judgment, may be thoroughly versed in Parliamentary procedure, may have earned the reputation of being inflexibly impartial, and yet may fail when he puts on wig and gown and sits in the Speaker's Chair. Still, long experience as Chairman

of Ways and Means is an admirable apprenticeship for the post of Speaker. Outside the House it may seem odd it so rarely leads to it.

MR.  
CAMPBELL-  
BAN-  
NERMAN.

There are several men on the Liberal side of the present House of Commons who would make excellent Chairmen of Committees, though, from various reasons, they are impossible. Sir Charles Dilke would make a model Chairman. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman would do well at whatever station



MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

it pleased the Prime Minister of the day to call him. The mind dwells lingeringly on the picture of him seated in the Chair of Committee of Ways and Means. There possibly was a time when, had the offer come his way, he would have accepted it. He has long ago passed the milestone in a Parliamentary career indicated by such advancement. His name, like some others, is mentioned here, merely as indicating the kind of man who, if circumstances permitted, would make a successful Chairman of Committees. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's capabilities range over a wider field. He would make an excellent Speaker, and will probably some day have the opportunity of showing his capacity as Leader of the House of Commons. At that post he would develop into a kind of sublimated Mr. W. H. Smith. That perhaps does not seem extravagant praise, but those most intimate with the House of Commons will know that "Old Morality" was the most successful Leader of the House of Commons since the days of Lord Palmerston.

Nature has bestowed upon Mr. Campbell-Bannerman a number of gifts; Fortune has withheld one that weighs even against their accumulation. If he had only been born a poor man, and had to fight for his living, he would have been something more to-day than Secretary of War. But men cannot expect to enjoy every advantage.

MR. HENRY FOWLER. I have been told, upon authority that commands attention, that at one time Mr.

Gladstone was bent upon inducing Mr. Henry Fowler into the Chair of Committees. Here again was an excellent suggestion made at a time when the subject of it had outgrown the position. Ten years ago Mr. Fowler would have jumped at the offer, and would have filled the Chair with distinction. With the alternative of headship of a department and a seat in the Cabinet, he could not be expected to step down into the Chair.

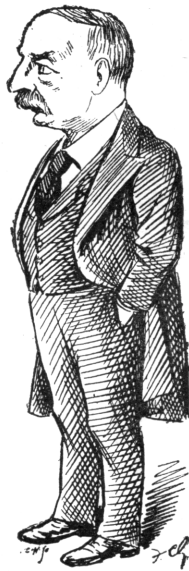
Mr. Robertson is another member, picked out by Mr. Gladstone's quick glance for Ministerial office, who would make an excellent Chairman of Committees. He has the advantage over others named, inasmuch as he is younger and physically harder, an

important qualification for Chairman of Ways and Means in these times. The post of Civil Lord of the Admiralty, even with fair prospect of advancement, does not compete with the emoluments and the dignity of the Chairman of Committees. Should circumstances arise to create a vacancy in the Chair within the life of the present Parliament, it is comforting to know that there is a successor at hand in this self-possessed, gravely-mannered, capable young Scotsman.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES. With the resumption of the sittings in the House of Commons, the Strangers' Galleries have once more filled to overflowing. Next to the largeness of the divisions taken night after night, often several times in a sitting—an average unparalleled since Parliament began—there has been nothing more striking than the crowded state of the Strangers' Galleries. The time came when the House itself was tired out with the reiteration of the debate on the Home Rule Bill. The withers of the strangers were to the last unwrung. This was reasonable, since the composition of the House itself was in the main unchanged, whilst the strangers nightly varied with the chances of the ballot-box. Still, that condition exists through all Sessions, and in none of recent date has there been such competition for seats in the galleries.

There was something pathetic in the sight of the row seated in the corridor which used to be St. Stephen's Chapel. They were next in order for admission when by chance a seat was vacated. Or a big night it was a mathematical certainty that not more than two, at the utmost five, would gain admission. Nevertheless they all, to the remote hopeless man at the end of the queue, sat hour after hour patiently waiting. For those fortunate enough to attain admission neither hunger nor fatigue availed to damp the ardour of enthusiasm. They listened with delight to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain; they did not budge even when the debate fell into the doldrums of the dinner-hour.

Sometimes, carried away by the excitement of the moment, they openly applauded a speech. In one case enthusiasm



MR. E. ROBERTSON.

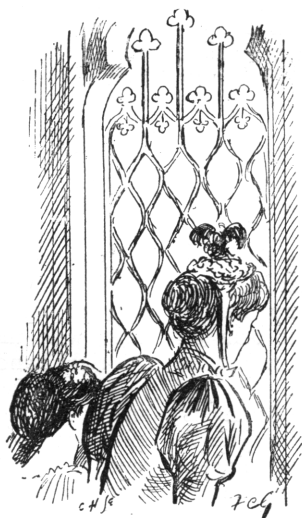
was chilled by the applause being led forth on the Speaker's injunction, and seen safe into Palace Yard. On a still more memorable occasion the strangers in the gallery, looking down on a free fight on the floor of the House of Commons, indignantly hissed. Here was lost an opportunity for fitly ending an unaccustomed scene. In the Christmas pantomime, when the uproar breaks forth, the attendant policeman, with novel and subtle humour, swoops down on the smallest and most inoffensive boy on the outskirts of the throng and leads him to the lock-up. If Mr. Mellor had only thought of it, he might have sternly called "Order! Order!" and directed the Serjeant-at-Arms to remove the disturbers of peace in the Strangers' Gallery. After this episode the fracas on the floor of the House might, or might not, have been resumed.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE HOUSE. The plans for a new House of Commons include fuller accommodation for strangers of both sexes. The scheme comes up with regularity at the mustering of every new Parliament, the clamour dying away even as the first Session advances, and, the novelty of the situation fading, attendance falls off. Mr. Gladstone has never publicly expressed an opinion on the question of the desirability or otherwise of enlarging the House. But in private conversation he makes no secret of his distaste for the proposal. To him it is a place of work, and he is averse to anything that should increase the tendency to make it a rival of the theatre.

For this reason he is in favour of retaining the grille before the Ladies' Gallery, an opinion in which he is supported by a large majority of the ladies frequenting the House. Mr. Gladstone well remembers the old House of Commons, in which no accommodation for ladies was provided. Undaunted by this circumstance, ladies were present at all the big debates for some years prior to the destruction of the old House. Discovery was made that in the ventilating chamber in the roof there were shutters, through which persons peering might see and hear what was

going on below. It must have been a terrible ordeal, with no air to breathe save the vitiated atmosphere of a crowded House. But there was great competition for the privilege of standing there. Mrs. Canning, wife of the Prime Minister, was, Mr. Gladstone tells me, a frequent visitor to this chamber of horrors at times when her husband was intending to make an important speech.

"I remember one night," said Mr. Gladstone, looking back smilingly over a period of fifty years, "the House being crowded for a big debate, something fell on the floor with a distinct thud. It was a lady's bracelet, which had dropped through the open space in the ventilator."



THE LADIES' CAGE.

LADIES IN THE VENTILATOR. History repeats itself in small things as well as in great. This very Session, a

small group of ladies, *cachées* in the ventilating chamber of the House of Commons, heard a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone as, sixty years ago, another group in similar circumstances listened to his friend and early master, Mr. Canning. It happened on the night of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill. Every seat in the Ladies' Gallery, including the little-known stalls hidden behind the Strangers' Gallery facing the cage, had been appropriated. But the ladies of this generation are not more easily

repulsed from a desired position than they were in the time of Canning.

Immediately under the House of Commons is a chamber running its full length, part of the elaborate construction of the ventilating department. The floor of the House, which to the casual glance seems of solid construction, is composed of perforated iron-work, covered with fine thread matting. Through this the fresh air drawn in from the river-terrace and elaborately treated in the lower vaults, is driven into the House. In this chamber, roofed by the fretwork of iron, speeches made in the House are as audible as if the listener were seated at the table or on one of the front benches. Four ladies, having obtained official permission, here sat and heard every word of Mr. Gladstone's speech. In respect of purity of air the

conditions were reversed as compared with those of Mrs. Canning and her companions. For them the air was a trifle stale. For these it was decidedly too fresh, and a severe cold was the penalty paid for the privilege of being (more or less) present on the historic occasion.

WHOM THEY  
WENT OUT  
FOR TO SEE.

An unfailing test of the place a member of the House of Commons fills in the eye of the public is supplied from the Strangers' Gallery. The attendants in the gallery might, if they gave themselves up to the task, supply a remarkable barometer of the current state of public feeling. Strangers always want to see one, two, or three men, and are not backward in asking to have them pointed out. At one time the eager inquiry incessantly ran upon Lord Randolph Churchill. To see him, and, above all, to hear him, if only putting or answering a question, was guerdon for all the trouble of getting the seat. Now, Lord Randolph is rarely asked for, the run being upon Mr. Balfour first, with Mr. Chamberlain a good second.

In this respect, as in some others, Mr. Gladstone stands apart. Even for those who have never beheld him in the flesh, his face and figure are so familiar that they are easily recognised on the Treasury Bench, whither the stranger's eyes are first bent on entering the House. Mr. Parnell, whilst he was yet with us, was one of the principal attractions as watched from the Strangers' Gallery. Another prime favourite was Joseph Gillis Biggar, a concatenation of circumstance that shows how wide are human sympathies.

Mr. Biggar had a peculiar attraction for the Prince of Wales. Many a time in the stormy Sessions of 1880-5 I have seen His Royal Highness in his place over the clock looking down with beaming smile, whilst Joseph Gillis, with thumb in the armhole of his imitation sealskin waistcoat, talked of things present and to come. Joseph made a poor return for these marks of Royal favour. One night, just as the Prince had comfort-

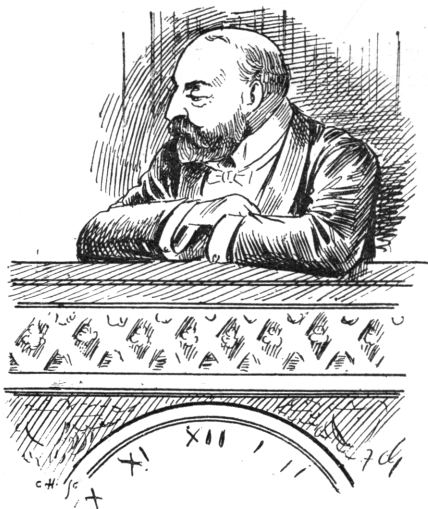
ably settled himself in his seat, Joseph Gillis spied strangers, and under the standing order then suffered, he had the gratification of seeing the Heir Apparent compulsorily withdrawn with the rest of the strangers.

THE  
PREMIER'S  
VOICE.

Perhaps the most striking testimony to the marvellous vitality of Mr. Gladstone is the recovery of his voice. Time was, a dozen years ago, when he was a chit of something over seventy, his voice suddenly failed. Public speaking became but labour and sorrow, promising shortly to be an impossibility. In the House of Commons he struggled against the growing infirmity with pathetic courage, but was sometimes obliged to own himself beaten. At his age there seemed no reasonable hope of recovery.

Recovery has been achieved, and members new to the present House of Commons cannot realize the existence of a period when Mr. Gladstone stood at the table speaking but almost inaudible. So completely has his voice regained strength that the pomatum-pot which used to play an important part in his oratorical efforts has become a tradition. In the delivery of his great speech on the third reading of the Home Rule Bill, he did not find occasion once to refresh himself even with the glass of water that stood at his right hand.

It is a happy dispensation that, in the majority of cases, Nature endows with pleasant voice men who do the most part of our public speaking. That a good voice is not absolutely essential to success as a public speaker is testified in the case of Lord John Russell. As a concomitant with other qualifications it is of priceless value. Of the voices of contemporary statesmen, Mr. Gladstone's is of the richest quality, capable of the widest range. In his prime, Mr. Bright was, I have been told, counted his equal in this respect. But whilst, as the years passed, Mr. Bright's voice deteriorated in quality and grew harshly metallic in the upper notes, Mr. Gladstone's



WATCHING MR. BIGGAR.



voice seems to improve, certainly is more skilfully and effectually modulated.

Lord Salisbury has a SALISBURY'S. sonorous, musical voice

that makes it a physical pleasure to listen to him. As compared with Mr. Gladstone's vigorously varied tone, his manner of speech is charmingly equable. Mr. Gladstone sometimes orates; Lord Salisbury always converses. The contrast between him and his son and heir is deeply marked. When Lord Cranborne addresses the House of Commons his words come tumbling out after the fashion of the waters at Lodore. He is always at white heat, and conveys to his audience the impression that if they would excuse him he would find it a great relief to scream.

Lord Salisbury, though when making an important speech he is careful to speak up to the Press Gallery, rarely departs from his conversational manner. He never declaims or overwhelms the adversary with indignant denunciation. But he can upon occasion inflect his voice with a vibration conveying a feeling of scorn and contempt much harder to be borne by persons directly concerned than would be any amount of oratorical beating about the head.



ADDRESSING THE GALLERY.

Mr. Balfour has a musical voice MR. BALFOUR'S. and a delivery that has vastly improved of late years, even of late months. He does not imitate the cynically unemotional manner of his uncle. He is indeed given to let his voice ring through the crowded House, as, with clenched hand beating the air, he pours contumely and scorn on hon. gentlemen below the gangway or seated on the benches opposite. His voice is admirably fitted to himself and his speech, having a certain note of elegance and distinction which forms the complement of his public performance and his social amenities.

Mr. Chamberlain has a voice so MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S. pleasant that its music must do something to soften the asperity of the Irish member who listens to him. It is soft and low—a beautiful thing in a public speaker, especially when there is added the quality of perfect distinctness. When occasion invites, Mr. Chamberlain can throw into his tone a rasping note, suggestive of jagged edges in the dart he is discharging. That happens seldom, and is least effective. The art of saying the very nastiest things in the most mellifluous voice is a rare possession. Mr. Chamberlain has cultivated it to perfection.



## Monarchs and Muscle.

BY MISS PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

[Miss Phyllis Bentley is well known to the public by her clever exhibition of experiments in lifting and balancing. These experiments she has had the honour of performing before many of the Crowned Heads of Europe, and in the following interesting article relates her experience of these Royal personages.]



THE world at large—thanks to the ubiquitous “descriptionist”—believes it knows almost everything worth knowing concerning the Emperors and Empresses, the Kings and Queens, the Princes and Princesses, and other exalted personages of this earth. It has been told precisely what this Emperor eats and what that Empress drinks; the likes and dislikes of this King and that Queen, and a thousand other little personal and domestic details, many of which, I feel sure, astonish far more those described than those for whom the descriptions are written.

It would be difficult—except, perhaps, in the direction of accuracy—to add much that would be new to the published descriptions of the personal and domestic life of Royalty, and I may at once say that I have no intention of attempting to overcome such a difficulty.

What I purpose doing in this article is to deal with the Imperial and Royal personages with whom I have had the honour of having been brought into contact, from an entirely different standpoint; from a standpoint, in fact, from which they have never been described.

I cannot tell you anything about Kings from a psychological point of view, but I can tell you a good deal about them from a physical point of view, for I have had exceptional opportunities of testing both their strength and their weight.

The first Court I had the honour of visiting was the Danish Court, last summer, during the celebration of the King and Queen of Denmark's Golden Wedding. Amongst those who tested my experiments were their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and the King of Denmark, and their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince George of Greece, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark.

Of the Czar's enormous strength I had heard a great deal. I had been told of his ability to bend together, with one hand, the points of a horse-shoe, and of his accomplishing feats which even a Sandow might envy; and it was, naturally, a matter of great interest to me that His Majesty should try his strength upon me. The Czar, who prides himself upon his physical powers, too,

was, he assured me, anxious to see whether his strength could be as readily nullified as that of others who had taken part in my experiments.

To say I was not a little anxious when I placed myself before the Czar, for him to essay the task of lifting me, would not be true; I was just a bit nervous, for there flashed across my memory the long record of the wonderful things he had accomplished, and of his alleged lack of gentleness where his purpose was thwarted. But there was in reality no sort of cause for anxiety. His Majesty took me by the elbows, with the object of lifting me; to him it at first,



MISS PHYLLIS BENTLEY.  
From a Photo. by A. Marx, Frankfurt.



THE CZAR ATTEMPTING TO  
LIFT MISS BENTLEY.

I think, seemed an easy task, and he did not put forth all his strength; but, finding I remained standing on the floor, he commenced to lift in earnest.

But in spite of His Majesty's efforts I did not go up. That His Majesty was considerably astonished was evidenced by the look on his face, and he plied me with questions as to how I had arranged to so completely defeat his endeavours to lift me. I explained to His Majesty the principle of the angle wherein the secret of the power of resistance lies, and he at once commenced operations with the ladies of the Royal party to see how far they had mastered the secret of that angle. His first effort was with the Princess of Wales, who, with charming readiness, had placed herself before His Majesty to be lifted. Quite easily Her Royal Highness, who had not yet mastered the secret of the angle, went up, much to her and the Czar's amusement.

Then followed the Czarina, who went up with the same ease as had done the Princess of Wales. But the task of lifting the Crown Princess of Denmark—who is, if I may be

permitted to use the word, of almost masculine build—was, His Majesty discovered, somewhat more difficult; but in the end the Czar's strength and the Crown Princess's lack of experience told, and she, too, was lifted.

In all the other experiments—those with the billiard cues and the one of, whilst grasping my shoulders, endeavouring to push me against the wall—that His Majesty tried with me I experienced the same gentleness and strict observance of the conditions as in the lifting test. His Majesty assured the company (which assurance was not necessary for me, *for I felt it*) that in each test he had put forth his full strength. But it was the strength of a man who had approached the subject scientifically, and not the indiscriminate employment of brute force. For instance, he did not grasp my elbows as if he were gripping the points of a horse-shoe, or use that sudden jerk of the arms he employs when throwing a weight over his shoulder. His Majesty did his best, his very best, only he



THE CZAR LIFTING THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

took no unfair advantage of his giant strength.

We have had many word-pictures of the Czar, scarcely two of them alike, but no description of His Majesty I have read is in accordance with the opinion I formed of him. One can only judge of a man as one finds him, whether he be prince or peasant; and I found the Autocrat of All the Russias to be very different from what I, both by hearsay and from what I had read, had imagined him. It is in tests of strength, when the brute instinct in man is uppermost, that one can get a very fair idea of this or that man's character; at least, such is my experience, and my experience has been a very extensive and varied one.

Now, as I have already pointed out, the Czar is gentleness, thoughtfulness itself; wholly unlike the Czar of popular belief—a popular belief created by the erroneous descriptions that have been given of him.

Next to the Czar, Prince George of Greece is the strongest Royal Prince I have met. His Royal Highness is somewhat taller than the Emperor, and weighs, I should fancy, several pounds heavier. He has not the Czar's iron grip, and, from an athletic point of view, is barely in such good condition as his uncle; but his width of chest is enormous, and then his arms! I have seldom seen such muscles outside of the strong man fraternity.

It was this young Viking who saved the life of the Czarewitch whilst in Japan, and the head of the murderously-inclined Jap must have been of abnormal thickness to have withstood the blow His Royal Highness dealt him with the stick that warded off the sword-thrust at the heir to the throne of All the Russias; an ordinary head would have been smashed in as easily as an egg-shell.

When the account of Prince George's feat in Japan appeared in the papers, more than one writer, I remember, expressed their surprise that a man who showed such slight muscular development could have knocked anyone down; but these very superior critics had no personal knowledge of Prince George, whom they mistook for his younger brother, Prince Nicholas. Now, Prince Nicholas has none of his brother's splendid physique; he might almost be called effeminate-looking. In manner he is gentle, with a good deal of a woman's—his mother's—gentleness, and a more striking contrast between him and his elder brothers, the Crown Prince and Prince George, could scarcely be found in any family.

But to return to Prince George. In His

Royal Highness's attempt to push to the ground a billiard-cue held by me in my open hands, so great was the force he brought to bear upon the cue that it broke in two as if it were a reed.

Apropos of this little incident, when I was at the Palace in Athens this spring, Prince George said to me, with a look at the billiard-cues standing in a corner of the reception-room, "I see you have had the cues made thicker since you were at Bernstorff last summer. But," he added, with a sigh, "I cannot have the pleasure of testing their strength this time, as I am, as you see, almost a cripple." His Royal Highness had fallen while dancing, and had badly hurt his leg and foot. I explained to His Royal Highness that amongst the new cues there were two I had used at Bernstorff.

"Oh, yes," he replied, taking up a cue; "isn't this the one we held down whilst the Grand Duke Michael sat on the top? I ought to know it by the way it cut into my hands. And this (taking up the cue broken at Bernstorff), surely this is my old friend?"

"The same, sir."

"And why do you take it all over the world with you?"

"So that people may know how strong you are."

At this His Royal Highness laughed heartily, adding, "I had no idea it was so thick; it seemed to break so easily."

The fact is, Greece's sailor prince does not know his own strength, either in pushing or in lifting. I know how strong he is, for several days afterwards I felt the strain in my arms, caused by His Royal Highness's endeavours to lift me.

Amongst the Royalties with whom my experiments have been performed, it is not easy to say who, in the matter of physical strength, comes next to Prince George of Greece; both he and the Czar stand out so much ahead of all others that there is no immediate next.

The Crown Prince of Greece is also very strong, and so are the King of Würtemberg and the Crown Prince of Roumania, but their strength is not of the giant order. The Crown Prince of Greece has neither the height nor weight of his brother, Prince George, nor has he the same length of arm with—what "Ouida" would probably term—its "god-like" biceps; but His Royal Highness is exceedingly muscular, and is as upright as a dart, a commanding, distinguished figure that has few equals in any land.

His Royal Highness tried all the tests



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE BREAKING THE CUE.

with me, but he neither strained my arms nor broke any cues, although he exerted himself to the utmost. But, as a matter of fact, the only cue I have had broken at my various Palace performances was the one snapped in twain by Prince George, the half of which I still have, and the other half the young Grand Duke Michael of Russia kept, I believe, as a memento of "Cousin George's" strength.

The King of Denmark has been strong in his time, and even now His Majesty, I found, could exercise not a little strength; indeed, so far as my experiments were concerned, there was very little difference in the display of grip and muscle on the part of His Majesty and that of his three sons, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the King of Greece, and the Prince Waldemar. I did not, in fact, expect that the King at his age would have taken so great a personal interest in experiments which, although scientifically interesting as showing how physical force can

be diverted without the employment of a counter physical force, have generally speaking, in the matter of personal experiment, greater attractions for the young and the robust; but although His Majesty had seen both the Czar and his grandson fail where it was not possible for him to succeed, he was himself desirous of testing the experiments. It was not mere curiosity on His Majesty's part: it was the outcome of real interest—an interest which he takes in everything that he considers to be of artistic or scientific importance.

The King of Roumania is not tall or robust-looking, but he is what is termed "wiry," and it was not until His Majesty was going through some of the "tests" with me that I discovered how strong he really was. True, he is not so

strong as his nephew, the Crown Prince (who is married to our Princess Marie of Edinburgh), whose appearance is even more deceptive than that of his uncle. Slight of build and of middle height, none would give him credit for the strength he really possesses.

His Royal Highness was—to use an Americanism—convinced that he could "down" me, and he certainly tried his hardest to bring this about, but his efforts in the direction of the lifting and other tests were unavailing. No one has ever approached the subject with greater zest and determination to succeed than His Royal Highness, and his fruitless efforts afforded great amusement to both the King and the Crown Princess.

Talking of "downing," the most determined effort, regardless of condition as to fairness, to beat me I have ever experienced was at the Abdeen Palace, at Cairo, on the part of one of the Khedive's *aides-de-camp*. His Highness, after witnessing the failure of

several members of his Court to push the billiard-cue I held to the ground, commanded a stalwart *aide-de-camp* to essay the task.

The *aide-de-camp* stepped forward and grasped the cue. He did his best, but the cue was not to be got to the ground. The more he tried the greater grew the Khedive's merriment; in fact, I thought at one time His Highness, in his mirth, would have rolled from off his chair. This so excited the man that he completely lost his temper. He had been commanded to push the cue to the ground, and he was going to do it or perish in the attempt. All thoughts of conditions or unfair actions were banished from his mind. He seized hold of the cue, much after the fashion of a hungry lion seizing hold of a bone, and, utterly regardless of what became of me, attempted to dash it to the ground.

At this His Highness peremptorily ordered him to desist.

Never shall I forget the sudden change that came over the man's face. In a moment he was the humble slave. He let go of the cue and clasped his hands and bent his eyes to the floor in token of the deepest humility, and thus he stood until the Khedive, who was highly indignant at what he considered to be the man's unfairness, ordered him to retire.

The Khedive is the only ruler to whom I have had the honour of presenting my experiments who has not personally taken part in the tests. But the reception at the Abdeen Palace was of an official character, all the Ministers of State being present, as well as the usual *entourage*; and from an Oriental point of view it would not have done for His Highness to have tried any of the experiments and have failed. Had he tried he would *have had to succeed*. An Oriental ruler must always do, or be supposed to be able to do—which is much the same thing—what none of his Court are capable of accomplishing.

In the East it is all so different from what it is in the West. A European Prince is superior to being thought ridiculous, but an Oriental Prince would not dare to run the risk of for a moment being thought to be of the same build or on the same level as those below him.

But although His Highness was precluded by his position as Khedive from personally taking part in the experiments, he evinced the deepest interest in them, and not only did he warmly thank me for what I had shown him, but he presented me with a bracelet of

scarabæi—a most unique and handsome gift—as a token of his appreciation.

The last King whose strength of muscle I had the opportunity of testing was the King of Würtemberg, and that only a few weeks ago. His Majesty did me the honour of inviting me to his villa—locally termed *schloss*—at Marienwhal, Ludwigsburg. His Majesty is somewhat above the medium height, broad of chest and strong of arm. He, like all German officers, is exceedingly fond of gymnastics, and knows exactly how to use his strength. He, therefore, approached the subject more as an expert than as a novice, and his knowledge of the principle upon which my experiments are performed was greater, I think, than any of my previous experimenters. But His Majesty did not for a moment allow his knowledge to infringe upon the conditions under which the various tests can alone be effectively demonstrated. It was all the more interesting to me to do my experiments with one who had such an inside knowledge of the question, especially as I was altogether successful in everything I attempted.

What I think most interested His Majesty was the chair test, in which I lifted four members of the Court seated on a chair, *whilst His Majesty's hands were placed between my hands and the sides of the chair*.

I knew His Majesty was looking forward to this test, for the first words he addressed to me after the presentation were: "Have you brought the famous chair?" I had brought the "famous chair," and I pointed it out to His Majesty, who examined it with considerable interest.

It is an ordinary-looking chair, strongly built and painted black, and has been made famous from the fact that upon it I have lifted one Emperor, several Kings, Princes, and other famous folk. In fact, more Royalty, more intelligence, and more wealth have sat upon that chair than upon any one single chair in the world. It has been with me through all my travels, and all my public and private tests have been performed with it. It is not an object of admiration, but it is certainly an object of interest, and it is amusing to hear in different countries the various remarks people, knowing its history, pass upon it as they see it at the railway station or standing upon the stage.

Many people have been anxious to buy it, but it is not for sale. Only the other day an American millionaire expressed a great desire to take it back with him to the States.

Said he: "I guess I ought to have the



chair ; it ain't much to look at, but it's got a mighty interesting history. They don't grow chairs like that in the States, and I should have what no other man could either buy or steal. I guess if I stuck that in my hall at home my friends would just glue themselves to it. What, you won't sell it?—well, let's have another squat in it ; it ain't every day one gets an opportunity of squatting in a chair as the Czar and a whole bilin' of Kings have been lifted upon." And he squatted.

I have, I assure you, quite an affection for this chair ; it has had some extraordinary adventures both by land and sea, and has been lost on several occasions, but 'it has always turned up again to seat another King.

Going back for a moment to the Würtemberg Court, the audience that evening was, outside the Queen, the Princess, and their ladies, almost entirely composed of amateur athletes, and, in good-humouredly imitating some of my experiments, they did some extraordinarily funny things. One, a Prince of Saxe-Weimar, was like an eel in his slipperiness ; no one could either hold him or lift him. Someone suggested that His Serene Highness should don female attire and come out as a "magnetic lady," with a new series of experiments of his own invention. He would be an immense success.

It is always amusing to see — not in fun like this, but quite seriously — the various Princesses who have witnessed my demonstrations endeavour to demonstrate on their own account. Some of them would do the tests very well with patience and practice—two very necessary auxiliaries—whilst others would always be hopelessly at sea. Anyhow, these princely ladies take a great interest in my work, and I already have amongst them several imitators and one serious rival—the Crown Princess of Denmark.

It may suggest itself to some people that Royalties do not, in their experiments with

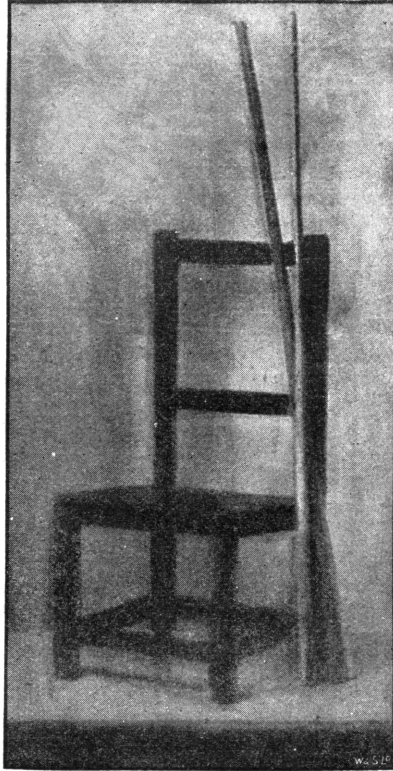
me, try so hard as would every-day folk. Such a suggestion would be altogether erroneous. In addition to my experiences at Courts, I have had a very extensive experience of public audiences in various countries, and, if anything, the Royal investigator is more in earnest than the members of a committee at a public audience. It is in this way : A King has heard that such and such a Royal cousin has not succeeded in the tests made with me, and he determines to succeed where the Royal cousin has failed. Now, amongst a general committee, no such little friendly rivalry exists ; each man lifts, as it were, for his own hand. Whereas, with a King, he, as I have already said, seeks to do what one of his own order has not done ; so his efforts are guided by a double object.

But whilst members of a miscellaneous committee will occasionally be guilty of just a little meanness in the matter of evading the conditions, such a thing never occurs with Royalties ; they are always fair—always the acme of everything that is honourable.

Of all the experiments I have performed at Courts—with the exception of the chair test, when I lifted the Czar, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince George of Greece—which has, perhaps, been most discussed in Royal circles, was the one in which I lifted the young Grand

Duke Michael whilst seated upon the top of a billiard-cue held down by four pairs of hands.

It was in this way : The billiard-cue, with the pointed end to the ground, stood upright, and upon the butt end of the cue Prince George of Greece placed his hands ; upon his hands were placed those of the Crown Prince of Denmark, upon the hands of the Crown Prince those of the Duke of Cumberland, and finally upon his the hands of my relative, Mr. Stuart Cumberland. The Czar then lifted his son on the top of this pile of



CHAIR AND CUES.

hands which were holding down the cue. I then lightly took hold of the cue and lifted it with the young Grand Duke several inches from the ground.

The company were, I think, exceedingly

difference existing between European and Oriental Princes ; but the difference between really princely and snobbish folk is still more strongly marked. The snob is always afraid of compromising his position by being lifted



MISS BENTLEY LIFTING THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

surprised at this, and I am certain they were highly amused ; for, when the Grand Duke went up, he slightly lost his balance, and rolled off into the arms of the Czar.

I am always, at every Court I visit, asked to repeat this test, but it not infrequently happens that there is no one small enough amongst the assembly to sit upon the cue, and, rather than give it up, I ask the smallest man there—who may weigh some ten or eleven stone—to mount on to the hands. Weight does not make much difference to me, but it makes all the difference to those who are holding down the cue. I often, when a heavy man is upon the cue, feel very sorry for their poor hands.

I have already drawn attention to the

on a chair, but with a Prince there is never any such thought.

Of course, much depends upon how you go to Court—that is, the conditions under which you go. If you go simply as a hired entertainer, you are not allowed to personally experiment *with* the Emperor or King, as the case may be ; in such case, your experiments would have to be performed *before* him and his Court—which is quite another thing.

I mention this, for had I not had altogether exceptional opportunities of visiting the Courts where I have given my demonstrations, I should not have been allowed to experiment with the Royal personages I have described, and I could not, from personal experience, have given the foregoing impressions of them.

With respect to the relative physical strength of nationalities, the English, Scotch, and Germans are, according to my experience, the strongest, and the Levantines the weakest. The Germans, perhaps above all others, are, from a scientific standpoint, the most interested in my work; they approach every experiment scientifically, and not from the mere "show" point of view; they like being scientifically puzzled.

The English, very much like the Americans, view everything performed on a public platform in the light of a "show." With them it is not so much the scientific aspects of the performance as whether the performance is in itself a "good show." The French, in fact all the Latin races, simply look for amusement in their entertainments; they, unlike the Teutonic races, resent any attempt at instruction in connection with an exhibition, which must amuse them, and amuse them alone. The Anglo-Saxons and the Teutons go to a performance out of interest, the Latins out of curiosity; that is why a good performance has a more lasting success in England and Germany than in France and other Latin countries, for interest has greater staying powers than mere curiosity. Another thing—so far as my experiments are concerned—to excite even curiosity amongst the Latins one should pretend to be almost everything that one is not. It would not be enough to say, "Come, I have something that is interesting—nay, amusing—to show you!" To draw them one would have to say, "See, I am something quite out of the common; I am altogether inexplicable. Come and try and solve the mystery—if you can."

But in Europe the true lovers of the mysterious are the Russians. They, as a rule, are interested only in what they consider to be the supernatural aspects of both mental and physical phenomena. They always seem to be altogether disappointed with a rational explanation of what they have decided must be supernatural. They naturally have a great hankering after the occult; and it is easier for them to believe that a certain experiment is explicable only on the basis of occultism rather than that it can be explained on purely scientific grounds.

With Russians—many of whom have been of very exalted rank—I have frequently had very great difficulty in convincing them that my demonstrations are not the result of magnetic force.

"But," they will say, "I felt a magnetic shock directly I took hold of the cue"; or,

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"Your elbows discharge a most powerful electric current; my arms are tingling even now. Come, how do you explain this?"

I do my best to prove to them that it is all the result of imagination; but they remain to this day unconvinced. Their argument is that I do not understand my own powers; that it is I who imagine I accomplish my experiments in one way, when in reality they are the outcome of a force which I am personally in ignorance of. True, I am wholly ignorant of being in possession of such a force; but, with people who see signs of the supernatural in the most natural of daily occurrences, what will you? Then, again, there are those—and they are not confined to Russians, but are common amongst all nationalities—who imagine, in fact assert it, that I am a hypnotizer, and that I take away their strength by means of hypnotism.

Well I remember an exceedingly comical incident, bearing upon this belief, that occurred in connection with a famous diplomatist. Just as His Excellency had laid hold of the cue, which I hold in the open palms of my hands whilst standing upon one foot, with the object of pushing me backwards, he suddenly stopped and said, "Please do not look at me like that, you are mesmerizing me; I cannot go on if you look at me."

I was unaware of the fact that I was looking at him, but to meet his wishes I turned my head, and he turned his head in the opposite direction, and so I stood, and so he pushed. It was really too funny for anything.

I remember reading in a French newspaper a few months back an extraordinary account of my alleged mesmeric power, in which it was minutely explained how on one occasion I had mesmerized the Czar. His Majesty, it went on to say, told me to stand against a wall, but I refused, and defied him to push me there. He raised his arm for that purpose, but I looked him in the eye, made certain passes over him, and, lo and behold, he was hypnotized! A little truth is a dangerous thing, and the highly-imaginative French journalist had only got hold of the smallest grain of truth; the rest of the story was evolved out of his inner consciousness.

What really happened was this: I placed the tips of my fingers against a wall, and asked the Czar to put his hands upon my shoulders and push me against the wall. His Majesty tried and did not succeed, that was all. There was, of course, nothing mesmeric about the experiment, it being performed upon precisely the same basis as



THE CZAR TRYING TO PUSH MISS BENTLEY AGAINST THE WALL.

the other tests I did with His Majesty ; but the story, as I have told, was that on *this occasion* I had actually mesmerized the Czar, and several times since I have been asked to do "the mesmeric test you did with the Emperor of Russia." I have repeated the test, but not as an exhibition of mesmerism, about which subject I neither care nor know anything.

I wish, for once and all, it to be clearly understood that there is nothing of a supernatural character about my exhibitions, and that I have always disavowed the possession of any so-called magnetic powers. What I do is perfectly understandable, and although the experiments are apparently widely different from each other, they are really one and all, with the exception of the chair test, performed upon precisely the same basis—that of the diversion of physical force.

I have really nothing to disclose, as there is nothing of the character of a trick about my experiments ; the secret lies in the position I assume and the angle at which the cues are held. In this way I can, without the slightest strain or physical effort, nullify the force displayed by the strongest men.

It is curious that it should be so, but so it is.

Some people think I must be exceedingly strong ; on the contrary, I am anything but strong or robustly built, whilst my weight does not exceed eight stone. But the experiments do not depend upon strength for their success. What is required is a knowledge of dynamics and a certain quickness of perception blended with a sufficiency of nerve and self-possession. One has always to be on one's guard, for no two men lift or push alike, and it is not until the test has begun that I know precisely the course I have to take in order to divert the force that is being brought to bear against me.

In the chair test everything depends upon how the chair is packed. I do not care how heavy the four or five men who sit upon it at one time really are, as long as they are properly balanced. If the balance is all right I take the chair on the swing and lift it (not merely tilt it) all four feet from off the ground. I do not grasp the sides of the chair with my hands, as I actually use no physical effort in the act of getting the chair with its living weight up ; I merely, as I say, catch it on the swing, and up it goes.

It not infrequently happens that when the men packed on the chair lose their balance the whole of them fall to the ground, a confused mass of struggling bodies and moving arms and legs. Such a sight is much relished by an audience, especially if the unfortunate men be known to them, but it is a *contretemps* I always do my best to avoid.

At one Palace the poor chair, in spite of its solidity, ran a serious risk of being broken into matchwood. Some members of the Court thought they would sit on the chair on their own account, whilst another exalted personage did the lifting. They took their places, but, before the exalted personage had got himself in position, they slipped, and over they went, taking the chair with them. They kicked and struggled, whilst, amidst a roar of laughter, another member of the Court made a hasty sketch of the scene. I would much have liked to have gained possession of that sketch, it was all so exceedingly comic.

I am afraid I am indirectly responsible for a great many damaged Royal chairs and



MISS BENTLEY LIFTING THE CZAR, THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, AND THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

broken billiard-cues, for, as I have intimated elsewhere, my visit to a Court has always been followed by a vigorous attempt to reproduce my experiments, with the result that chairs have become disjoined under the strain of an unexpected weight, and cues have snapped at the angle at which they have been held. All this is, of course, to

be regretted, but it is some satisfaction to me to know that my experiments not only afforded considerable interest at the time to various crowned heads, but that they still, during the periods of imitation, are capable of providing those who have honoured me with their attention with a good deal of amusement.



# Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

## VI.—THE WRONG PRESCRIPTION.



I AM generally far too busy to leave town for Christmas, but one December comes vividly now before my memory, when, feeling the need of change and partial rest, I was induced to spend a week with my friends, the Onslows, at their beautiful country seat in Hampshire.

The house was full of guests, several of whom I knew already. My host was an old college friend; his wife was a distant relation of my own. For the first day or two of my visit I almost forgot that I was a doctor, and enjoyed the merry season as thoroughly as the youngest present.

There were three guests in the house who from the very first aroused my strong interest. One of these was a bright-looking young fellow of the name of Oliver; the others were two young girls, one of eighteen, the other a child of ten.

The open secret quickly reached my ears that Oliver and Frances Wilton were engaged to be married. They were a devoted couple—at least, that was my first impression; I had reason afterwards to fancy that the devotion was mostly on the part of the lover, and that the young lady, beautiful as she was to look at, had that callous nature to which strong feeling was impossible.

Miss Wilton was a contrast to her little sister, who was a perfect whirlwind of impetuosity, high spirits, laughter, and noise. The little girl, whose name was Rosamond, was a favourite with everyone in the house, and as she happened to be the only child of the party, all kinds of liberties were permitted to her.

On the morning of my third day at Holmwood, I was strolling through the shrubberies after breakfast when I came face to face with my host, Jack Onslow, in earnest conversation with Captain Oliver.

"Look here," said Jack, the moment he met me, "you are the very man I want. Here's Oliver in a dreadful state of mind. I tell him he cannot do better than consult you. You will quickly show him that he is merely suffering from an attack of the nerves."

"But you have noticed it yourself—confess that you have," said Oliver, turning and looking full at his host.

"Oh, I confess nothing," said Jack. "You had better confide in Halifax. Have a cigar, Halifax? Now I will leave you and Jim to have your conference together."

Whether Oliver would have confided in me at that moment I cannot say, but before I could accept Onslow's cigar or make any suitable reply, a shrill little voice was heard calling to us, and the next instant Rosamond Wilton, her hair streaming behind her and her eyes bright from excitement, rushed up.

"Jim, Jim," she exclaimed, addressing Oliver, "Frances wants you to do something for her. Oh, you needn't go to the house," as he was preparing to start off. "She wants you to go to the chemist at Market Lea at once. Take this note with you. The chemist will give you some medicine that you are to bring back. *Please* go at once, Jim."

"Is Frances ill?" asked Oliver.

"I don't know—I don't think she is quite well. Anyhow, she wants you to go at once—will you?"

"That I will, of course," said Oliver, his face brightening. "Tell her so, Rosamond."

Rosamond darted away, and I turned to the young man.

"I should like a walk," I said; "may I come with you?"

"With pleasure," he replied.

We started immediately, cutting across an open common as the nearest way to the little town.

When I saw Oliver talking to Onslow, he seemed undoubtedly depressed, but now he had recovered his usual spirits. He was a handsome young man of about five-and-twenty, with bright eyes, a resolute face, and an upright bearing. He was a captain in a crack regiment, and I understood that he was rich. I was at least ten years his senior. He represented the happy boy to me, and certainly gave me no hint of any possible cause for melancholy during our brisk walk.

We reached the chemist's. I waited outside while Oliver went in to execute his commission. After about a moment's absence he joined me, perturbation now very evident on his face.

"Look here, Dr. Halifax," he said, "I wonder if you can help me."

"With pleasure, if I can," I replied.

"Well, I wish you would come into the shop and speak to this stupid chemist. He refuses to give me the medicine which Miss Wilton has written for. He says he cannot supply it without a prescription, and that I must go back and get one. Frances evidently wants it very badly, and will be vexed at this delay. As you are a doctor, perhaps you can manage the matter."

I entered the shop immediately, and went up to the chemist. He was holding Miss Wilton's open letter in his hand.

"This gentleman is a doctor," said Oliver. "He'll make it all right. You had better let me have the medicine at once, as I know the lady wants it."

"Perhaps the doctor will write a prescription," said the chemist.

"I cannot do so, unless I know what is required," I said. "What medicine has Miss Wilton written for?"

"Are you her medical attendant, sir?"

"No."

"Then please pardon me, I am not permitted to tell you. This note is confidential."

As he spoke he tore it into several pieces, and flung the fragments beneath the counter.

"I am sorry to disoblige," he said, "but the contents of Miss Wilton's note are strictly private. If you, sir, as a doctor will see the lady, I have no doubt everything will be put right."

"You did well not to betray a confidence," I said, briefly, to the man, and then I hurried Oliver out of the shop.

All his good humour and high spirits had left him. He showed more disturbance than I thought the occasion warranted.

"Don't be distressed," I said to him, soothingly. "If Miss Wilton will allow me, I'll see her as soon as ever we get back to Holmwood, and will supply her with a proper prescription for anything she may require. There is nothing to alarm yourself about in the chemist refusing to supply a certain medicine without a prescription. A chemist lays himself open to a large penalty if he does so. Miss Wilton is probably suffering from toothache, and has sent for chloroform or something of that nature."

"Oh, it is not this alone," answered the poor fellow. "It's this and a hundred other things added on to it."

Here he paused and gave me a quick glance of interrogation. After a moment he said, with a certain reluctance:—

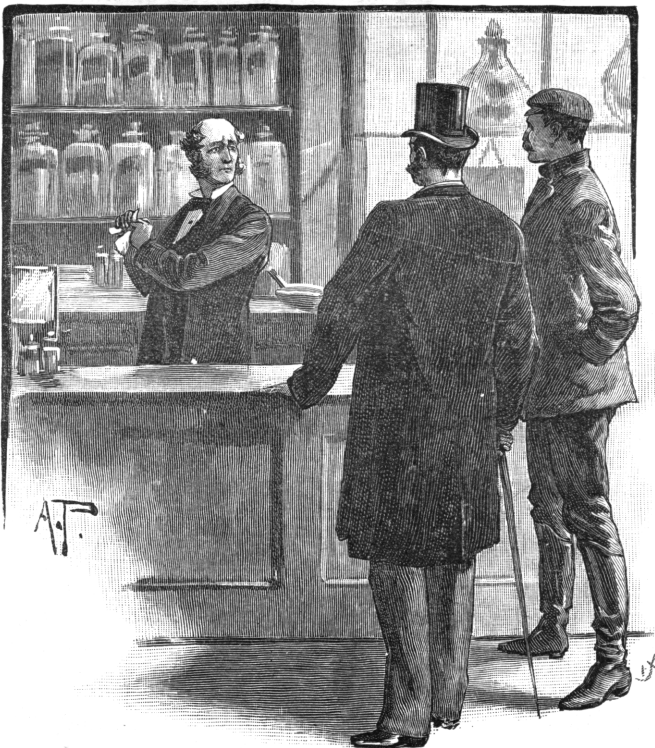
"Onslow says that you are awfully good-natured, Dr. Halifax."

"I should be a brute if I took up the medical profession and were not good-natured to people in trouble," I replied.

"Well, that's just what I am: I'm in an awful state of perplexity. Onslow laughs at me; but, then, he's not a doctor. I'm convinced this is a case for a medical man. May I state it to you?"

"I shall be delighted to give you any advice in my power," I replied.

"It isn't about myself. It's about Frances. You know, of course, that we are engaged to be married? You have seen her—I think you sat next her last evening at dinner. Do you mind giving me your candid opinion about her?"



"HE TORE IT INTO SEVERAL PIECES."

"She is a very pretty girl," I replied.

"Oh, yes, yes—I don't mean her appearance. If you were asked about her—her health, mental and physical, what would you say?"

"Nothing; for I know nothing."

"I always thought doctors could see farther than most men," answered Oliver, almost with irritation. "I tell you what it is: Frances, to all intents and purposes, is a dead woman, a statue cut in marble. She can move, she can speak, she can look lovely, she can eat—a little, not much—but she can no more love, she can no more feel than if she were really the marble I have likened her to. We have been engaged for six months; I have been away for over four. When I parted with her last she was Rosamond grown up. Think of Rosamond with her fire, her overflowing spirits, her vivacity. Is Frances like Rosamond now?"

"No," I said. "I have noticed the two sisters and observed the great contrast between them. The little one has a great deal of colour and her eyes are bright. Miss Wilton is deadly pale, and pretty as her eyes are, their expression is dull."

"They usen't to have a dull expression," said Oliver. "Six months ago they had plenty of sparkle and life in them, and her cheeks were just like roses. But," continued the poor fellow, "it is not the physical change that cuts me to the heart, it's the—the absence of all life; all—all affection; all interest in me and everything else. We are to be married in two months' time; Frances has not the least idea of breaking off our engagement. There's not a scrap of the flirt about her; but I might as well make a bride of a doll, or a bit of marble, for all the real interest she takes."

"Was she excitable and affectionate when first you were engaged?" I inquired.

"Yes—yes—*rather!*" He coloured as he spoke.

"Did you ever ask her if she felt ill?"

"Often. She says that she is in perfect health; but, oh! the apathy in her eyes! Sometimes, Dr. Halifax, I am inclined to fear that her mind is deranged."

"I don't think there is the least occasion for you to alarm yourself on that score," I said. "Do you think Miss Wilton will see me as a medical man?"

"I am sure she won't. Nothing makes her so much annoyed as the faintest hint that she is not in perfect health."

"She cannot maintain the position that she is in perfect health when she sends you

off in a hurry for a certain medicine to the chemist. Look here, Captain Oliver, I'll take it upon myself to see her as soon as ever I go home. You may trust me to respect your confidence, and if there is anything really wrong, I think I can soon discover it."

I had scarcely said these last words before the sound of hurrying feet caused us both to look up. Little Rosamond Wilton had come up the road to meet us.

"I came for the medicine," she panted. "Give it to me, Jim."

"Unfortunately, I haven't got it," said Oliver.

"Not got it? What will poor Frances do?"

"I am ever so sorry, but it is her own fault. She forgot to send the prescription."

"No, she didn't forget; she hadn't got the prescription. Collins has it. Oh, what an awful worry this is! What a stupid, stupid chemist! Frances wrote to him, and told him exactly what she wanted. He might have sent the medicine to her. Poor darling, she is nearly wild with misery now; and what will she do if there is any further delay? What a cruel chemist!"

"No, Rosamond, he is not cruel," I said. "The law forbids chemists to give certain drugs without proper prescriptions. The chemist could not have acted otherwise."

"Then Frances will die!" exclaimed the child, stamping her little foot on the ground, and tears filling her bright brown eyes. "Frances will die. She can't go on suffering like this, it is quite impossible. You don't know. You can't guess. It is dreadful!"

"I can soon put your sister right," I said, in a confident tone. "Take me to her immediately."

"You are a doctor, aren't you?" she inquired.

"Yes; the right person to see your sister if she is suffering."

"But she won't have any doctor except Collins."

"Who is Collins?"

"A nurse. She was with Frances once when she was ill. And now she always sends for her if she feels the least bit of anything the matter with her."

"Well," I said, after a pause, "we are wasting time. Your sister is in pain. Collins is not here, and I am. Take me to her immediately."

"Yes, Rosamond, do as you are told," said Oliver.

"She'll be angry; but I can't help it," murmured the child under her breath.

She took my hand, and we went quickly to the house.

In another moment I found myself in Miss Wilton's presence. I gave one glance at her face, and then told Rosamond to leave us. I knew what was the matter. The young girl was in the complete state of prostration caused by acute neurosthenia. Her respiration was hurried—she scarcely noticed me when I came into the room. She was lying on a sofa. I took her hand in mine and felt her pulse. It was beating one hundred and fifty times to the minute. Miss Wilton was very ill, and it was not difficult for me to ascertain the cause of this complete nervous prostration. I pushed up her sleeve and saw certain marks on her slightly wasted arm, which told me but too plainly that she was the victim of morphonism. The whole

"I don't know, sir; I'll inquire."

"If she is in any of the sitting-rooms or about the grounds, send a footman to ask her to come to me immediately, to Miss Wilton's room."

The servant withdrew, and in about ten minutes' time Mildred Onslow hastily appeared.

"What do you want with me?" she asked. Then as her eyes fell on Miss Wilton's prostrate form, she uttered a startled exclamation.

"What is the matter with poor, dear Frances? How frightfully ill she looks!"

"She is very ill," I replied, "but I think I can soon relieve her. She is suffering from a most acute nervous attack, and I intend to inject a little morphia under the skin. That will quickly restore her to a more normal condition. Please stay with her, Mildred, while I fetch my bag of drugs and instruments."

I rushed away, fetched a bottle of morphia and a hypodermic syringe, and quickly injected a dose which contained one grain of morphine.

The relief was almost instantaneous. Miss Wilton opened her eyes, gave a sigh of intense pleasure, and presently sat up. She was still bewildered, however, and scarcely recognised who were present.

"She is much better," I said to Mrs. Onslow, "but I should like her to keep very quiet for the rest of the day. Please send some soup or some other strong nourishment to her here. She will do

best to stay in this room for to-day. Perhaps you will come and sit with her for a little in the afternoon. Now I want to have a short talk with my patient by herself."

When I said this I noticed an uneasy glance in Miss Wilton's eyes, which showed me how rapidly she was returning to a convalescent stage.

"Need Mildred go away?" she asked. "I am much better now. You must have given me something to relieve that horrible, horrible pain."

"Yes, I gave you a dose of morphia," I said.



"I SAW CERTAIN MARKS ON HER SLIGHTLY WASTED ARM."

situation was now perfectly plain. Miss Wilton had suddenly come to the end of her supply of morphia, and was at present going through the awful storm of abstinence.

I thought for a moment, and then made up my mind that, whatever the future consequences, there was only one thing to be done at present. I went to the bell and rang it sharply.

A servant appeared in answer to my summons.

"Can you tell me if Mrs. Onslow is at home?" I asked.

"Ah, then, of course I am better," she remarked, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes," I said, "you may be able to have a nice sleep by-and-by, but there are one or two points I should like to talk over with you first. I shall not take up more than a moment or two of your time."

Mildred left the room, and Miss Wilton seated herself with her back to the light.

"I may as well state frankly," I said at once, "that when I came into the room just now, your condition filled me with alarm. You were terribly weak, your respiration was hurried, your pulse quick. You had symptoms also of spinal exhaustion. I came to tell you that Captain Oliver had failed to get the medicine which you sent for."

"Why failed?" she asked, in a quick, nervous voice.

"Because you had not sent a prescription. Chemists are forbidden by law to supply certain poisonous drugs without written instructions from a medical man. No such instructions accompanied your letter; therefore the medicine was not supplied."

"Did you go with Jim to see the chemist?"

"I walked with him to Market Lea."

"And the—the——" Miss Wilton half rose from her chair, "the chemist showed you my letter?"

"No, the chemist was quite faithful to the trust you reposed in him."

She sank back again on her seat, while an expression of intense relief swept over her young but worn face.

"Your little sister met us on our return home, and told us that you were in a state of suffering," I continued, "so I hastened to the rescue."

"You are very kind," she replied, "and you have relieved my suffering for the time."

She shuddered slightly as she spoke. She knew but too well how evanescent the small dose of morphia I had injected would be in its effects.

"It is tiresome about that prescription," she continued. "Nothing relieves me like that special medicine."

"Then you are subject to these attacks?"

"Oc—occasionally." This word came out with great reluctance.

"Perhaps I could write you a prescription somewhat similar to the one you have lost?"

She looked at me with intense eagerness. Then her eyes fell.

"No, thank you," she said. "My medicine partakes of the nature of a—a quack medicine. It suits me better than anything else. I think I'll send for a nurse who has

often been of use to me. Her name is Collins. I should like to telegraph for her. That can be managed, can it not?"

"Certainly," I answered; "where does she live?"

"In London."

"She cannot get to you before the evening," I answered. "And in the meantime you may have another attack. Of course, I am not prepared to say what causes them." Here I looked hard at her. She trembled and shrank from me. "I am not prepared to say what causes your attacks," I repeated; "but I have seen precisely similar ones occasioned by the abstinence from morphia in the victims of morphonism. A small dose of the poison invariably gives relief, as it did in your case. Only that it is quite impossible to imagine that you can be the victim of such a pernicious habit, I should say that you took morphia secretly."

"As if that were likely," she stammered; "I—I hope—I should not do anything wicked of that sort."

"It certainly is a very wicked habit," I replied, "and leads to the most disastrous results: the wreck of life in its fullest sense, the destruction of all the moral qualities. For instance, the morphia-maniac thinks nothing of telling lies, however truthful he may have been before he became the victim of this habit. Well, I will leave you now, as you look inclined to sleep, and sleep will be beneficial to you. If you feel a return of the painful symptoms which prostrated you this morning, send for me, and I will inject a little more morphia."

"Oh, thank you," she answered, with a look of gratitude. And now she prepared to settle herself comfortably on the sofa.

"You won't forget to telegraph for Collins?" she said, as I was leaving the room.

"You must give me her address," I answered.

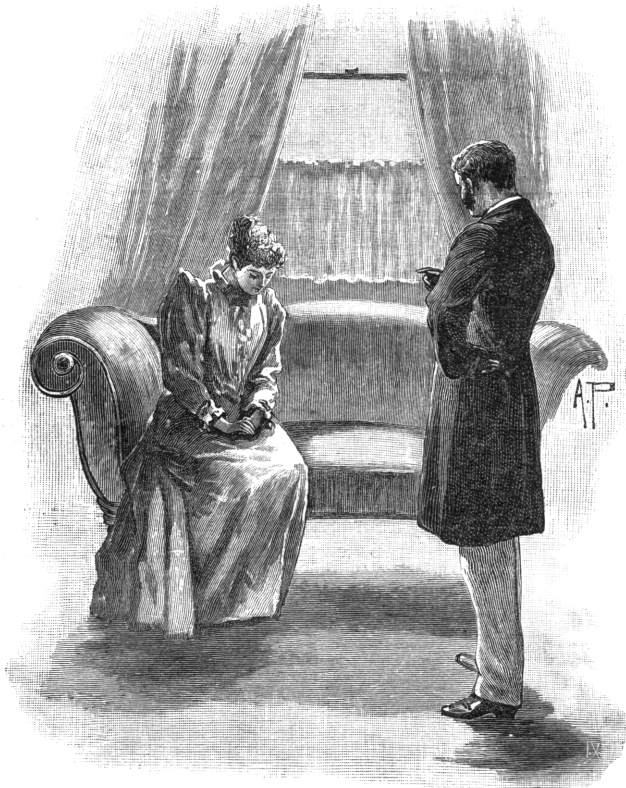
She supplied me with it, and I left her.

I must confess that I felt much puzzled how to act. Miss Wilton was a morphia-maniac. Her flimsy half denial of the fact was but in keeping with her disease. Should I tell the truth to poor Oliver?

I thought over the circumstances of the case briefly, and then resolved to take Mildred Onslow into my confidence. I saw her alone immediately after lunch, and told her what I had discovered.

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed, when I had finished my short story. "It seems almost impossible to believe that Frances, of





"I HOPE I SHOULD NOT DO ANYTHING WICKED OF THAT SORT."

all people, could he addicted to such a vice, and yet you said you saw the marks on her arm?"

"I did, but even without that evidence all the other symptoms point to the same conclusion."

"But what can be her motive?" said Mildred. "Six months ago there could not have been a brighter, dearer girl in existence. She was so happy in her engagement too; in short, she was the very personification of perfect health, happiness, and all the graces which adorn young womanhood."

"You cannot say that she is the personification of these things now," I replied.

"No; she is much changed—Jim notices it—he is very unhappy. Oh, poor Frances! Is there any chance of her being cured?"

"Yes, if she will help herself. She is particularly weak, however. I seldom saw anyone as young so completely under the influence of the drug. I could not counsel complete abstinence from it at the present moment, and I intend to inject morphia again to-night. We have now, however, to decide immediately on two things: is the nurse Collins

to be telegraphed for, and is Captain Oliver to be told?"

Before Mildred could reply, the door of the room where we were talking was abruptly opened and Oliver himself, looking perturbed and heated, came in.

"I saw you two talking through the window," he said, "and could not restrain my impatience. I know you are discussing Frances's condition, and perhaps you are intending to conceal some particulars from me. Now, I insist upon knowing the truth immediately."

Mildred coloured and hesitated.

"Dr. Halifax and I were just wondering whether we ought to send for a nurse of the name of Collins," she began.

"Collins," repeated Oliver, abruptly. He laughed in a somewhat harsh manner. "Rosamond and I telegraphed for Collins half an hour ago," he said. "What *is* the use of hesitating about a natural wish of that sort? I suppose a sick girl may be at liberty to send for the nurse she fancies?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"And now I want the truth," he continued. "What is the matter with Frances?"

Before I could reply, Mildred came suddenly up to me. There was an imploring look on her face. She did not speak, however, and the next moment hastily left the room.

I looked at Oliver. He was startlingly white round his eyes and lips.

"You know what ails Miss Wilton," he began. "For God's sake, whatever it is, don't make a mystery of it. I can bear the truth, whatever it is. Is she dying?"

"Almost as bad," I murmured to myself.

Aloud I said, "Nothing of the sort. You want the truth, so you must have it. I warn you in advance that it is startling and painful. Miss Wilton is a confirmed morphia-maniac."

"Nonsense," said Oliver. He looked as if he would much like to knock me down. I walked to the window before I replied.

"I told you that the truth would be painful. That is it. That simple fact accounts for the change which you spoke to me of. I have seen such things before, but never,

never, in one so young, so apparently healthy and happy. I had my suspicions even while you were speaking to me, but when I saw the young lady, all doubts were solved immediately."

"What were her symptoms?"

"Those which invariably arise when the unhappy victim is from any cause deprived of the accustomed stimulant. The larger the quantity of morphia taken, the greater is the distress when it is done without. When I came to Miss Wilton, she was almost *in extremis*. This fact shows that she has been accustomed to injecting large doses."

"Injecting!"

"Yes, with a hypodermic syringe. There are many marks on her arm."

"Did you do anything for her relief?"

"Yes, the only thing. I gave her more morphia."

"Why?"

"I will tell you why presently. The thing immediately to decide on now is: what is to be done when this nurse arrives? I must say plainly I am sorry you telegraphed for her."

Oliver was about to reply when I interrupted him.

"I suspect the nurse," I continued, "but forewarned is forearmed. As soon as ever she comes, I shall have an interview with her, and tax her with what I feel is the truth. In the meantime, I shall consider Miss Wilton my patient, and as I have begun to prescribe for her will go on doing so. And now, Captain Oliver, your part is to look cheerful and to pretend to know nothing. I want you to go and sit with Miss Wilton for a short time this afternoon. If she confides in you, well and good. She may possibly do so, for she has had a good fright, I can assure you; but if she does not, you must treat her as if you knew nothing. Remember."

"Oh, yes, I'll remember," said Oliver. His face worked; I saw that he was struggling with emotion, and left him.

At six o'clock that evening Collins arrived. I saw her before she was admitted to Miss Wilton's presence; she was a thin, refined-looking woman, neatly dressed, and with an almost lady-like manner and appearance. Her

face was sharp and pale; she had light, thin, auburn hair, and very pale-blue eyes with white eyelashes. I took a dislike to her on the spot.

"I wish to see you," I began, "to tell you I have discovered what ails Miss Wilton. She is a morphia-maniac of a most confirmed type."

The nurse started when I said this. I saw denial on her lips, but she quickly took her cue, and spoke in a deprecating tone.

"Ah!" she said, "that fact is no news to me. Poor dear! How often have I begged of her not to get under the influence of this pernicious drug."

"Your entreaties have been quite without effect," I replied. "I am glad, however, that you are fully awake to the danger Miss Wilton runs. The victims of morphonism go through many phases—Miss Wilton is rapidly approaching that of direct poisoning, and if the drug is freely administered now,



"THE NURSE STARTED."

she will undoubtedly die. I say this to warn you, on no account whatever, to inject morphia. I am her medical man, and I will give it her myself when necessary. Have you a hypodermic syringe and morphia with you?"

My question was so direct that the woman coloured and stammered.

"I always carry these things about with me," she said, more truthfully than I expected. "No one can ever tell, in a profession like mine, when they may be required."

"That is quite true," I replied; "but under the present circumstances I should be glad if you would give both the morphia and the syringe to me. Thus, if your patient begs of you to administer the drug, it will be out of your power to yield to her entreaties."

She looked at me hard when I said this, and then, opening a hand-bag, she gave me a small bottle containing some of the dangerous fluid, and a little case which held the syringe.

After putting a few more questions, during which I elicited the information that Nurse Collins had been trained at Guy's Hospital, I took her myself to Miss Wilton's room.

There was no mistaking the look of relief which spread itself over the young girl's face when she saw her.

"Oh, nurse, you have come!" she exclaimed, and, tottering forward, she flung herself into the woman's arms.

I closed the door softly behind me. I felt more uneasy than I cared to own. It is true I had secured the syringe and the morphia, but the nurse might find means of supplying herself with more morphia, and, of course, Frances must have a syringe of her own.

I had administered my first dose of morphia to Miss Wilton at noon. As I expected, she sent for me to ask for another injection between four and five. This was shortly before the nurse arrived. If Nurse Collins had really no morphia in her possession, my services would be probably required between ten and eleven that night. I little guessed, however, what was really to occur.

A large party of friends were coming to dine at Holmwood that evening. The dinner was to be followed by a dance, to which all the young people of the neighbourhood were invited. I, as one of the guests staying in the house, had, of course, to be present. I held myself in readiness, however, to go to my patient whenever the summons came.

Little Rosamond had begged hard to be allowed to sit up for the dance.

"I don't want to stay with Frances now that horrid Collins has come," was her frank remark.

Miss Rosamond was sufficiently spoiled to have her way, and Jim in particular took her under his special patronage.

I was standing near one of the doorways watching these two as they threaded the

giddy mazes of the waltz. I was inwardly feeling a good deal of uneasiness at not being summoned to Miss Wilton, for the hour was now long past that when she ought to require a fresh dose of her stimulant, when I was suddenly attracted by a look of astonishment on Rosamond's bright face. She was gazing past me towards another door further down the ball-room.

I turned in the direction of her glance, and saw to my amazement Frances, beautifully dressed, the flash of diamonds in her hair and round her white throat, advancing into the room.

I went up to her at once. She looked slightly, but only slightly, annoyed when she saw me.

"I'm all right now," she said, in a cheerful tone. "I have quite recovered. I told you, Dr. Halifax, that I only needed my own special quack medicine and Collins's aid to restore me."

I could scarcely reply to her. She swept past me to speak to an acquaintance. She looked brilliant, and was unquestionably the most beautiful girl in the room. Her fine dark eyes, generally so dull in expression, were now bright and sparkling. There was not the least doubt that she was under the influence of a powerful dose of the poison.

I hastily left the ball-room and went upstairs to find Nurse Collins.

She was not in Miss Wilton's sitting-room. I rang a bell, and asked the servant to send her to me.

"Do you mean the nurse from London, sir?" inquired the maid. "She isn't here. Miss Wilton ordered a carriage for her, and she went away about an hour ago."

I felt too astonished to speak for a moment.

"I was not aware of this," I said, after a pause.

I quickly returned to the ball-room. Frances was now dancing with Oliver, who looked in the highest spirits, and Rosamond ran up to my side.

"Do waltz with me, Dr. Halifax," she asked.

I took her little hand and led her into the midst of the dancers.

As we were revolving round and round, I asked her a few questions.

"Do you know, Rosamond, that your *bête noir*, Collins, has gone?"

"No," she replied, in a tone that did not express much surprise. "But she doesn't often stay long. I suppose she has filled up all Frances's bottles with the quack medicine."

"But that quack medicine is very bad for your sister."

"I don't think so. She can't live without it. Doesn't she look lovely? Isn't she a beautiful girl?"

"Yes," I replied, briefly.

"And don't her diamonds flash? Don't you love diamonds, Dr. Halifax?"

"Yes, but not on such young girls as your sister."

"Frances always likes to wear diamonds; she doesn't mind whether her taste is peculiar or not. Let's come a little nearer to her, I want to be sure of something. Yes, just as I thought. She hasn't on her pendant. I suppose that has gone now."

"What do you mean, Rosamond?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all. I shouldn't have said it. I'm tired of dancing. . . I'd like to go to bed. . . Please let us stop. . . Good-night, Dr. Halifax. Good-night."

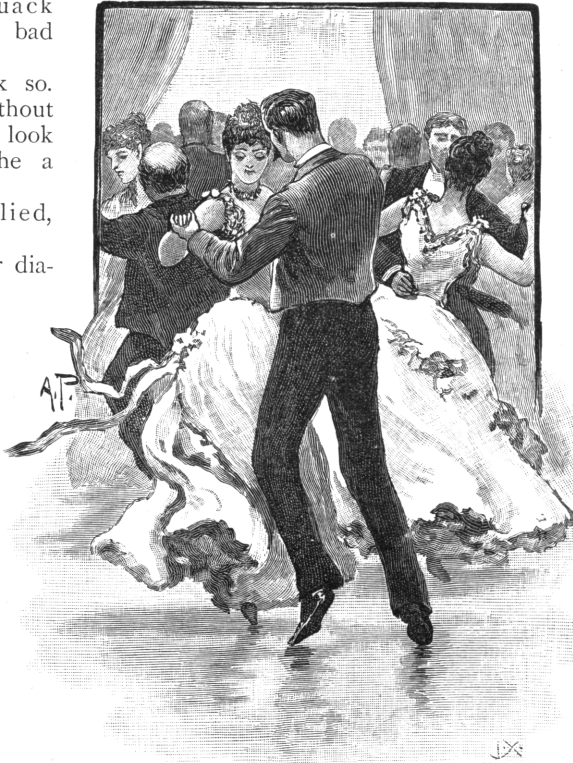
She rushed away before I could question her by another word.

Miss Wilton was the life and soul of the ball-room. The gay party did not break up until the early morning, and it was late the next day when the visitors who were staying at Holmwood met again round the breakfast-table.

As soon as ever I appeared, I was greeted with an extraordinary piece of information. Frances Wilton and her sister had left Holmwood by an early train.

This was simply stated with little or no comment at the breakfast table, but immediately afterwards my host and hostess took me aside. Mildred put a small note into my hand.

"Read it," she said, "and try and solve the mystery, if you can."



"FRANCES WAS NOW DANCING WITH OLIVER."

The note was from Rosamond, a childish production, and very short.

"DEAR DR. HALIFAX," she wrote, "I'm awfully unhappy, so I must just send you this letter. Frances has quarrelled with Collins, who won't do what she wants. We are both going away, and no one is to know where we are going to. I don't know myself, so I can't tell you. Frances says that you are a horrid man; she says you have accused her of doing dreadful, wicked things. I don't believe you are a horrid man. I like you very much, and I am very un-

happy about going away.—ROSAMOND."

After reading the little note I gave it to Mildred. She glanced her eyes quickly over it, then threw it, with a gesture of despair, on the table.

"Now, what is to be done?" she exclaimed. "Frances and Rosamond have disappeared. No one knows where they have gone. Frances was very ill yesterday. If what you say is true, it is extremely unsafe for her to be left to her own devices."

"It is more than unsafe," I replied. "Miss Wilton is in a condition when she ought not to be left for a single moment without a responsible person to look after her. Surely it can't be difficult to trace the sisters? Surely they can be followed at once?"

"Of course they can," said Onslow. "You always go to the fair about things, my love," he continued, turning to his wife. "A pair of children like Frances and Rosamond cannot lose themselves in these nineteenth century days. We can soon track them, and if we have a doctor's authority for taking such a step, it shall be done immediately."

"Ought not Oliver to be consulted?" I said.

"I'll go and fetch him," said Onslow.

He left the room and returned in a few moments, accompanied by Jim Oliver. The young soldier was quite alive to the difficulties of our position. The nervous distress, which yesterday so completely overpowered him, had now vanished.

He was intensely anxious, but he did not show undue agitation. We had a brief consultation, and then it was arranged that I should go back immediately to London and try to learn everything there was to be known about Nurse Collins. I had elicited one apparent fact from her yesterday, viz., that she had been trained as a nurse at Guy's Hospital. Accordingly, on the afternoon of that same day, I went to the hospital and set inquiries on foot with regard to her. The books were searched, and it was soon abundantly proved that no nurse of the name of Collins had ever been trained at that hospital.

"Then," I exclaimed, "the woman is not even a medical nurse. If she is really still with that poor girl, her wretched victim may be dead before we can rescue her."

The matron to whom I was speaking became interested, and presently asked me to describe the supposed nurse's appearance.

I did so, minutely.

"Light auburn hair," quoted the matron, "very light blue eyes and white eyelashes—a thin face. How old should you say the woman was, Dr. Halifax?"

"From five-and-twenty to thirty," I replied.

"About the middle height?"

"Yes, a slight person."

"Did she walk with the faintest suspicion of a limp—so very slight that it might be passed over without comment?"

Now it so happened that Nurse Collins did walk with a sort of swing, which had arrested my attention when I took her to my patient the evening before.

"I could scarcely call it a limp," I said, "but it is certainly true that the nurse's walk was a little peculiar."

"Then I know who she is," said the matron; "that description could scarcely fit two people. She was trained here, but not under the name of Collins. See—I will show you her name in the book. Nurse Cray—twenty-three years of age—auburn hair, light blue eyes, very slight limp. That nurse, Dr. Halifax, stayed with us exactly a year. She was an admirable and clever nurse. She left at the end of that time under peculiar circumstances."

"Do you mind telling me what they were?"

The matron hesitated.

"I don't wish to injure anyone," she said, after a pause; "but in this case it is right for you to have all possible information. Nurse Cray left here on suspicion of theft. A large sum of money had been left in her charge by a lady patient. This is quite an exceptional thing to do. When the lady was leaving, the money was not forthcoming. Nurse declared it had been stolen from her. The lady was not willing to prosecute, and the matter was dropped. But Cray left the next week, and we have not heard anything of her since. I believe her to be a dangerous woman, and I should be sorry to have any girl in her power."

This information I imparted in due course to my friends at Holmwood. In the meantime Onslow and Captain Oliver were leaving not a stone unturned to trace the two girls. The end of the second day arrived, however, without our having obtained the slightest clue to their whereabouts.

Poor Oliver was nearly wild with anxiety, and my own fears were very grave. I could not get Frances Wilton's face out of my mind. I saw it in my mind's eye, wherever I turned, or whatever I did. I wondered what the wretched girl's ultimate fate would be. There was little doubt that she was quickly reaching that stage when direct morphia poisoning begins. If she were really still in Collins's power, her days on earth were numbered.

Sitting by my fireside on the evening of the second day I thought of her with increased uneasiness. It was almost impossible to believe that two rather remarkable looking girls like Frances and Rosamond could disappear as it were bodily from the earth. Onslow and Oliver were both clever and keen-sighted men. We were employing the best private detective we knew to assist us, and yet up to the present we had not got the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the girls. I felt so anxious as I pondered over these things that I felt inclined to run down to Holmwood by the last train that evening. Before this thought, however, had taken the form of a resolution, there came a ring to my hall door, and the next moment my servant told me that a woman was waiting to see me.

"What is her name?" I asked.

"She refuses to give it, sir," replied the man. "She says she will not keep you long, but she earnestly begs of you to let her see you without delay."



"Show her into the consulting-room," I said.

I went there a moment later, and to my amazement found myself face to face with Nurse Collins.

"Now, what do you want?" I said in a stern voice, which could scarcely conceal my inward rejoicing.

"To confess—to confess," she said, in a broken, highly-strung, nervous tone. "Oh, Dr. Halifax, I have only just made the discovery. Pray do not lose a moment in going to Miss Wilton. If you see her at once there is just a possibility of her being saved."

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Tell me your story briefly."

"Oh, it is this," she exclaimed, clasping and unclasping her thin hands. "Poor, poor young lady, I have given her the wrong prescription! I only found this out an hour ago."

"Sit down," I said. "You must tell me the whole story in as few words as you can."

"I don't want to be a murderer," she began. "I—I draw the line at that. I—I don't mind most things, but I draw the line at murder."

"You will be a murderer," I said, "unless you can collect your thoughts sufficiently to tell me at once what is the matter."

"And you will use your knowledge against me, sir?"

"That I cannot say."

"Well, I don't much care whether you do or not," she continued. "If only Miss Wilton's life is saved, nothing else matters. This is my story. I was called in to nurse Miss Wilton six months ago. She was suffering very terribly at the time from the effects of a feverish attack. Her nerves were much disordered; she was sleepless, and she used to undergo agonies of pain from neuralgia. Dr. Johnson, of Queen Anne's Street, was attending her. He prescribed small doses of morphia, which I was to inject in the usual way with a hypodermic syringe. The morphia gave her both relief and pleasure. By-and-by she got stronger, the pain disappeared, and Dr. Johnson ordered me to cease administering the morphia. I think I should have done so, but for Miss Wilton herself. She had already acquired a certain liking for the drug, she could not sleep well without it, and she begged me very hard to repeat the doses. I refused. She said she would pay me if I gave her relief. I was in debt, and I wanted money badly. I do not pretend to be scrupulous, and I quickly yielded to

temptation. I stayed on with Miss Wilton: I repeated the morphia doses, and in an incredibly short space of time, I had her in my power. She could not live without the drug, and was willing to pay me anything to obtain it. She had plenty of money, and was the possessor of many valuable jewels. One by one these jewels were handed over to me in exchange for morphia. I was obliged to leave her at last, but I supplied her with a syringe and a couple of bottles of the medicine; I also gave her minute directions how much to inject at a time. When she sent for me three days ago, her supply had unexpectedly run out. I obeyed her summons at once, and would have remained with her, but for my interview with you. You frightened me with regard to her state; I saw that you suspected me. If it were known that I had played thus, almost with the life of a patient, I should have been ruined. I did not dare to run the risk of discovery. I injected as large a dose of morphia as I could with safety into my patient's arm, and then told her that I must leave her. Before I went away I gave her a small supply of morphia, enough to last her for a day. I also gave her, or thought I did, the prescription which Dr. Johnson had given me for her six months ago. She paid me, of course, for my services. I helped her to dress for the ball, and then I left."

"Miss Wilton paid you with her diamond pendant," I interrupted.

The nurse's eyes flashed an angry, frightened fire.

"How can you tell?" she exclaimed.

"No matter—proceed, please."

"I have not much more to tell," continued Nurse Collins; "mystory is nearly over. I have only now to reveal to you my awful discovery. An hour ago, I was looking through some prescriptions, when I suddenly discovered that I had *not* given Miss Wilton the one which contained morphia. On the contrary, I had given her another prescription, which in her case would probably lead to fatal results."

"What was in it?" I asked.

"Strychnine, Dr. Halifax. Strychnine in a form for hypodermic injection. This prescription had been given to me a year ago by a physician for a male patient who was suffering from paralysis. Now, sir, you know why I apply to you. Don't mind me. I promise not to hide if I'm wanted. Go at once to Miss Wilton. She may not have been able to have the prescription made up. Go to her and save her."

"Where am I to go?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" she answered. "Go to Holmwood, of course. It's my only comfort to know that Miss Wilton is in a country place, where medicines are not easily obtainable."

"She is not there," I replied. "She left Holmwood, with her little sister, the morning after you left. We have been two days moving Heaven and earth to find her, but in vain. Nurse Collins," I continued, "if any one knows where Miss Wilton is hiding, you must be that person. Tell me at once, or I shall have you arrested."

"You needn't threaten me with *that*," she answered, stepping back in some scorn; "I would tell you only too gladly if I knew, but I don't. Oh, merciful God! I don't know where the wretched girl is. If she is not found she will die. Oh, if her death is laid to my door I shall go mad!"

I saw the woman was becoming hysterical, and was about to quiet her in as peremptory a manner as I could, when the consulting-room

she's not dead, but she's very nearly dead. *Do come and save her.*"

"Where are you staying?" I asked.

"At the Métropole. Oh, we've been there all the time. Frances said it was safest of all to go to a great big hotel like that. She wouldn't let me tell you until to-day, and now she craves for nothing so much in all the world as for you to come to her. Do, do come at once!"

"Of course I will," I replied. "Sit down, Rosamond. You are a very good child to have come for me. Nurse Collins, you can go now. I do not wish you to have anything further to do with my patient."

"For God's sake, sir, save her life!"

The wretched woman fell on her knees.

"Get up," I said, in some disgust; "you don't suppose I need your entreaties to make me do my utmost for this unfortunate girl. Now Rosamond, come."

I rang the bell as I passed, and desired my servant to show the nurse out. Then



"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SIR, SAVE HER LIFE!"

door was suddenly and noiselessly opened—there came the quick patter of young feet across the carpet, and Rosamond Wilton rushed to my side and clasped one of my hands in both of hers.

"Come at once!" she said, excitedly. "Frances says I may bring you. Don't delay a second. Never mind *her*," with a look of anger in the direction where the woman was standing. "Come, Dr. Halifax, come. Oh,

Rosamond and I got into a hansom, and in a few minutes we arrived at the Métropole. We went up in the lift to the third story, where Frances's luxurious bedroom was.

"Here he is, Frances," said little Rosamond, in her bright tones, pulling my hand as she entered the room. "He's come, Frances; now you'll be all right."

I looked at the patient, who was lying perfectly still on the bed, and then motioned to

the child to leave us. She turned away with a little sob in her throat, and a look of dog-like entreaty to me in her pretty eyes.

"Dear little mite," I said to myself, "I will do all that man can do to help her." I went up to the bed and began to make a careful examination of the patient. When last I saw Miss Wilton, she was brilliant in her ball-dress. Her eyes were bright, as bright as the jewels that flashed in her hair and round her neck. Now she was in so complete a state of collapse that I could scarcely have recognised her as the same girl. Her face was so worn and thin, that for the time it had lost all its youth and comeliness. Her long hands lay motionless on the coverlet. Her sunken eyes were closed. She was scarcely breathing, and looked almost like a dead woman of forty. I bent over her and tried to rouse her. It was more than evident that she had done without morphia now for several hours. She was in a state of acute nervous disturbance—in short, she was completely prostrated. My first business was to rouse her. I put my hand under her head and raised her up. To my relief she opened her eyes and gave a perceptible start of pleasure when she saw me.

"You can save me," she said, in a weak and very thin voice. "You know what is the matter. You know what I've done. You said it the other day."

"You are a morphia-maniac," I said.

"Yes, yes—I don't care who knows now."

She suddenly pressed her hands to both her sides, and began to roll about in anguish.

"I am cramped, I am dying," she gasped.

I watched her until the paroxysm of pain was over, then I began to question her.

"Why did you send for me?"

"Because I am dying."

"Have you been taking much morphia?"

"Oh, yes, a good deal. I had a prescription. It was made up, and I injected the quantity which always gave me relief. Dr. Halifax, an awful thing has happened: the morphia no longer relieves me; it—it fills me with *horror*, with sickness, and cramp. I am in agonies. I dare not take any more. Each dose makes me worse."

Again she pressed her hands to her sides and writhed in torture.

I walked to the table, hoping to find the prescription. It was not there. Miss Wilton was past speaking now. I went to the door of the bedroom and called Rosamond.

"I want the prescription," I said, "of your sister's last medicine. You went out to have it made up, did you not?"

"I did—here it is. Is Frances very ill?"

"She is ill. How often has she injected this medicine?"

"Oh, several times last night, but scarcely at all to-day. She says it makes her worse, much worse. She is afraid of it. She has been in awful pain all day, and at last she called to me to fetch you. Can you—*can* you save her?"

"Oh, yes, dear, I hope so," I replied.

I went back to the room and studied the prescription. Then I gave a sudden start of pleasure. It was a prescription for strychnine, certainly, but it could not have been the one which Nurse Collins imagined she had given Miss Wilton. The doses ordered to be injected were too small to cause death, although they would doubtless, if administered frequently, give rise to disagreeable and painful sensations. I thought hard for a moment, and then a sudden idea occurred to me. I went back to my patient and carefully noted every symptom. She had been now quite twenty-four hours without morphia; she had therefore arrived at the very height of that terrible time when the abstinence storm is worst. Every fibre, every cell in her body ought now to be crying out for its accustomed solace. The functions of the brain ought to be exhausted. Her respiration ought to be terribly hurried; her pulse almost past counting. She was ill, and in frightful suffering, without a doubt; she was also in a state of extreme prostration, but her pulse was fairly steady and was not beating more than a hundred and twenty times to the minute. When I had examined her at Holmwood two days ago, after a very much shorter period of abstinence, her pulse had beat a hundred and fifty times to the minute. The idea therefore which occurred to me was this: Nurse Collins, without the least intending it, had found a *cure for my patient*. If I went on administering the strychnine in very small quantities, it would undoubtedly act as a tonic, ward off the extreme weakness of the heart, which was to be dreaded, and in short enable Miss Wilton to weather the awful abstinence storm. I did not take long in making up my mind, then going into the next room, rang the electric bell. A servant answered my summons, to whom I gave a note desiring it to be sent to its destination by a special messenger without a moment's loss of time. In consequence of this note, an hour later, a staid and respectable nurse, in whom I had every confidence, was installed in Miss Wilton's room. I gave

her a brief history of the case and took her into my confidence with regard to treatment.

"I mean to continue the strychnine," I said, "and I wish the patient to be under the impression that she is still having morphia injections. Her nerves will then be less strained than if she thinks she is doing without her accustomed sedative, and the chances of cure will be greater."

The nurse promised to obey all my directions implicitly. She was to inject minute doses of the strychnine at certain intervals, and was also to feed up the patient with milk, strong chicken broth, and champagne. I then went out and telegraphed to Onslow and Oliver, and finally returned to spend the night with my patient.

I shall never forget the fortnight which followed. Notwithstanding the strength which the carefully injected doses of strychnine gave the poor girl, her sufferings were terrible. I shall not quickly forget the look of despair in her eyes nor the agonized expression on her young face. I knew she was going through agonies of torture. The first five days were the worst, then gradually and slowly there came longer and longer intervals of comparative relief, until at last there arrived an hour when I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Wilton fall into a long and perfectly natural sleep.

When she awoke, refreshed and calm, and with an altogether new look on her face, I was standing by her bedside.

"Oh, I am better," she said, with a sigh. "I have had a heavenly sleep. How thankful I am that the morphia is beginning to take effect again."

"How do you know that morphia produced that sleep?" I asked.

"How can I doubt it?" she replied. "Nurse injected some into my arm just before I dropped off to sleep."

I looked at the nurse, who smiled and turned away.

I motioned to her to leave the room. I thought the time had come when I might tell Frances Wilton something.

"You are wonderfully better," I said, sitting down by her.

"I have every reason to believe that you will soon be perfectly well."

"You have great faith," she answered, with a blush and something like tears in her eyes; "but what is the use of holding out hope to me? I can never do without morphia. I am its slave. I shall try and take it in smaller quantities in the future, but I can never do without it as long as I live. The agonies I suffered during the fortnight when it ceased to have any effect, can only be understood by those who have gone through them. Dr. Halifax, I must confess the truth; I cannot live without morphia."

"Think of your lover, Miss Wilton," I said. "Think what this means to Captain Oliver."

"I do think of him," she replied. "For his sake I would do much. But I can't break myself of this awful habit even for him. It is useless for me to try—I am too weak."

"Not a bit of it," I said. "Now listen to me. I have some good news for you."

"What is that? What good news can there possibly be for so miserable and wicked a girl?"

"You think the refreshing sleep you have just enjoyed was due to the injection of morphia?"

"Of course it was—nurse injected it."

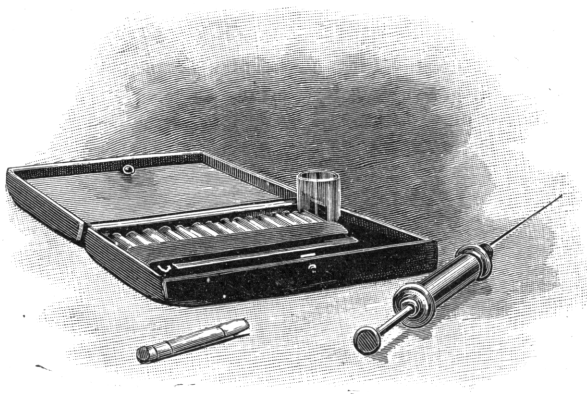
"She did nothing of the kind—she injected water with a very little strychnine."

"Strychnine! What do you mean?"

"What I say, Miss Wilton. You may rejoice, for you have already conquered that miserable habit. It is a whole fortnight now since any morphia was injected. What you thought was morphia was strychnine injected in very minute quantities, to act as a tonic. You have, indeed, gone through a frightful time; but the worst is over, has been over for days. That refreshing and natural sleep proves you to be not only convalescent, but in short—*cured!*"

"May we come in?" said a cheerful voice at the door.

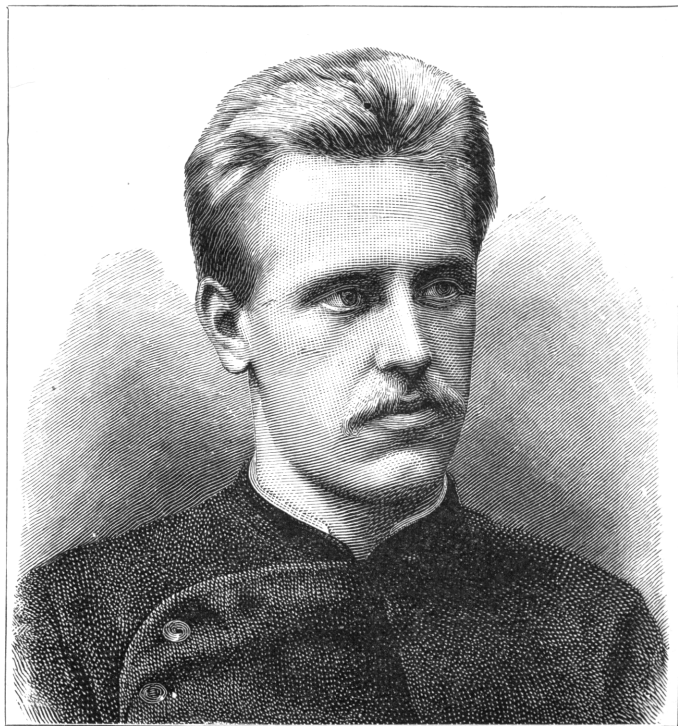
"Yes, certainly," I answered, and Mrs. Onslow and Oliver entered the room. I saw Frances Wilton sit up and look rapturously at her lover. I noted the light of love and hope in her eyes.



## *Towards the North Pole.*

BY DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

*[This article was written especially for THE STRAND MAGAZINE by Dr. Nansen after starting on his present adventurous expedition in search of the North Pole, and just before he and his brave companions disappeared, for years, into the unknown regions of eternal ice. The photographs were also supplied to us by Dr. Nansen especially for this article.]*



DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

**T**HE principal feature in the plan of my attempt to penetrate into the North Polar region, or if possible to cross it, is, in brief, to try to make use of the currents of the sea instead of fighting against them. My opinion is, as I have already explained on several occasions, that there must somewhere run currents into the Polar region which carry the floe-ice across the Polar Sea, first northward towards the Pole, and then southward again into the Atlantic Ocean. That these currents really exist all Arctic expeditions prove, as most of them have had to fight against the currents and against the ice drifting southward, because

they have tried to get northward from the wrong side. I think a very simple conclusion must be drawn from this fact that currents and drifting ice are constantly coming from the unknown North, viz.: Currents and, perhaps, also ice must pass into this same region, as the water running out must be replaced by water running in. This conclusion is based upon the simplest of all natural laws; but there seem to be people who will not even admit the necessity of this.

That such currents run across the North Polar region is also proved by many facts. I may mention the great quantities of Siberian driftwood which are annually carried to the



DR. NANSEN'S HOUSE.

shores of Spitzbergen and Greenland ; it comes in such abundance, and with such regularity, that it is quite impossible that it should be carried to these shores, so far from the original home, by occasional winds or currents. There must be a regular communication between the coasts of Siberia and those of Spitzbergen and Greenland. By this same communication were several objects from the unfortunate *Jeannette* carried to the Greenland coast. The *Jeannette* sank in June, 1881, to the north of the New Siberian Islands, and three years afterwards, in June, 1884, a great many objects belonging to her or her crew were found on an ice-floe on the south-west coast of Greenland. This floe can only have been brought there by the same current which carries the driftwood. By this same current an Eskimo implement, a throwing-stick or harpoon-thrower, was also carried the long way from Alaska to the west coast of Greenland. There can, in my opinion, be no doubt of the existence of such a communication or current across the North Polar region from the Siberian side to the Greenland side.

My intention is now to make use of this communication, which Nature herself has established. I shall try to find the place where the heart of this current has its origin, and shall go north there until I am beset in the Polar ice, and then simply let the current have its way, and let it carry us across the unknown region and out into the open sea again on this side of the Pole.

This is the basis upon which I am acting. In order to be able to lead a relatively comfortable life during the ice-drift, the first thing of importance is to get a good and strong ship especially adapted to withstand the pressure of the ice-floes when they are pressed together by the currents and the heavy gales of the Arctic Sea. Such a ship cannot be had ready-made, and I had to build the *Fram*, in which we

are now steering into the unknown North. It took me two years to get her ready, but I believe the result is good. She is an unusually strong ship ; the frame timbers are made of hard Italian oak, are 10in. to 12in. thick, and are placed close together. Inside them is the ceiling, consisting of pitch-pine planks, alternately 4in. and 8in. in thickness. Outside the frame timbers is the planking, consisting of three skins ; first a 3in. oak skin, over which is another of 4in., and finally an outer planking, or "ice-sheeting," of greenheart, which increases in thickness from the keel towards the water-line from 3in. to 6in. Greenheart is a very hard, strong, and slippery wood, but also very heavy, as it sinks in water. The whole thickness of the sides of the *Fram* is thus 28in. to 32in. : a solid mass of pitch-pine, oak, and greenheart, with a little pitch in between to make it watertight.

A ship's side of these dimensions and material will alone have a great power of resistance to the pressure of the ice. But this power is to a very essential degree increased by the many beams, stays, and strengthenings of every kind placed inside the vessel. These are so carefully arranged and united to each other that the whole is like one coherent mass, and the ship may almost be considered as if built of solid wood. But even if this had been the case, she would not be strong enough to resist the ice if she had not got a suitable shape, as the ice is able to crush anything which it gets a firm hold of with its cold, irresistible grasp.



The most important feature in the *Fram's* construction is, therefore, that she is built on such lines as will tend to lift her, and thus make her escape the grasp of the ice when it begins to press. The sides are not perpendicular as those of ships generally are, but slope from the bulwark to the keel; her "dead rise" is great, so that when the ice-floes are pressed against her sides, they meet with no perpendicular wall to press against and break, but with sloping walls, along which they will glide downwards, and at last pass under the keel of the ship, tending to lift her out of the water. The keel is not projecting, in order that the ice shall not get hold of it. On the whole, everything is made as smooth and rounded as possible. There are no edges, no projecting corners for the ice to catch hold of; she is like a bowl, and a transverse section of the *Fram* resembles very much that of a cocoa-nut.

The length of the *Fram* is 128ft., the greatest beam is 36ft.; she is consequently very broad compared with the length. Her draught at present is about 16ft., and her freeboard is only 3ft., but now she is heavily loaded, as we have taken as much coal as we can carry. This will, however, gradually be burnt in our engines, and she will soon be lifted again. The size of the ship is about 310 tons register, and her displacement with her heavy cargo at present is, I should say, about 800 tons, or a little more.

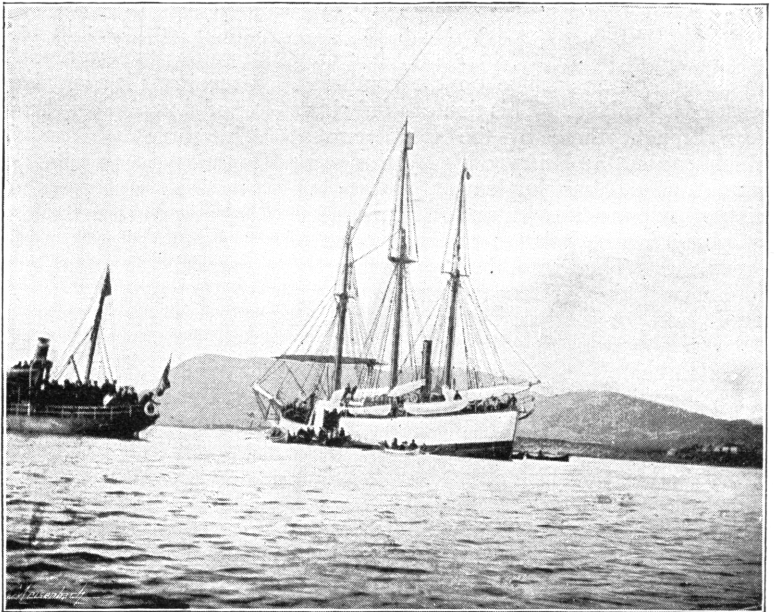
She is rigged as a three-masted fore-and-aft schooner. The mainmast is high, and on the top is the crow's-nest at a height of about 105ft. above the water. From there you have a splendid view over the ice-fields, and can easily see where to steer your ship through open water.

The *Fram* has an auxiliary engine of about 200 indicated horsepower. Deeply loaded as she now is, however, she does not get a speed of more than about five knots from the engine

alone, but with a lighter cargo she makes six or even seven knots. She is consequently not a fast vessel, but this is relatively of no great importance on an expedition like ours, where we shall have to depend principally on the speed of the current and the ice-movement, and unfortunately not on that of the ship.

The members of the expedition are the following: Otto Sverdrup, master of the ship. He was my companion on the expedition across Greenland. Sigurd Scott Hansen, lieutenant of the Norwegian navy and leader of our meteorological, astronomical, magnetic, and geodetic observations. Henrik Blessing, physician of the expedition and botanist. Claudius Theodor Jacobsen, mate of the *Fram*; formerly sealer and shipmaster in the Arctic Sea round Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. Peder Hendrikson, harpooner; formerly sealer and shipmaster in the Arctic Sea round Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. Hjalmar Johannesen, lieutenant of the Norwegian army; on board the *Fram* he is fireman and general utility man. Ivar Mogstad, carpenter, etc.; has also occasionally served as steward. Bernhard Nordahl, electrical assistant and fireman. Anton Amundsen, engineer. Lars Pettersen, engineer. Adolf Juell, steward and sailor; formerly shipmaster. Bernt Bentsen, sailor. We are thirteen all told.

We have one saloon in common, where we take our meals and spend our leisure time.



THE "FRAM" ON HER WAY NORTHWARDS; OFF BØFØ SUND, NORWAY.

Round the saloon six cabins are placed—four single cabins for Captain Sverdrup, Lieutenant Hansen, Doctor Blessing, and myself ; and besides these, two cabins with four or five men in each. These cabins are so placed that they surround the saloon and protect it against the outer walls of the ship, thus making it nice and warm. The walls and roof are also made very thick, and consist of many heat-isolating layers, with reindeer hair, felt, and cork dust in between. Special care is taken in this respect, not only to keep in the heat but also to avoid the moisture, which is so easily condensed on the cold walls of every ship in the Polar night, and which has been of great annoyance during most Arctic expeditions. This I hope we shall to a great extent avoid.

For this purpose, and also in order to get good air in the saloon and cabins, special attention is paid to the ventilation. The cold, fresh air from outside is taken in through a heating apparatus, which I have specially constructed for the purpose, and which is heated by mineral oil.

After having circulated in the rooms the air is again sucked out by another ventilator. From the English firm, Robert Boyle and Son, I have got two extra ventilators—one downcast ventilator and one upcast—by help of which I can improve upon the ventilation if necessary and make it quite perfect. A good ventilation is certainly a most important thing during an Arctic expedition, but heat is also good. If therefore we should not have fuel enough and it should be too cold to sleep in our cabins, it is so arranged that we can, all of us, live and sleep in the saloon only. We shall then shut the doors of the cabins closely ; to go into the open air we have to pass through four thick doors, and thus we need not let in more cold air than we like. It will certainly

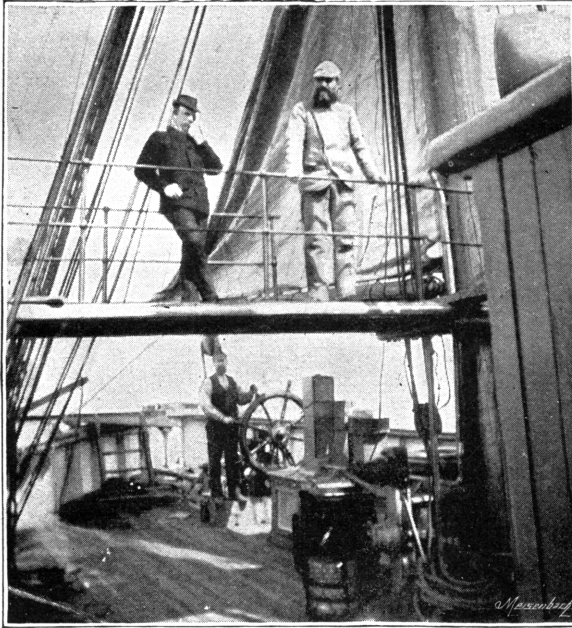
not be difficult for us to keep up the warmth in this way, even without any fuel on the fireplace ; for many people to live together in a small room with thick walls gives too much heat.

In order to obtain a pleasant place for promenading, the deck of the *Fram* will be sheltered by a huge tent in the winter. This will also add to the snugness. Upon the whole, I think we shall possess cosy and comfortable winter quarters. Our saloon we have made as home-like as we have been able. The first Norwegian artists have decorated our walls with beautiful pictures of our home. Everyone has in his cabin

pictures of his dear ones. The saloon as well as the cabins is lighted with electric light, the walls and roof are painted white, and at night when all lamps are burning it really looks quite festive, reminding you of home and happiness, and certainly not of the Polar solitude. We have also plenty of books of all kinds—thanks to several friends of the expedition—and games in any variety, and also an organ and

other musical instruments. We can thus get musical entertainment, reading, and if this is no longer satisfying we can play at chess, dominoes, halma, cards, at pleasure. I believe the winter will not be felt as very long, though the night may last six months.

Of provisions we have plenty and in great variety ; much more so, I believe, than most previous expeditions in the Arctic. Variety of food is the most important thing in order to avoid scurvy, which has destroyed so many well-equipped expeditions. We have, of course, tinned meat in all possible forms : boiled, roast, and corned beef, ditto mutton, rabbits, collops, Oxford sausages, cutlets, pork, ham, bacon, etc. ; tinned fish and roe in various forms ; tinned

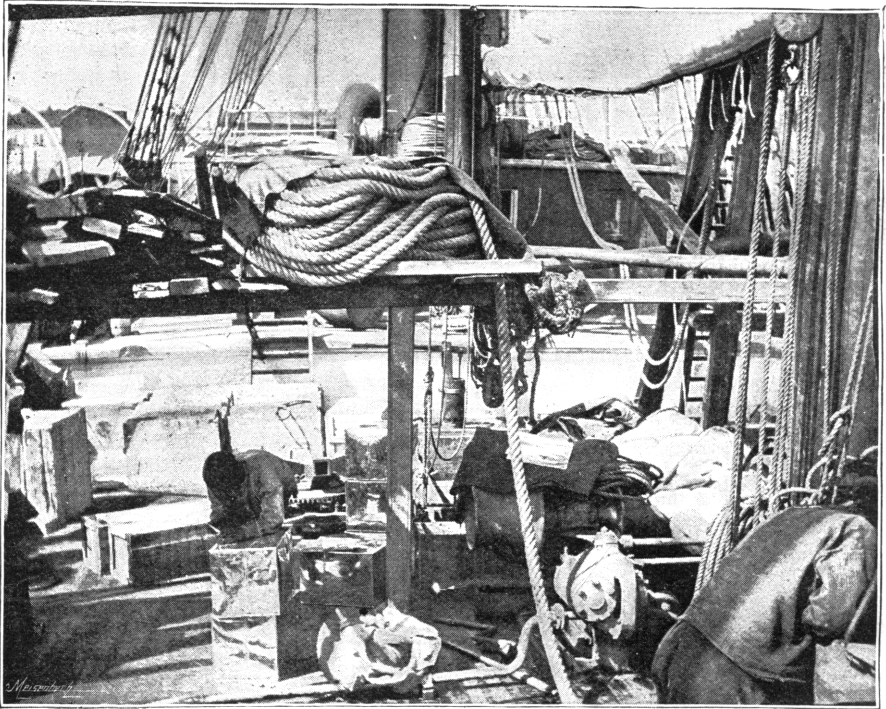


CAPTAIN SVERDRUP ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "FRAM."

fruits, dried fruits, jams, marmalades, blanc mange, Bird's custard powder, egg powder, and baking powder; concentrated lime juice from Rose and Co.; razine, peas, pea-soups, lentil soup, bean soup, Frame Food, Bovril, dried vegetables, biscuits; Cadbury's chocolate, steam-cooked and dried meal and flour of various kinds, dried fish, dried potatoes, preserved milk, with sugar and without sugar, compressed tea, cheese, sugar, etc.; and, above all, butter, which is most important in the cold, where you especially want fat. We carry six tons of butter.

For sledge expeditions we have, of course, specially concentrated and light food, princi-

number of them, with a suitable quantity of butter, will be sufficient for one man per day; I believe a pound and a half of biscuits or a little more and half a pound of butter will be an appropriate ration. For drinking we shall have nothing except water, which we shall get by melting snow. This water we may, however, mix with lime juice and sugar, or with milk, or make tea, chocolate, or soup of it, and thus we shall have pleasant drinks. A good drink is also water mixed with oatmeal. Spirituous drinks will not be allowed; tobacco will be distributed in very moderate rations on board ship; on sledge expeditions no tobacco, or very little, will be allowed.



DECK OF THE "FRAM" AT CHRISTIANIA BEFORE STARTING.

pally consisting of dried meat with fat. The Bovril Co. has, on my suggestion, made a special food consisting of these materials which is highly concentrated; they have called it "emergency food." For sledge expeditions we shall also use biscuits and butter, steam-cooked meal for porridge, milk, chocolate, dried fish, dried fruits, dried cranberries, sugar, a little compressed tea, and also some biscuits, to which I have added a quantity of a German product called Aleuronat powder, which principally contains albumen. I have added about 30 per cent. of this to the biscuits, so that a certain

Our dress will indoors consist entirely of wool. Thanks to the Jaeger Company in London, we have a splendid equipment of woollen garments. Out of doors in the winter when the winds are blowing we shall wear weather-proof suits, made of light canvas, gabardine, or similar stuff, which protects against the snow-drift. When it is very cold we shall wear fur suits, made principally of wolf and reindeer fur. To sleep in the snow or in our tents during the sledge expeditions we have also sleeping-bags made of the same material, in which we can easily and with comfort stand a temperature of one hundred degrees below zero.



VISITORS TO THE "FRAM" BEFORE STARTING.

Our tents are made of raw silk and are exceedingly light. Lightness is, of course, of the highest importance, when everything must be carried on the sledges. The tent floor is, however, of a somewhat heavier stuff, as that has to keep out the moisture which is easily formed when you sleep on the snow, with nothing under you except a thin canvas or calico layer. It is also well to have the tent floor rather strong, as it can then be used as a sail on the sledge when you have a favourable wind. For our scientific observations we carry, of course, a great number of scientific instruments. I need hardly say that photographic cameras of various sizes and kinds are not forgotten.

We are now (as I write this) steering eastward across the sea from Norway to Novaya Zemlya, through fog and against the wind. Yesterday we had a short, sunny glimpse of Goose Land on Novaya Zemlya, and were just steering in there, when the fog came again and shut us out from the world around us. We were obliged to steer out to sea again, and make for Yugor Strait, the most southern strait which separates Novaya Zemlya, or rather Waigats, the most southern island, from the Continent. Here we expect to meet a small vessel, which I have sent from Norway, with

fifty tons of coal. At Khabarova, in Yugor Strait, a Russian, Trontheim, is also waiting us, with more than thirty sledge dogs. He had to travel from Tiumen, in Siberia, last winter to the Ostjaks to buy these dogs, and had then to travel the long way from Siberia, through the north of Russia to Pechora, and from there he travelled with the dogs to Yugor Strait in company with the Samoyeds, who go north in the spring. I hope we shall find the dogs in good condition, as well as Trontheim himself, who will possibly accompany us on the expedition.

When we have got our dogs and coal, and if the Strait and the Kara Sea are open, we shall make our way eastward along the Asiatic coast as quickly as possible. The first part of the way through the Kara Sea will perhaps be the worst, as the ice is often very bad there. More easterly the water running out from the rivers generally forces the ice a little from the coast, leaving an open passage along the shore. We shall have to pass Cape Chelyuskin, the most northern point of the Continent, which has only once before been passed by any vessel, viz., the *Vega*, on Nordenskiöld's famous expedition. If we still find open water we shall go on eastward along the coast until we reach the mouth of the Olenek River, to the east of the Lena Delta. If we have time I shall go in there to take twenty-six sledge dogs which are waiting for us. The reason why I want to get dogs there also is that the dogs from East Siberia are stronger and better than the West Siberian ones; therefore Baron Toll, who is now travelling in Siberia, proposed this, and has now kindly arranged this depôt for me; it is he also who arranged with Trontheim about these other dogs. If we get too many dogs, it is of course easy to pick out the best ones of the whole lot.



DR. NANSEN IN DRESS FOR ROUGH WEATHER.

From Olenek I shall steer north-east towards the west coast of the New Siberian Islands. If the season is favourable, I hope to find open water here a good bit northward into the unknown regions. We shall go as far as we can northward in open water, and, when we can do so no more, choose our place and run the *Fram* into the ice.

Then our work will be done for a long time, probably, as the ice will have to carry us further north. That such will be the case, if we only get far enough northward in open water, I do not doubt. We shall then arrange our ship as best we can to make her a comfortable winter quarter. If we drift many years in this way the life may become somewhat monotonous, but we shall have plenty of things to do to pass the time. There is much scientific work to be done in these unknown regions. The climate must be observed each hour in the day, the currents in the water under the ice, the ice itself and its formation;

the Northern Lights must be watched, the magnetism of the earth, and if new land is met with this must be carefully examined.

In the long, light summers, the life is almost gay up there. Then the sun sends its refreshing, glorious light — day and night — over this frozen white ice world, and does not disappear for many months; and there will be excursions in all directions on our *ski*

(Norwegian snow-shoes); or on the sledges drawn by the dogs, or, even still better, standing on your *ski* and letting the dogs draw you at a tremendous pace over the flat floes. If any land is discovered, we might even get good shooting.

But after the bright day comes the long, dark, Arctic night, when the temperature sinks lower than, perhaps, anybody knows. Then there will not be much to do in the open air, except to take the necessary meteorological and astronomical observations, besides a little exercise and, perhaps, to take a drive



DR. NANSEN ON THE "SKI" (SNOW-SHOES) WITH DOG AND SLEDGE.





DR. NANSEN READY TO START FOR A DRIVE WITH DOG AND "SKI."

does in its horse-mill on land. In this capstan four men take their turn at a time; thus we shall obtain good and regular exercise, and be useful at the same time. When the sun disappears and the long night comes on, we shall take our walk in a ring on the deck of the *Fram* to produce our own sun. In this way man must conquer Nature. But I dare not say for certain that we shall not long for the natural sun, and look eagerly forward to its ap-

pearance again in the dawn of spring. Then it will rise slowly and majestically, over the horizon, and pour its blessed light into our souls.

with the dogs while the moon is shining. In our winter quarters there is, however, much to be done, and we shall certainly do our best to lead a cheerful life.

I have already said that we have a snug saloon to live in, and we have electric light to make us forget the absent sun. But many will perhaps ask how we shall get the necessary power to produce the electricity, as we could not afford to burn coal for that purpose. This is not, however, so very complicated. On one hand we have the wind, and by the help of a big wind-mill we shall be able to work the dynamo, and by help of our accumulators we shall be able to store up electricity for some time when we get a gale. But when there is no wind, we have ourselves. We are thirteen men, and when a capstan is arranged on deck, we shall be able to do work similar to that which a horse

Upon the whole we shall lead quite a pleasant life as long as we have the ship, but it may be that in spite of all precautions she may be lost. It will certainly be a sad moment when we shall have to say farewell to our dear *Fram*, but we shall be able to go on all the same. We have many



DR. NANSEN DRIVING DOG ON "SKI."



boats with us of different sizes; two of these are very big, and are specially built for the event of such an accident. They are 29ft. long and 9ft. broad; they have a deck, and can really be regarded as two small reserve ships. The whole crew can live pretty comfortably even in one of them, and there will be room for a good deal of provisions besides.

A disaster can hardly come so suddenly that we shall not be able to see beforehand, and get good time to put these boats and provisions and fuel on the ice. Then there will be no danger; we can drift on with the ice just as safely as we did before, nay, even more safely, as the boats will stand on the ice and thus cannot easily be crushed by the floes.

We should certainly not have as much comfort as we had in the *Fram*, but it is not difficult to make these boats good warm winter quarters by help of snow and warm tents made of fur. And in case the big boats should also be lost, we can build snow-huts on the ice.

How long the expedition will last is, of course, very difficult to calculate beforehand, as we do not know much of the speed of the current with which we are going to travel. I believe, however, there is not much probability that it will take more than three years till we come out into open sea again or to somewhere from whence we can return home; and as we have taken provisions for five or even six years, I think we shall not run the risk of starving.

It has been said that this expedition is very risky; indeed, I believe this is the general opinion. I cannot agree with it. The reasons why it is considered risky are, however, of different kinds. Some people say there is no such current as I have supposed—the ice does not move at all; others say the ice is only carried along by occasional winds; others, again, say there are certainly currents, but nobody



DR. NANSEN IN WINTER DRESS OF WOLF-SKIN.

knows where they will take you. A few people agree with me that there must be such a current as I maintain there is, but the ice is dangerous and may destroy us, or we may be stopped by unknown lands in the north. Nothing of all this convinces me. If there is no current, I do not see why it should be risky to go: we shall be unable to advance, and will be able to return when we see we are mistaken. If there are currents, however, or if the ice is only moved by winds which have the same effect, we must certainly, in less than five or six years, be brought somewhere near the coasts of the Polar Sea, and wherever we come we shall be able to reach human dwellings, whether it be on the American or the Asiatic side. The Polar basin is really so small that in the course of five years we must be drifted across it, whatever the speed may be. If the ship is destroyed we will make use of our boats, as I have already mentioned; and if our drift is stopped by land, we shall either have to try and get afloat again or have to travel over the ice and make for the nearest land known. The Polar basin is not so great as to render this impossible when you have an equipment specially adapted for it, and take care to travel with the currents and not against them.

But all these and many other similar questions we shall probably be able to answer more fully when we return, whether we have been successful or not. We are certainly prepared to meet with hardships of various

kinds, perhaps more than we wish for ; but it is to explore that we go out, and there is no exploration to be made without sufferings, as well as no victory without a risk.

On the 24th of June we started on our expedition from Christiania, and sailed northward along the beautiful Norwegian coast. Everywhere people came from the most distant places in order to see the strange ship and her crew. Whenever we stopped in some little place the deck was at once crowded with people who wanted to see everything. On the 21st of July we left Vardö, our last harbour in Norway, and now we are sailing eastward across the Barents Sea.

Within a few days we shall enter the ice and shall get the first cold embrace of the ice-world which is going to be our home for years hence, and from which no tidings will reach the dear ones at home, when first entered. To give those who have not seen this world of ice an idea of what it looks like is not easy, as it is so different from anything else. It is a strange thing with this region, that when you are there, you think it sometimes monotonous perhaps ; but when you are away from it, you long to get back again to its white, vast solitude.

When you approach the ice-fields of the Polar Sea you hear them far off by the noise of the breakers against the floes ; it sounds like the strange roar of a distant earthquake or thunderstorm. Over the horizon to the north you will also see a

strange light : this is the white reflection which the ice throws on the sky above. When you sail on you will after a while begin to meet the white floes riding on the dark water. It is along the margin of this ice that the sealer hunts for the seal ; between these tremendous floes he forces his way with his strong ship to his prey. But many a hard struggle he has to fight here when the elements are in tumult. Nothing more foaming wild than a tempest in the winter-night in the north can easily be imagined. When the storm whistles over sea and ice, lashes snow and foam in your face, and seizes you so that you cannot stand on deck ; when the waves rise into huge water-mountains, between which the ship disappears, and is all in foam ; when sea and ice meet, and the waves rise like towers and break in over the floes like greenish-yellow waterfalls, and the huge floes are thrown against each other and crushed into dust, while the water foams and ice-blocks are thrown high against the dark sky—then it may happen that you will feel the wild horror of the Polar Sea. No stars, no Northern Lights, no light of any kind over this furious uproar. Heavy storm-charged clouds fly across the sky ; all around you is blackness and darkness, noise and tumult. It is the wild demons of Nature in fight. It thunders and roars, it hisses and whistles in every direction—it is Ragnarök which is coming ; the world is shaking to its foundations.

But in the middle of this wild fight of the sea and the demons, between these tower-like waves, a small, frail work of man is riding, a ship with living men on board. Woe to them if they now make a single mistake ; woe to them if they come too near one of these floes or put the ship's bow between them at the moment they strike together : in the next instant they will be crushed and disappear ! But through the noise words of com-



DR. NANSEN PREPARING FOR DRIVE IN DOG SLEDGE.  
(Eight or ten dogs have to be harnessed to this sledge.)

mand can be heard; punctually they are obeyed; the sealer steers quietly his way out into the sea. He is accustomed to such a turmoil, and he knows that the world will still last a while.

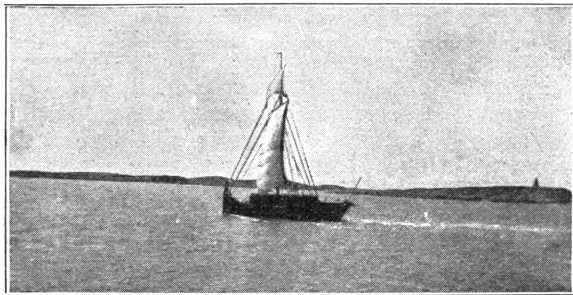
But there is not only storm in the Polar Sea; indeed, it can be just as mild and peaceful there as a day in spring at home, with bright sunshine and glittering snow. When you come some distance into the ice it is so as a

rule, and that which most often comes before my memory when I think of the Polar regions is not the storms, not the hardships, but this strange peace, so far from the vortex of the world, when from the bright blue sky the sun is pouring its flood of light over the white, snow-covered ice, outward and outward to the horizon. It glitters in the snow and sparkles in the deep blue water; it gleams and glitters everywhere around, while cold blue tints are reflected from the sides of the floes, and border them with all tints of blue and green, clear as the clearest crystal, far down into the cold, transparent water. And in the sunshine the seals are lying in thousands and thousands on the floes, enjoying life. Some of them sleep, others are busy with their toilette, and prune and scratch themselves; others again are playing, whilst some are in the water and dive up and down, and the sun is shining on their wet heads. The whole is a picture of the most perfect, charming peace, and the memory never wearies of recalling it to view.

But when you penetrate further into ice, and further northward, the open water gradually disappears, and the sea is totally covered

by immense drifting ice-floes; the whole world becomes one field of white, snow-covered ice; only now and then between the floes a narrow strip of dark water can be seen.

Soon all life also disappears; no seals any longer, such as those keep near open water, neither any birds; the only animal which you may perhaps meet is a single, lonely Polar bear, but soon he also disappears, and there is nothing



A MODERN VIKING-SHIP OF NORWAY PASSING THE "FRAM."

left except yourself and the endless ice in constant drift across the sea towards the south, towards warmth and sun, where it is soon destroyed. So extends the Polar Sea northward and northward to the Pole.

In the summer the sun is shining all day and night, and circulates round and round in the sky, and never disappears until the autumn comes; but then begins the long, dark winter night, which at the Pole itself lasts six months. Then the stars are constantly shining over the desolate snow-fields. When the moon comes it circulates round the sky and shines day and night until it disappears again. But sometimes the Northern Lights begin their play, this great mystery of the north; then there comes life; it scintillates and burns; sparkling lights and rays are running to and fro over the whole sky, until they disappear again, leaving the scene quiet and desolate as before.

In this dead, frozen world is it that the Polar explorer has to live. There he roams with sledge and dogs in summer, and from thence he sends longing thoughts in the dark winter night southward to the dear ones at home, over whom the same stars are twinkling in their cold peace.

On board  
the "Fram."  
in the Barents Sea

Fridtjof Nansen.

26<sup>th</sup> July 1893.

## *A Cemetery for Dogs.*

By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.



THE general public who frequent Hyde Park little suspect that this Royal pleasance contains a dogs' cemetery, and that within a stone's-throw of Victoria Gate and the Bayswater Road, yet carefully hidden from the profane eyes of the throng, are the graves of thirty-nine dogs, of which thirty-three are surmounted by tombstones, mostly marble. Such is nevertheless the case; the graves are bright and green, some are even decorated with flowers. The cemetery is not a public institution; it does not belong to one person; it is an accident, just as my discovery of it was an accident. With a few exceptions, the dogs whose remains are interred there have belonged to ladies residing in the neighbourhood. They were the friends and playmates of their mistresses, sources of comfort and consolation in their hours of sadness, of amusement in their leisure, and trusted companions always. It is a fitting thing that the memories of faithful friends should be kept green. There have been heroic dogs whose names have become historical, dogs like the noble "Gelert," who defended his master's child against a wolf, and was slain by his enraged master on suspicion of having killed the child himself—not until he descried the wolf's dead body, and found his child safe and sound under its overturned cot, did the impetuous knight discover his mistake. Then there was the celebrated dog of Montargis, who avenged his master's death and killed his master's murderer in single combat. "Gelert" received a burial, and his grave is shown to

this day; and the dog of Montargis has an undying memorial in the folk-lore of France. Then why should not the bodies of the less celebrated, but possibly equally noble, pets of modern fashionable London be remembered and buried? There is at least nothing obtrusive or objectionable about the modest canine Elysian-field of Hyde Park.

Driving along the Bayswater Road on the top of an omnibus, the passenger can get a glimpse of this unique little spot dotted with tiny marble tokens of affection. But the pedestrian who would wish to survey the graves at his leisure must enter Hyde Park at Victoria Gate and ask for the gatekeeper at the lodge. This lodge is a miniature Greek temple, like all the lodges of the Park, and is sacred to lollipops and ginger-beer, for which reason it is dear to the imagination of children. To them it is a palace of delight, and the little dogs, their companions, are quite unconscious that they are in close proximity to what must be consecrated ground in their doggish eyes. For behind this severely classical lodge is the canine necropolis. Without the gracious permission of Mr. Winbridge, the gatekeeper, we shall not be able to put our unhallowed foot inside it. Mr. Winbridge, the venerable custodian of Victoria Gate, is a genial old man, well



*From a Photo. by*

THE DOGS' CEMETERY (GENERAL VIEW).

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

stricken in years, and formerly a servant in the household of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. With a pleasant, indulgent smile, he will open the gate leading to the small inclosure which surrounds his back garden. This the old man has entirely devoted to the dogs' cemetery. It is a curious sight that meets the eye. Arranged in long rows are the simple but pretty little tombstones, nearly all of marble, and each bearing its separate in-

stance, and it is a very touching one, all attentions of this kind were made impossible by the death of the owner himself. This was the late Lord Petre, who sent his dog to be buried by Mr. Winbridge, on a July day in 1892, and intimated his intention of being present at the burial on the following morning; but his lordship could not survive the loss of his favourite, and died before he was able to fulfil his promise.



From a Photo. by]

SOME OF THE TOMBSTONES.

[Elliott & Fry.

scription. There are thirty-nine graves in all, of which one has a wooden memorial, upon which the inscription has become indistinct, and six have nothing to distinguish them at all. All the others have beautiful white tombstones, and by far the larger number of these are of marble. Each grave is neatly tiled in, and is green with plants and bright with flowers. Some of the graves are ornamented with shells, not one looks neglected. The burial ceremony is generally performed by Mr. Winbridge himself, but only rarely in the presence of the bereaved owners of the lamented pet, who are mostly too much overcome with grief to be able to face this last cruel parting. The dogs are mostly sewn up in canvas bags, and are thus committed to their last resting-place. In a few instances only have neatly polished deal coffins been used. From time to time the owners visit the graves of their pets and see that they are well kept, and, perhaps, place flowers on them. In one in-

The following is a list of the tombstones upon which the inscriptions are still legible:

"Poor little 'Prince.'"

"Poor dear 'Tappy,' July, 1892.—  
Lord Petre."

"Poor 'Duchie.'"

"To dear little 'Smut.'"

"Our 'Prinnie,' Nov., 1891."

"Dear 'Impy'—'Loving and Loved,'  
April 7, 1886."

"Dear 'Titsey.'"

"'Sonnie,' died August 25, 1888."

"Here lies 'Tip,' Sept. 8, 1888."

"Darling 'Faust,' April 20, 1891."

"In memory of my dear little 'Bunda,'  
9 October, 1891.—A. F. C."

"My 'Bogie,' 14.7, 1891."

"'Flo,' June, 1891."

"'Loo-Loo' and 'Bliss,' 1882-91."

"Dear 'Daisy,' January, 1890."

"To dear 'Centi,' the loved companion of  
12 years, Sept., 1889."

"In Tender Memory of Sweet little 'Tiny.'"  
"Sprite."

"In Memory of 'Jack,' July, 1892."

"'Mona,' born 2nd November, 1878,  
died 15th August, 1892."  
Loved, mourned, and missed.

"In Loving Memory of my darling little  
'Cirrie,' died March 14th, 1893.—J. R. F."

"A. J. H.—Our dog 'Prince.'"

"Alas! Poor 'Zoe.'"

Born 1st October, 1879.

Died 3rd August, 1892.

As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,  
For friendship rare by her adorned.

"Darling 'Vic,' died 1892."

"'Topsy.' Nov. 17, 1883.  
Jan. 16, 1893."

"'Fanny' and 'Nelly.'"

Love's tribute to love.

"Dear little 'Tommy.'"

"Sweet little 'Skye.' Sept., 1882."

"Poor 'Cherry.' Died 28 April, 1881."

"'Kaiser.' Died 15 April, 1886."

"To Poor 'Jack.' 3.7.92.—C. H. C."

"Dear 'Waldine.' May 13, 1893."

"Dear little 'Peggie.'"

"'Topper.' Hyde Park Police-station.  
Died, 9.6.93."

"'Boxer.' 1893."

Not one of these inscriptions can be characterized as gushy or foolishly sentimental. On the contrary, their simplicity and brevity are alike touching. "The loved companion of twelve years" is all that one of them says. Poor little "Centi"! What a pang his loss must have occasioned! For twelve years he had wagged his little tail; for twelve years his master or mistress had patted him on the head, had stroked and caressed him, probably personally fed and washed him. For twelve years he had been a faithful and affectionate companion. How many human beings would have shown the like constancy? And now he is gone, and all that is left of him is a tiny mound of earth and a diminutive marble tombstone. Twelve years is a slice out of one's life. It is nearly half a generation. The friendships formed and the associations made for such a period are not easily effaced, and can never be replaced. That, indeed, is the saddest feature of the whole question of pets. They are short-lived. One has scarcely time to grow fond of them, to find them entwined in our hearts, before they are rudely wrenched away from us by the cruel hand of Death.

How suggestive is the name of "Smut," dear little "Smut"! We can almost see him standing before us. "Smut" must have been a pug dog—we are positive that he was a pug—a pug with a delicious black nose, which looked as though he had popped his head into the coal-scuttle, and with large, affectionate eyes, made in-



From a Photo. by.]

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TOMBSTONES.

[Elliott & Fry.



teresting by the enormous dark circles under them, which gave him the air of a Spanish beauty. We feel certain that "Smut" must have been the perfection of languid and sentimental exquisiteness, if it had not been for a certain latent roguishness about the corners of his eyes during five o'clock tea-time, and a hopelessly vulgar habit of hanging out just half an inch of his tongue. Most of the names are of themselves eloquent: such as "Duchie," "Impy," "Titsey," "Sonnie," "Tip," "Faust," "Bunda," "Sprite," "Cirrie," "Topsy," "Waldine." The last name must have been owned by a romantic King Charles's spaniel, nothing less. With regard to "Boxer," it is difficult to form any idea of him from his appellation, which sounds formidable. Could he have been a bull-terrier? But it is hard to believe that a bull-terrier could ever have earned for himself the crowning glory of a marble tombstone.

When we come to inquire into the history and record of some of these once treasured animals, we are confronted by a sad but essentially human fact: oblivion has in many cases passed over them. Although the earliest date on any of the tombstones is 1881, and although we may therefore assume, as will presently be shown, that the cemetery has a history of no more than twelve years, it is extremely difficult to get any authentic information concerning the dogs themselves or their owners. Twelve years is a long time; few people continue to mourn for their friends or even their relations for so long a period; and when it comes to dogs — what wonder that they should be forgotten!

"Poor little 'Prince,'" whose tomb has no date to say when it met its sad death, belonged to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who is Ranger of the Park, and was run over at Victoria Gate in front of the lodge. The gatekeeper, being, as already stated, an old servant of His Royal Highness, rushed forward to save the poor little fellow, but too late, and so little "Prince" was apparently

buried in the adjoining cemetery. But no record seems to have been kept of him, for we have received from Colonel Fitz-George, the Duke's private secretary, a letter stating that "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has no sketch or picture of the dog 'Prince,' and has no history of him." In the case of Colonel Montefiore's dog, "Our Prinnie," we find that his memory is still affectionately treasured. Colonel Montefiore writes to say:—

"Our little dog, 'Prince'—'Prinnie'—came of a very good stock of dachshunds. His mother, 'Princess Frederica,' is in the possession of my cousin, and he had many relations with very high-sounding titles. 'Prinnie' was of a rich-brown colour, his temper was perfect, and he was devoted to my wife and children, and would allow the latter to do anything with him. His tricks were varied and entertaining. He was nine months old when he was given to us, and he died about three years later. His death was caused by a chill which he caught one very cold day, waiting at our door to be let in, after a long, solitary ramble. He used, when let out in the early morning, to scamper off into the Park, and sometimes he would remain away for a considerable time, always returning and scratching for admittance. He was never lost.

"My children tell me I have not said half enough in praise of their pet. I regret I have no photograph."



THE GRAVE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S DOG "PRINCE."  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Here we find that the hand of Time has dealt leniently with the memory of a universal favourite. His name is clearly a household word, and the children apparently jealously treasure and preserve it. To their minds, no

doubt, there never was a more remarkable or a more intelligent animal than 'Prinnie,' whose short life, let us hope, was a merry one. We do not envy the servant who omitted to let him in in response to his plaintive scratchings on that fatally cold morning. That servant's tragic fate history has considerably enveloped in darkness.



"TOPPER."

*From a Photograph.*

A very different picture is presented to us if we turn from the enviable memory which still survives the virtuous, good-tempered, and intelligent "Prinnie," to the kind of reputation which lives on after the death of the insufferably vulgar "Topper," whose deplorable self-indulgence was the cause of his untimely end.

"Topper" was a common, disreputable fox-terrier, and belonged to the Hyde Park Police-station, which has its local habitation next to the guard-house, and north of the Serpentine. To the gallant custodians of the peace of Hyde Park, "Topper" stood very much in the relation of a daughter of the regiment. He would turn out with them on inspection, and was frequently sent down for punishment on account of his disgraceful habits. He did not possess that instinct of personal cleanliness which every well-bred dog displays. He used also to accompany the men on their march to King Street Police-station, Westminster. He had his favourites, and with these he used to love to turn out on night duty. For he had Bohemian tastes, and delighted in roaming about at night when all well-conducted dogs are in bed and asleep. But he was not a genial animal; there was a bad strain in him which seems to have run through every line

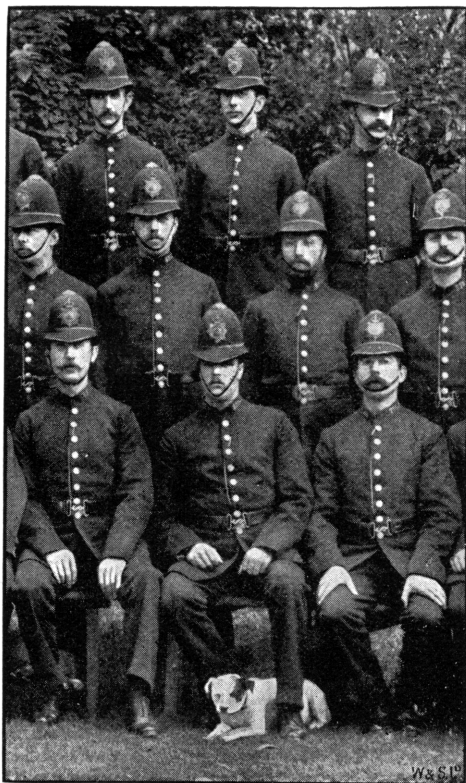
of his character. Policemen whom he did not like, he still pretended to be fond of, and he would accompany them on night duty, and then get lost, and come back disconsolate to the police-station. He was a snob, too, and a snob of the lowest and most contemptible kind. When marching with the men, he would sometimes become ashamed of his honest companions, and would leave them to walk behind some elegant gentleman of fashion in the Row, to whom he would pretend to belong, until he was ignominiously kicked away by the disgusted promenader. A greater contrast to the celebrated firemen's dog, who used to save the lives of children from burning buildings, could not well be imagined. But his gravest fault was his greediness. He has been described by a policeman as an "avaricious dog," for although, owing to his dissipated habits, his appetite was not, on ordinary occasions, hearty, he would eat ravenously if watched by a kitten or another dog. It was through over-eating that he got ill, and in pity he was appropriately killed with a truncheon. We

have seen and talked with the policeman who did the deed.

From a review of individual graves let us pass on to an investigation into the origin and history of the Dogs' Cemetery. As we have hinted, its beginnings were an accident, and the additions which have from time to time been made to it in the course of twelve years have also been more or less accidental.

The first dog to be buried at Victoria Gate was "Cherry," and "Cherry," having led the way, other doggies followed.

"It was like this, sir," said Mr. Winbridge; "one gentleman he came, and he had a fancy to bury his dog in here, and then he told another, and so it got spread about and handed on from



"TOPPER" WITH HIS COMPANIONS.

*From a Photo. by Wren & Co, Sloane Square, S.W.*



From a Photo. by]

"TOPPER'S" GRAVE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

one to the other. But most of the dogs belonged to ladies. The tombstones, they are all alike, and they have all been done by the same person."

In 1881 the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Barned, residing in Cambridge Square, were constant frequenters of the Park, where they used to hold their revels in company with other children from the neighbourhood. Those children are now grown-up young men and women, who would no more think of romping about the Park than would the Emperor of China. But in those happy, simple, Arcadian days of 1881, the Park was to them a very paradise, and Mr. Winbridge, its guardian angel, the St. Peter of the earthly heaven, a St. Peter who did not disdain to sell lollypops and goodies in that wonderful palace of delights, the lodge. If he was regarded with a mixture of dread and veneration, his form, his red waistcoat and gold-laced hat, and his kindly, benevolent countenance were also associated in their minds with luscious eatables. He developed thus, in their imaginations, into a sort of presiding deity. When therefore

their companion and play-fellow, the intelligent and accomplished "Cherry," who had so often joined them in their revels and perhaps shared their lollypops and gingerbread nuts — when "Cherry" was overtaken by the infirmities of old age and, like the Jackdaw of Rheims, "in the odour of sanctity died," what more fitting resting-place could be

found for his old bones than the spot he had loved so well in his life? "Cherry" was a Maltese terrier, graceful, elegant, and dandified. He was an accomplished dog of the world, and delighted in giving drawing-room entertainments. Dressed up as a soldier, in a little uniform coat, a helmet, and a musket, he was an inimitable

sentinel. But as a sick baby carefully tucked up in a perambulator he always "brought down the house." In the mornings it was "Cherry's" invariable custom to fetch his mistress's letters and carry them up into her room. When the door was locked and "Cherry" could not get in, he would gently push them underneath the door. So intelligent and so amiable a dog assuredly deserved a Christian burial.

In the same grave with "Cherry" lies all that remains of "Kaiser," a Spitz who was run over on 15th April, 1886, and whose name has been inscribed upon "Cherry's" tombstone. But "Kaiser" did not share either the accomplishments or the popularity of "Cherry"; he has left no traditions behind him. He is only remembered as a simple, well-behaved, but commonplace sort of dog who was born "in Germany." It was his sad and painful death which obtained for his remains the distinction of a burial in Hyde Park. And here we may as well remark that to be run over seems to be but too often the end of pet-dogs. One would have thought that the tender

care of their owners would have preserved them from this fate, and that in any case their natural cleverness would have enabled them to get out of the way of horses' feet. It would appear, however, that the very tenderness and care that are lavished upon them unfit them for the rude and heartless world, and make them unable to look out for themselves. They



"CHERRY."

have got so used to be taken care of that they become as helpless as children, and are flurried and lose their heads when out of doors or exposed to an unexpected danger. Pet-dogs do not possess that most important knack of "getting out of the way," which is one of the first lessons which animals as well as human beings have to learn to fit them for the stern battle of life. Even indoors they manage to get trodden on by servants and visitors, and resent it. In this respect they are very human; they never regard the mishaps which befall them as due to any faults of their own, but invariably blame others for them.

"Cherry" was succeeded in the affections of his master and mistress by "Zoe," who seems to have been a most remarkable animal; indeed, so large a place did he take up in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barned, that Mr. Barned actually wrote a memoir of the dog composed in the form of an autobiography. This manuscript has been kindly placed at our disposal, and we think our readers will be amused if we give them a few extracts. The idea is original and pretty. The autobiography begins as follows; it was evidently written for the amusement of children:—

"THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE DOG 'ZOE,' AND HER HOLIDAY AND TRAVELS.

"Chapter I.—Birth and Parentage.

"Let me, my dear young friends, introduce myself and make my bow-wow-wow. I am a very little doggie, and rejoice in the name of 'Zoe.' I possess a distinguished canine pedigree, was born in October, 1879, and am descended from a very respectable family, my father being Stone's 'Tory' by 'Little Bright,' and my mother 'Pattie' by 'Music.' As for my appearance, everyone admits that I bear away the palm for female canine beauty."

"Zoe" was a Yorkshire terrier and was bred by Lady Lamb, who sold her to Mr. Lewis Barned for three guineas. The receipt has been preserved and runs as follows:—

"30, Great Cumberland Place, W.—'Zoe,' born Oct., 1879, by Stone's 'Tory' by 'Little Bright' ex



"ZOE."

'Pattie' by 'Music' by 'Sandy' by 'Manningham Charlie.'

"Received 23rd June,  
"1882, £3 3s. od.  
"LOUISE M. C. LAMB."

After recording the first meeting with Mr. Barned's son in Kensington Gardens, and how she was subsequently purchased, "Zoe" proceeds to describe her installation as "Cherry's" successor.

"At first," she is made to say, "I could not settle down in my new abode. I was continually escaping to my late

mistress's house, and as often brought back. After a time, however, I began to appreciate the difference between the society in the servants' hall and that in the drawing-room, and now I am never happy when I am away from my dear master and mistress."

Of course, "Zoe" got stolen. On one occasion when her mistress had arranged to go to the seaside, the highly-prized "Zoe" was intrusted to the charge of a lady who resided in a suburban villa. "I made myself quite at home," the narrative continues; "I frisked about the garden, enjoyed myself, and behaved like a well-bred doggie. I have been very carefully educated, and I am perfectly well-mannered, and therefore gave general satisfaction. Without conceit, I think I may say I am a universal favourite. But, alas! I soon discovered that in this world there is no such thing as uninterrupted bliss. While my hostess was at church, and the maid who had charge of me was gossiping with her young man, I ran into the garden, and a dog-stealer, who was passing by, seeing me through the gates, jumped over the wall, seized me, put me in his pocket, and made off with me as quickly as lightning, and without attracting notice. Subsequently I heard tell of the alarm and dismay to which my disappearance gave rise; but how can I describe my own



"I MADE MYSELF QUITE AT HOME."

sufferings? No kind voice cheered me, no attentive hand provided me with delicate food, or washed or combed me. I was thrust into a dark hole, cuffed and bullied, and half-starved on a coarse but inadequate diet. Hours, days, a week, ten days I passed in my dungeon, during which I made many sad reflections. I asked myself whether I had always behaved gratefully for the great care bestowed upon me, and I mentally registered a vow that if ever restored to my dear master and mistress I would never again leave them."

"Zoe" now begins to moralize, and calls to mind the pathetic history of the Punch and Judy dog which she had once heard related—that touching story of the prodigal dog who would leave his beautiful mistress and happy home to taste the wild excitement of the world, and who, after many adventures, disgraces, and privations, becomes the dog "Toby" of a show. Here he is treated to more blows than biscuits, and it is in this humiliated, fallen state that he finds his way in the course of business into the house which he had so wickedly and foolishly run away from. His former mistress and he recognise each other, and full of pity, compassion, and joy, she clasps him in her arms. But the happiness is too great for him, and bursts his poor, overflowing little heart—he expires in her lap, and, of course, although history does not record it, the showman demanded and received pecuniary compensation.

The loss of "Zoe" caused universal consternation. We can pity the unlucky lady in the suburban villa who had offered him hospitality, and we can imagine the unhappy consequences to the flighty maid. Rewards were offered and "Zoe" was largely advertised for. Finally, Mrs. Barsed received a visit from a gentleman calling himself a major, who had met a little dog in a train which, he said, answered the description of "Zoe." The dog was travelling in the care of a lady who had offered to sell it for five

pounds. Through a curious coincidence, this was the exact sum of the reward offered, and so Mrs. Barsed was easily prevailed upon to give the major the money, he promising to get the dog, and curiously enough he kept his word, and Mrs. Barsed's confidence in human nature was justified.

From this moment it was decided that "Zoe" and her mistress should never again be separated, and so our heroine now commenced her travels. In defence of her mistress's attachment to her, she urges the example of Queen Henrietta Maria, the spouse of Charles I., who was so devoted to her dog that she on one occasion risked her life to save the dog's.

While on her travels "Zoe" gave numerous proofs of the high order of her canine intelligence, but a single instance will suffice. "Zoe" shall tell her own story. She is writing from the Royal Hotel, Matlock:—

"Nothing gave me greater amusement than playing with an indiarubber ball, presented to me by one of my admirers, and the loss and recovery of this ball established my reputation for sagacity, and caused all the visitors at the hotel to call me a knowing dog. One afternoon I was careless enough to leave my ball on the grass when I went in to tea (five-o'clock tea), and when I came back it was no longer there. This fidgeted me considerably, and caused me great uneasiness, and so next morning, at breakfast, I went the rounds of all the people to try to discover the thief. At last I scented indiarubber, and began to bite and scratch at a gentleman's pocket. It was in vain that he called me away. 'What can the dog want?' he said. 'I do believe it must be the ball I

picked up yesterday on the lawn,' and with these words he drew my ball from his pocket, and I received it back with applause."

But pleasant journeys and happy lives must come to an end, and so we find at the conclusion of this entertaining autobiography the following pathetic note:—

"August 11th, 1892.—We linger



"AT LAST I SCENTED INDIARUBBER."

on in town on account of a poor invalid, who says: 'Alas! my dear master and mistress, I feel the hour approaching when I must take an affectionate leave of you, for ever, in this world. Sad indeed is the parting, but Time is laying his fatal icy hand on me, and when the silver cord is loosened I must fulfil the destiny of all flesh—and pass away in a ripe old age without repining. Did I say without repining? Alas! if I repine it is not for myself, but for the grief my death will cause you; for I know full well that I have been all in all to you. When I look back on the fleeting ten years which it has been my happy lot to have lived under your fostering care and friendship, I am filled with gratitude to you for all your goodness to me, although the only recognition I can give is to wag my poor little tail as my spirit leaves my feeble and emaciated body. Have we not been happy together in each other's society? In your walks, in your drives, in your travels and wanderings, and in your visits, I have ever been your constant companion. With pardonable pride I can reflect that my conduct has obtained the kind regard and goodwill of your friends, and a hearty and hospitable welcome from them all. My last moments are soothed by the consciousness that I have never been naughty or caused you grief by wilful misconduct. I have never spurned the generous hand that has fed me, or returned hatred for love, or listened without an indignant growl

to detractors who have spoken evil with a lying tongue.'

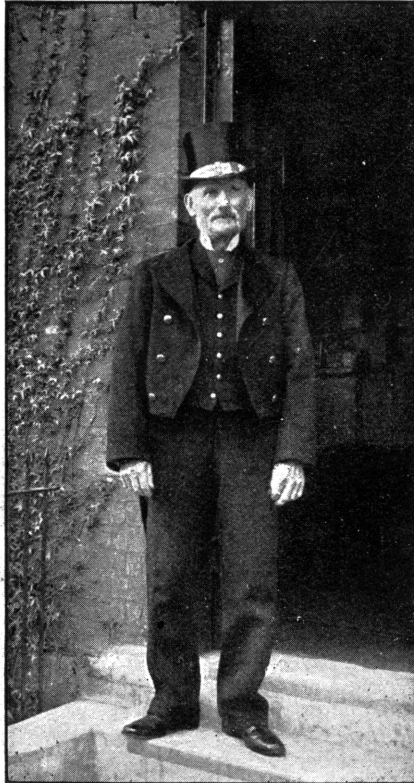
It seems that "Zoe" died a peaceful and gentle death, and her virtues have been immortalized by a tombstone upon which are inscribed the words:—

As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,  
For friendship rare by her adorned.

And so we come to the end of our history of the Dogs' Cemetery in Hyde Park. We have dwelt at such length upon the dogs of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barned because in the first place they seemed to us to be typical of the others, and secondly because this gentleman and his wife were the pioneers of this pretty little movement. It is a graceful and harmless custom to bury pet-dogs, and is very common in Germany, where people are perhaps a little more sentimental than in this matter-of-fact England of ours.

Some people may object that the custom of burying dogs and of establishing a regular dogs' cemetery is one that may develop into a danger to public health. But this idea is fallacious. Dogs are not buried in lead coffins, but in sacks or plain boxes. The danger of human cemeteries arises from the preservation of the bodies in lead coffins. In the earth-to-earth system, for instance, there is no danger, and dogs are buried on what is practically the earth-to-earth system.

As a pretty custom and graceful tribute to the memory of the affectionate and faithful "friend of man" no objection can be raised to the burial of dogs.



MR. WINBRIDGE—THE GATEKEEPER.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



## The Powder-Mine.

BY H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.



At five o'clock in the evening of the 21st of March, 1814, the English camp before the walls of Rocq was in a state of high excitement.

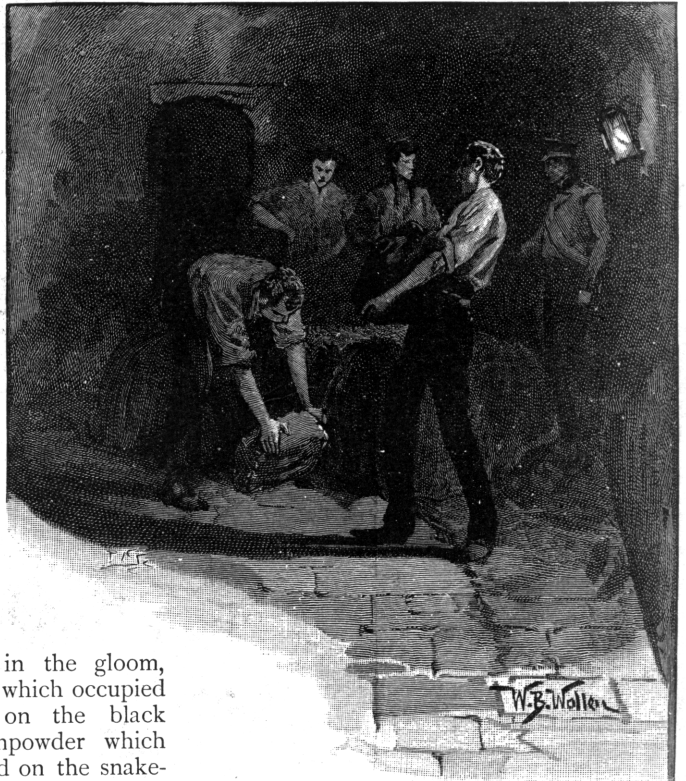
The town, a stronghold of Napoleon, lay on the French coast not far above the mouth of the Gironde. It was protected on two sides by the nature of the ground, and at the rear was open to the sea. In front stood a massive bastion, which for ten days had bade defiance to the artillery of the English; but the sappers had been working day and night, and at last the tunnel of their mine had reached the bastion, and had broken unexpectedly into a cellar underneath it. This cellar, belonging to a house which stood against the wall inside the town, was entered from the house above by a flight of spiral steps; so that the miners found themselves, to their dismay, open to discovery at any moment by the inmates of the house. They were compelled to trust to speed and silence to accomplish their design without disturbance; and so far all was well. A store of bags of powder had been conveyed into the cellar, and everything was now in readiness for the explosion, which was to blow the wall into the air and leave a breach for the storming party to rush into the town.

Inside the mine—that is, inside the cellar of which we have been speaking—half-a-dozen men had just put the final touches to the preparations. The feeble gleam of a dark lantern, which scarcely served to show their faces in the gloom, glimmered on a ring of bags which occupied the middle of the floor, on the black and shining grains of gunpowder which filled them to the brim, and on the snake-like loops of fuse which linked them each

to each. This fuse, at one point, ran along the floor and ended in a piece of slow-match, near the spot at which the opening of the tunnel gaped blackly in the wall, like a gigantic rat's-hole. This match, lighted by the man selected for the duty, and the last to leave the mine, would smoulder for about four minutes. Then the terrific firework would explode.

One by one, five of the sappers passed into the tunnel and disappeared. The sixth, keeping the dark lantern with him, was left to wait until the passage should be clear before he touched the match and hastened after his companions.

The soldier in question was a young officer of seven-and-twenty — Lieutenant Hilary Vane. He wore the uniform of his regiment—short scarlet coat, blue trousers, and peaked cap—and was armed with sword and pistols.



"INSIDE THE MINE."

Though not exceptionally tall or broad in figure, he was noted among his comrades for his feats of strength, as well as for his coolness and resource in danger—traits of character apparent in his plain, strong features and in his grey-blue, fiery eyes. A physiognomist might, perhaps, have detected in his features a sign of his chief failing, which was too great a readiness to act on impulse, without giving his calmer judgment time to speak.

On being left alone he leaned his back against the wall and waited. A minute passed—two minutes. Then he stooped his ear to the mouth of the tunnel and listened intently. Presently from the other end came the faint report of a pistol-shot; it was the signal that the passage was clear. He turned to the spot where the fuse rested, and, with his finger on the fastening of the lantern, was on the point of drawing back the slide in order to ignite the match which he held ready in his hand, when another sound struck upon his ears—a sound which froze the current of his blood.

Someone was coming down the cellar stairs!

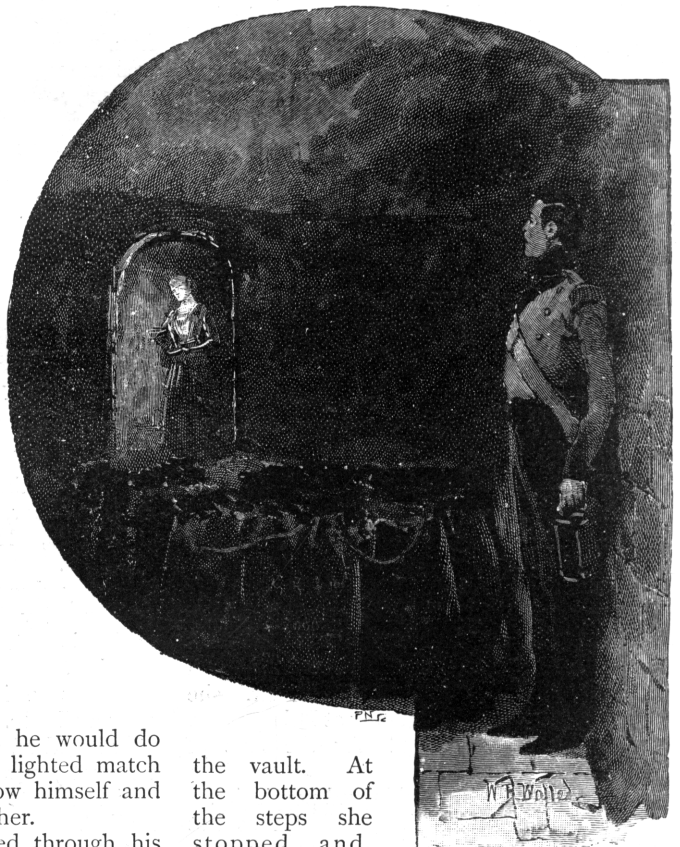
The stair, as already mentioned, formed a spiral, so that only five or six of the lowest steps were visible. The lieutenant, with his finger on the slide and his eyes fixed upon the steps, remained perfectly motionless, waiting for the intruder to appear in sight. One thought only occupied his mind. If he were discovered he would do his duty; he would fling the lighted match into the nearest bag, and blow himself and the intruder into the air together.

Even as the thought passed through his mind, he saw the twinkle of a candle, as its bearer turned the corner of the steps and came suddenly to view. The lieutenant caught his breath. The new-comer was a girl.

She came slowly down the steps, holding the candle low to see where she was treading, her face, ringed round with darkness, shining out in its full light. She was young—perhaps seventeen—and as lovely as a picture.

Every detail of her figure the lieutenant saw, or rather felt, burnt in a single instant unforgetably upon his brain, as he stood, like a man petrified, with his eyes upon her. A terrible dilemma was before him. True, his duty was as plain as ever; but he could not—he *could not*—send this beautiful young creature to a sudden and a dreadful doom. There was only one alternative—she must escape with him. He held himself in readiness and waited, silent as a figure cut in stone.

From the ease of her demeanour as she came down the stair, it was clear that she had no suspicion of what had happened in



the vault. At the bottom of the steps she stopped and, with the candle raised above her head, was about to cross the cellar to a bin which stood against the further wall, when her eye alighted on the bags of powder in the middle of the floor. For a moment she stood still, gazing at them. Then she raised her eyes, and they fell upon the form of

"HE STOOD LIKE A MAN  
PETRIFIED."

Hilary Vane, standing motionless before her in the gloom.

With a stifled shriek she turned towards the steps, up which in another moment she would have vanished, when Hilary, darting past her, placed himself between her and the exit. She shrank back, staring at the sudden apparition with large eyes wide with terror. He laid his finger on his lips.

"Not a sound, or all is lost," he said, rapidly and eagerly, in French; "this cellar is a mine, and we are going to blow it up. But fear nothing: you are safe." He pointed with his finger to the tunnel. "Escape instantly: that way; quick, quick! your life depends upon it."

She cast a swift glance at the tunnel; but to his surprise she did not stir.

"Quick!" he repeated, quivering with impatience. "There is not a moment to be lost. Quick! Quick!"

So far from obeying him, however, the girl, with the sudden rush of a wild creature, endeavoured to dart past him up the steps. With a movement as rapid as her own he barred the passage.

"Listen!" he said, speaking with a sort of fierce impetuosity. "I wish to save you, but by giving an alarm you risk not only my own life, but the lives of my companions, who will return to ascertain what has gone wrong, and will be taken prisoners. Before that happens, I shall throw this light into the powder there, and end us both together. Come; be reasonable. Will you go?"

"No," she said. "No, no!"

"But why?" he asked, astonished.

The girl wrung her hands in agony. "I cannot," she cried, wildly. "My lover is lying wounded in the house above us. If he dies, I will die with him. I have only left him for a moment—the doctor sent me down to fetch a flask of brandy. Oh, sir," she cried, flinging herself suddenly at Hilary's feet, "spare him, spare him! for the love of Heaven!"

Hilary paused, in trouble and perplexity.

"It is impossible," he said. "I cannot save him if I would; I can save you only. If I do not fire the mine, my comrades will return and fire it."

"But by that time the cellar will be guarded by our soldiers, and your comrades will be seized as they come in."

"Yes, as I said; they will be seized! No. I cannot—I will not—betray my own companions. I would rather, as I told you, throw this match into the powder. And *you!*—you must not—you *shall* not—sacri-

fice your life without avail. No; you must come with me."

He advanced a step towards her, resolved to bear her through the tunnel and to save her in her own despite, touching the fuse with fire as they departed. But as he moved the girl stepped back a pace and raised the candle in her hand above a bag of powder.

"Stop!" she cried. "I refuse, I tell you, to be saved alone. You have taught me what to do. If you try to take me, I will drop the candle."

Hilary drew back, petrified. The refusal of the girl doomed them both to death; yet even at that moment he experienced a relief that the act which sent her to destruction had been taken from his hands. But there was now no method of escape; to delay—to parley—would be to risk the lives of his companions, who might return at any instant to see what was the cause of the delay. Drawing himself erect, he crossed his arms upon his chest, and, with his eyes still fixed upon the girl, said quietly:—

"So be it. Drop the candle."

The girl stood motionless a moment, with her hand outstretched. A tremor shook her frame from head to foot. Then she shut her eyes, unclasped her fingers, and let the candle fall.

Had she kept her eyes unclosed, the candle would have fallen, as she intended, on the powder. As it was, it struck the margin of the bag and thence rebounded to the floor, where it was instantly extinguished, leaving the cellar in pitchy darkness.

Hilary drew back the slide of his dark lantern. By its gleam the two looked at each other. Both their faces were as white as ashes.

"Fortune is against you," said Hilary, after a silence. "You are the bravest girl I ever heard of, but you are fated to be saved, do what you will."

"Then fate must save my lover also," she replied.

"Come with me," he repeated, urgently. "To refuse is madness. Quick, or it will be too late; my comrades will be coming back to see what is the matter——" He stopped abruptly, struck by an idea.

"Unless," he continued, speaking rapidly, as if reflecting, "unless I stop them. Yes—yes; it might be done. And yet! Well, yes, it will be a breach of duty, and, if I were caught, I should be shot for it, and, what is more, I should deserve my fate. But I

must do it." He turned quickly to the girl. "Will you obey me?" he said, earnestly.

She looked at him intently.

"Do you mean to save me only?"

"No. I shall try to save you both."

"Yes," she said, "I will obey."

"Then stand here without moving till I return to you."

Drawing a clasp-knife from his pocket, he approached the nearest bag, and, with two swift cuts, divided the fuse which linked it to the bags on either side. Then, cutting off a piece of the slow-match, and sticking it erect into the powder, he lifted up the bag with his left hand, and with the lantern in his right he disappeared into the entrance of the tunnel.

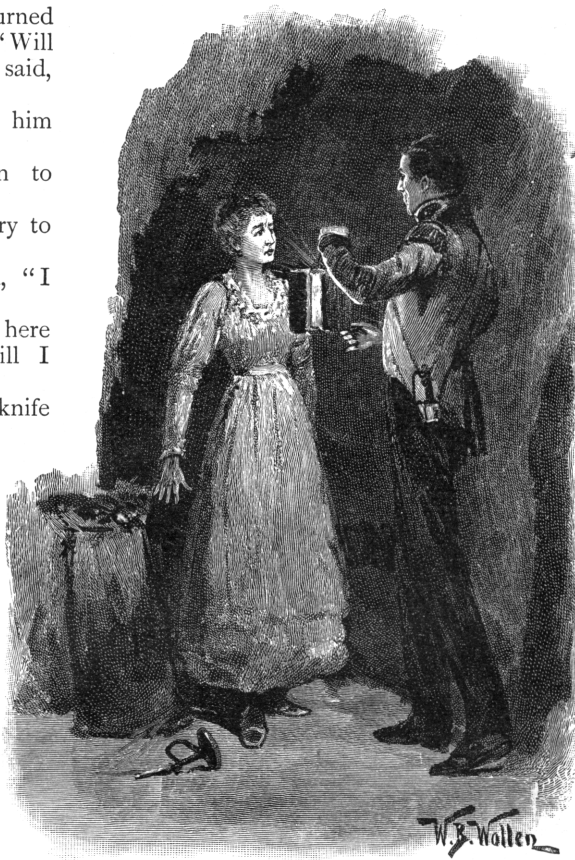
For some seconds the girl could hear his movements, growing fainter as he receded, until he seemed to be about a hundred feet along the shaft, when all sound ceased entirely for perhaps ten seconds; then he was heard hastily returning. When he emerged into the cellar he still held the candle, but the bag was gone.

"It is alight," he gasped, seizing the girl's wrist, and drawing her rapidly towards the cellar steps, up which he hastened until the winding of the spiral shut them from the vault below. Then he stopped, and listened eagerly.

For some seconds—perhaps half a minute—all was silent. Then all at once there came the sound of an explosion; a blast of air rushed fiercely up the cellar steps; a thick smoke filled the vault. Then all was still.

"Wait," he said, "I shall return directly"; and he disappeared into the cellar. Almost instantly he was by her side again.

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"BOTH THEIR FACES WERE AS WHITE AS ASHES."

"All is well," he said. "The explosion, as I hoped, has caused the sandy soil which roofs the tunnel to fall in. The passage is blocked, and no one can now enter. Now," he continued, "how long will it take you to remove your lover from the house?"

The girl considered. "Five minutes," she said.

"I will give you six. The doctor you will, of course, take with you. Is there anyone else in the house?"

"No."

"Anyone in the street outside?"

"Yes. The street is crowded with soldiers."

"They must take their chance. Now, go. But if you give an alarm, and if I hear a step approaching, I shall fire the powder. If you follow my directions, you and your lover will be saved."

The girl caught his hand in hers and pressed it to her lips.

"Heaven will reward and bless you," she said, fervidly. "You will never repent what you have done to-night."

Hilary Vane looked after her as she turned away and darted up the steps, and laughed a little bitterly. She took it for granted that he would save himself, and at the worst be taken prisoner. But he knew that nothing now remained for him but to do his duty—and to die in doing it. If, when he fired the fuse, he should dash up the cellar steps and escape into the street, the secret of the mine would be endangered. No; he had given the girl time to save her life and her lover's, but only at the sacrifice of his own.

He drew out his watch, placed it in the light, and stood motionless, with his eyes

fastened on the dial, the match ready in his hand, and his ears stretched for any sound of steps upon the cellar stairs. But none came; the girl had kept her part of the agreement. The hand crept forward on the dial. One minute passed — two — three — four — five.

A faint sound reached his ear from the tunnel of the mine; his comrades had returned as far as the spot of the explosion, and were striking at the *débris* with their picks. He almost smiled again as he thought of their bewilderment. Then he

looked at the dial-plate; the hand touched the figure for which he had been waiting. He raised his hand which held the lighted match, and, setting his teeth hard, lowered the flame above the bag until it touched the powder.

The roar and crash of the explosion shook earth and sky for ten miles round, as the huge buildings leapt into the air in fragments, like a spadeful of gravel tossed up by a strong man. The English storming-party rushed in through the ruins, and five minutes afterwards their flag floated from the walls.

But why the explosion had been so long delayed, why the tunnel had collapsed so unaccountably, and why Lieutenant Vane had disappeared, were mysteries discussed that night round every soldier's fire, but which found no solution. And it was not till some days later that a story told by a young girl, and passed with thrilling blood from mouth to mouth, showed how one more English soldier had proved himself a hero.



"THE ENGLISH STORMING-PARTY RUSHED IN THROUGH THE RUINS."



# Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



AGE 20.  
From a Photo. by Ch. Reutlinger, Paris.

## MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

**M**ADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, the daughter of a French lawyer and a Dutch Jewess, is well known as the greatest tragic actress at present on the stage. She is also a sculptor and a painter of much skill, and has exhibited



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Nadar, Paris

many works at the Salon. A quite novel and most interesting proof of her versatility



AGE 33.  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

is afforded by the weird and fantastic story from her pen, a translation of which is presented to our readers in the present number.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [W. & D. Downey.





AGE 25.

*From a Photo. by the London School of Photography.*

### MR. JUSTICE HENN COLLINS.

BORN 1842.

**T**HE HON. SIR RICHARD HENN COLLINS is the son of Mr. Stephen Collins, Q.C., who acquired a large reputation in Dublin as an advocate, and therefore adds another name to the roll of English judges who have hailed from Ireland. He was educated at the Royal



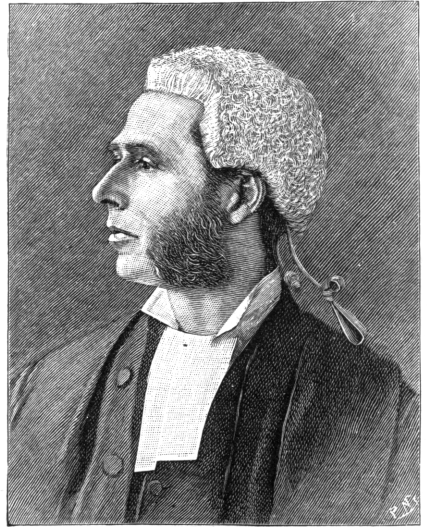
*From a Photo. by]*

AGE 33.

*[Lock & Whitfield.*

School, Dungannon, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where, and afterwards at Cambridge, he gained the highest honours. He was

called to the Bar in 1867, and gradually rose to the leading practice in Common Law cases. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he is

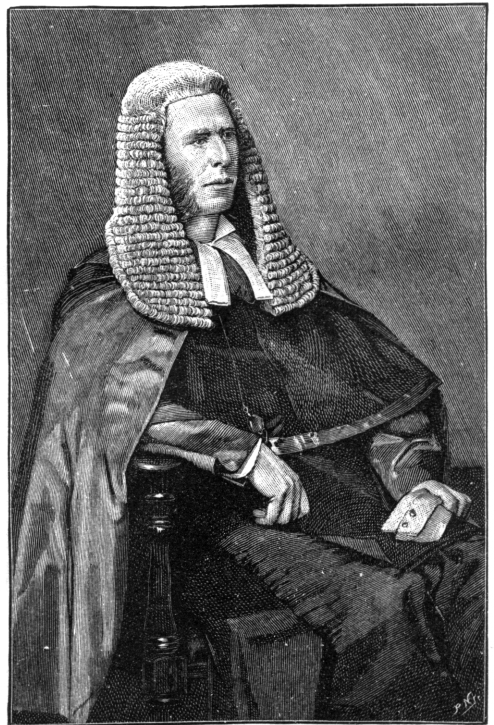


*From a Photo. by]*

AGE 42.

*[Elliott & Fry.*

the most profound and versatile lawyer of our time. He was made a Q.C. in 1883, and raised to the Bench in 1891. His favourite pastime is salmon-fishing, and Norway is the country in which he prefers to practise it.



*From a Photo. by]*

PRESENT DAY.

*[H. J. Whitlock.*

# GEORGE ALEXANDER

BORN 1858.

**M**R. GEORGE ALEXANDER (whose real name is Mr. Samson) is a member of a well-known mercantile Scottish family, and was born at Reading and educated at Clifton College and Edinburgh.



AGE 6.

From a Photo. by the London Stereo. Co.

Idler," one of the few plays that obtained popularity in the summer season,

From a Photo. by the Lond. Stereoscopic Co



AGE 18



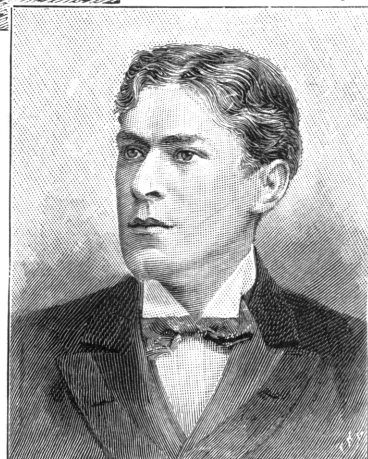
AGE 10.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Before joining the stage he had made his mark as an amateur. His rendering of *Caleb Decie* in the revival of "The Two Roses" at the Lyceum (in which he made his first appearance before a London public) raised him to a prominent position. He became lessee and manager of the St. James's Theatre in 1891, where he produced "The



From a Photo. by the] AGE 24. [Lond. Stereoscopic Co.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo by A. Ellis, Baker Street.

and where "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is at present enjoying a remarkable career. Mr. Alexander's success as an actor-manager may be attributed to his administrative faculties, his keen sense of justice, and an indescribable charm of manner which influences all brought under his sway. He is married to a lady of French extraction, and lives in Park Row, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge. He is never happier than when riding, driving, or handling the foils.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 22.

[Glaisby, York.

## THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

BORN 1826.



HE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, D.D., is son of David MacLagan, M.D., Physician to the Forces, a distinguished medical officer who served in the Peninsular War. He was born

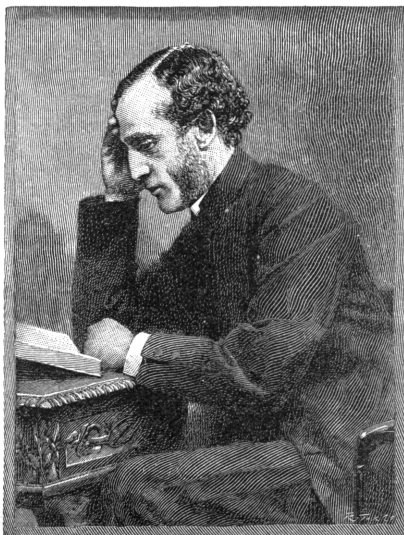


From a Photo. by]

AGE 28.

[Glaisby, York.

at Edinburgh and educated in his native city. In early life he served in the army in India, and retired with the rank of lieutenant in 1852. Then he went through the ordinary

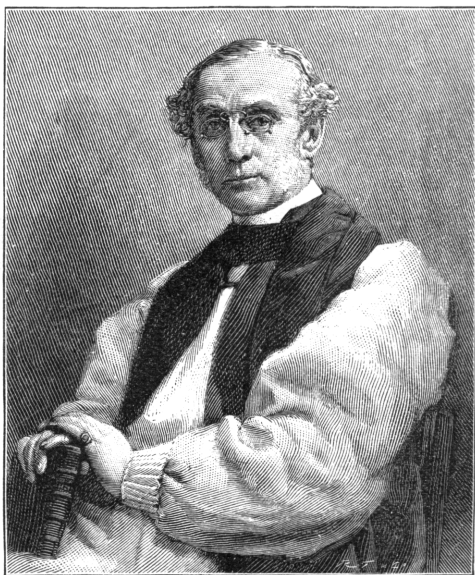


From a Photo. by]

AGE 48.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

University course at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. He entered the Church and was appointed to the vicarage of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, where he remained till 1878,



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

when he was nominated to the Bishopric of Lichfield. In 1891 he was appointed Archbishop of York.

PROFESSOR JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

BORN 1838.

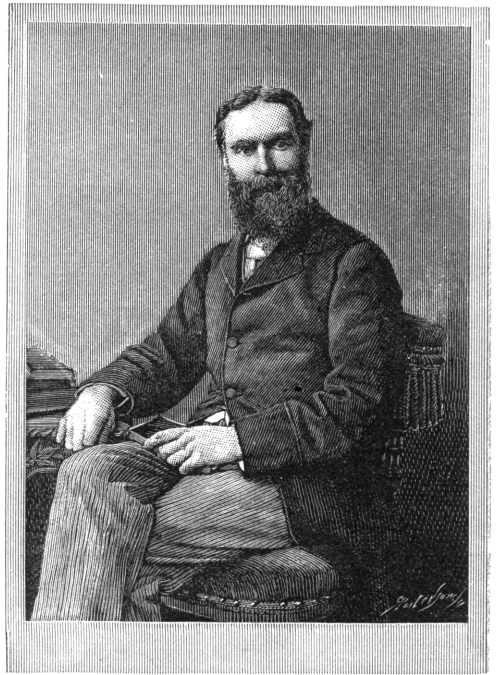


JAMES BRYCE, M.P., Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, the son of James Bryce, LL.D., of Glasgow, and Margaret, eldest daughter of James Young, Esq., of Abbeyville, Co. Antrim, was born at Belfast, and educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, and at Trinity College, Oxford (of which he was a scholar), gradu-



From a photograph. AGE 23.

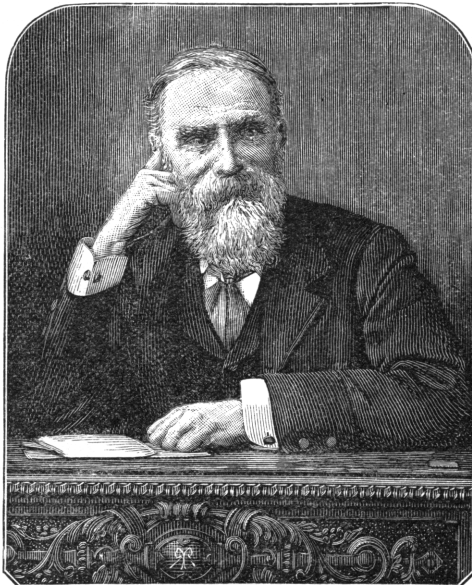
ating B.A., 1862, with a double first class. He obtained various University prizes, and proceeded to study for a time at Heidelberg. He was elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, 1862, and became a barrister at Lincoln's Inn in 1867, practising for some years. In 1870 he was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in Oxford University, and in 1880 was elected Liberal member for the Tower Hamlets. In 1885 he was elected member for South Aberdeen, and was appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone's Government. He



AGE 42.  
From a Photo. by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

was one of the chief supporters of the Home Rule Bill, and after the Dissolution was returned unopposed for South Aberdeen in 1886. During his Parliamentary career Mr. Bryce has taken a special

interest in questions relating to Ireland, in the Eastern Question, in the question of Preserving Common Rights, and University Reform. Among the most important of Mr. Bryce's literary works are "The Holy Roman Empire," numerous articles in the magazines, mostly political, historical, or geographical; "Two Centuries of Irish History" (1888), edited by him, with an Introductory Chapter; and "The American Commonwealth" (1888).



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [W. & D. Downey.





From a]

AGE 3.

[Photograph.

## M. IGNATZ JAN PADEREWSKI.

BORN 1860.



IGNATZ JAN PADEREWSKI, born in Podolia, Poland, is at the present day, without doubt, the greatest pianist before the public. Never in the history of music has an artist become an idol within such a short period from his first appearance.



From

AGE 10.

[Photograph.

It is only little more than three years since he struck his first note in St. James's Hall,

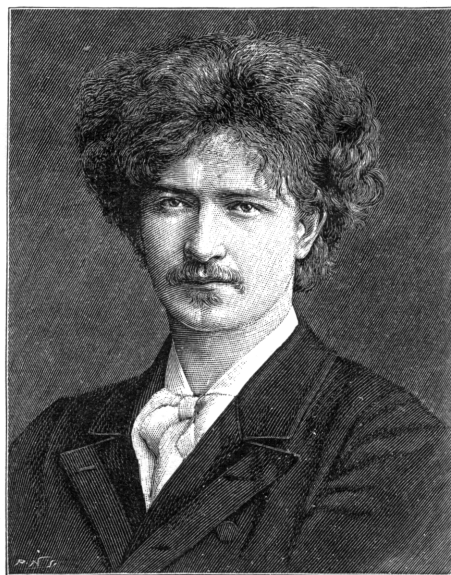


From a]

AGE 18.

[Photograph.

London, and now his name is a household word throughout the world. His American tours have been the most successful ever known for a single artist. He is not only an executant of marvellous power and sympathy, but a skilled composer. One great secret of his success is said to be the same as that to which Paganini attributed his phenomenal command of his own instrument—an indefatigable perseverance in practising.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

## Illustrated Interviews.

### XXIX.—SIR GEORGE LEWIS.



From a Photo. by]

SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

[Elliott & Fry.

**I**T was altogether an experience as remarkable as it was interesting — and yet there was something delightfully humorous about it, apart from the serious side of listening to the story of a successful man's career. A journalistic cross-examination of Sir George Lewis! A pleasantly severe questioning of a man who somebody has declared knows enough to hang half-a-dozen of the biggest men in the City! A talk — a long talk — with the greatest lawyer of modern times, whose legal methods are so convincing and whose personality is so impressive that a sudden glance from his eye has made many an opposing witness wince, whilst a solicitatorial smile, such as only "George Lewis" can assume, has won him all he wanted from a stubbornly inclined jury.

I have had the privilege of meeting Sir

George amidst surroundings of a distinctly different character—at his charming little cottage at Walton-on-Thames, at his house in Portland Place, and in his private room at his business abode in Ely Place. But Sir George Lewis is always the same—a kindly, genial man, whose very appearance wins your immediate confidence. He is of medium height, strongly built, with white hair and whiskers. He is deliberate in every action and every word, and at once impresses one as an individual who can take his stand and keep his footing. He has the most wonderfully penetrating eyes I have ever seen. Penetrating! He never takes them off you. I have seen Sir George take in the beauties of a Burne-Jones with one eye, and with the other *look at you!* He loves work—it is his recreation. He always appears to be thinking, and yet he assures you he does not know what it is to have a night's rest disturbed, and can welcome





From a Photo. by]

ASHLEY COTTAGE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

Morpheus with a murder on his mind as readily as with the knowledge that a well-earned cheque of substantial value has just been added to his balance at the bank.

I paid just a hurried visit to Ashley Cottage. We talked of many things in the railway carriage whilst I joined the man of many secrets in his only vice—a good cigar. He would have a Court of Appeal for criminal cases—though he does not believe that many men are hanged unless they deserved their fate. But circumstantial evidence plays a prominent part nowadays in all *causes célèbres*—and particularly in poisoning cases. It calls for a tribunal where the severest of evidence sifting may be made. He is a great advocate for enlarging the powers of the Divorce Court, and asks, and justly so, that the wife of a man convicted and sentenced to a term of three years' and upwards imprisonment should be free.

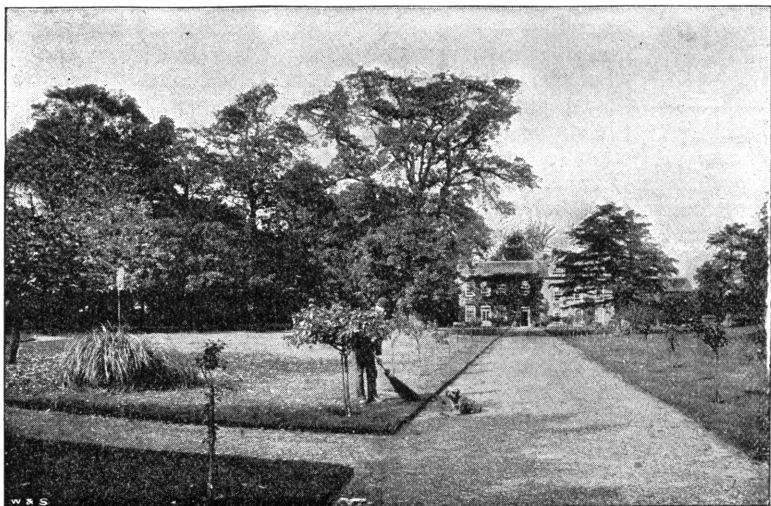
"Fancy," said Sir George, "a young girl just mar-

ried; her husband commits a crime for which the sentence is a life one. Don't you think it monstrous that the woman should not be allowed to marry again? I would go farther. If a man deserts his wife for three years and upwards, she, too, should be free!"

All these topics were enlarged upon until the train pulled up at Walton. We left the carriage.

"It was on this very platform," said Sir George, "that I asked Parnell an

important question. Parnell was a man of a most secretive, suspicious, and distrustful disposition. He trusted few, though let me at once acknowledge him as a man of immense power, possessing the mind of a statesman, and indeed a very great Irishman. In my early associations with him, he one night followed me to Ashley Cottage. After a long conversation, I drove him to the railway station, in order that he might catch the last train; and, noticing his anxiety—it was on this very spot—and wishing to gain his confidence, I put out my hand and said to him:—



From a Photo. by]

THE GARDEN, ASHLEY COTTAGE.

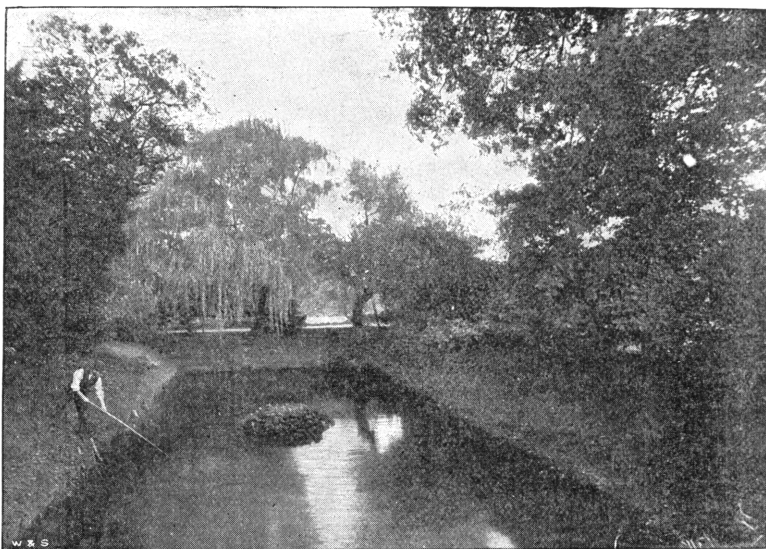
[Elliott &amp; Fry.

"‘I should like you to give me your entire confidence—you may trust me as you would your brother.’

"We shook hands earnestly, but somehow I do not think I thoroughly gained from him what I wanted at that moment. It was not until after many months that I felt sure of his complete trust. I think he trusted me when he would nobody else, and at one time I was the only person who could communicate with him."

So we reached the cottage.

It is the most picturesque little habitation imaginable, with its old-time casement windows, round which the roses creep and jasmine climbs. In the summer the front is almost hidden from view by a gigantic chestnut tree, but autumn has both robbed and beautified the place in its surroundings. The trees and shrubs are gloriously coloured by Nature's hand, and the chestnut has shed



From a Photo. by]

THE POND, ASHLEY COTTAGE.

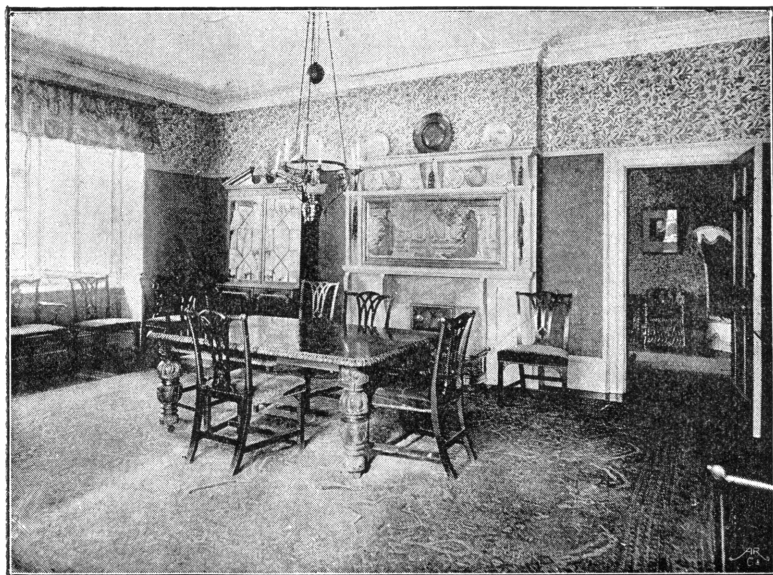
[Elliott & Fry.

its leaves, which now lie in a golden circle round the trunk. The leaves are shaken down upon us by the breeze as we enter the house.

The interior is in every way cosy and convenient, and is an ideal cottage. Pictures of German celebrities are in the hall, out of which abuts the dining-room, with its fine Chippendale furniture, its quaint—though artistic—fireplace and typical cottage brass fender, while, let in over the marble mantel-board, is a grand example of Burne-Jones.

It has its own romantic little corner—a cushioned recess near the window draped in blue and white, from which you may catch sight of an old tree trunk, which serves as a capital table for many *al fresco* five o'clock teas in the days of summer.

The drawing-room—diminutive and dainty, with its blue china knick-knacks—contains many examples of Burne-Jones, whilst over the fireplace is a clever pencil portrait of Lady



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM, ASHLEY COTTAGE.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM, ASHLEY COTTAGE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

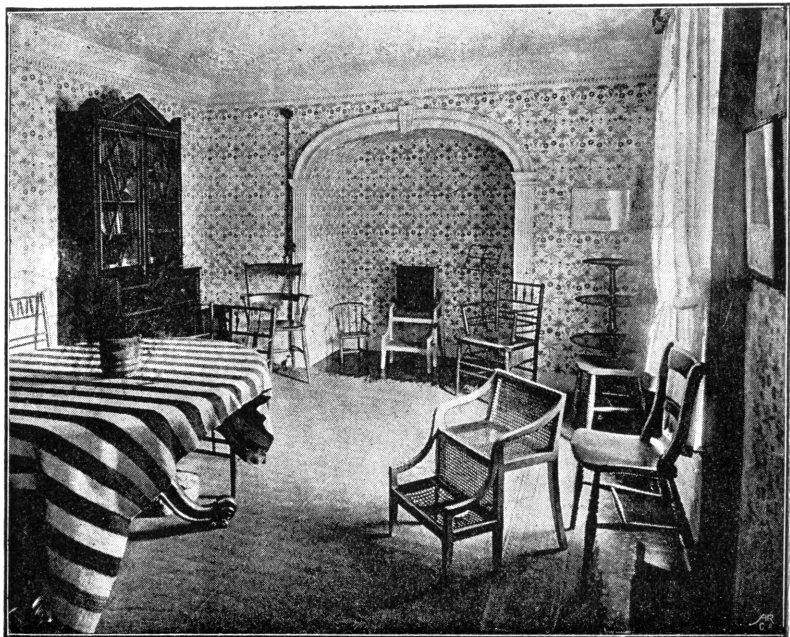
learnt there than any room in Ashley Cottage. You can almost see the tiny scholars in their little chairs — for the chairs are religiously kept; the birds' eggs are allotted their own particular corner, and the book-case contains the school books, much thumbed through constant use.

The rose-bushes and jasmine, the crimson autumnal tints, and the golden shedding of the chestnut tree were still before me when, on the following morning, I hurried away to

Lewis. A fine old grandfather's clock ticks with the most approved-of regularity in the garden hall—in which hang several engravings after Sir Frederick Leighton and Samuel Cousins—and we walk once more into the open, down a gravel path an eighth of a mile long and lined with rose-bushes, until the old sundial at the bottom of the garden is reached, near which is a seat—the favourite resting-place of the family during the days of sunshine.

Returning to the cottage once again, I peeped into the school-room. It is one of the most interesting corners in the house. All Sir George's children are now grown up, but the schoolroom remains as it was in their early years, and is frequented more by those who once

Portland Place, from whence I was to accompany Sir George to a corner of Holborn, which will always be associated with his name. His house is the home of a man of true artistic instincts. Art with Sir George runs in a very delightful channel. He will have the work of our most eminent



From a Photo. by]

THE SCHOOLROOM, ASHLEY COTTAGE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

artists, and their brushes are employed to chronicle the features of the children of the great lawyer.

We are in the dining-room. There is its magnificent ceiling, designed by Champneys and executed by Framp-ton, to be admired; a grand old German cabinet, the wonderful bolts and bars of which are shown to me, whilst Richmond's and Lehman's por-traiture of Sir George and Lady Lewis respectively are examples not

to be passed by. But beyond all these Sir George points out a portrait of his second daughter—painted when quite young—by Burne-Jones over the mantel-board. And so I found it in all the rooms of the house — pictures of his wife and his children are given the place of honour every-where.

We watch Sir George's youngest daughter

ride away on "Molly," the pony, and he remarks as he waves a "good-bye":—

"Excellent exercise, riding, eh? Though I never rode a horse in my life!" and we glance at the fine etchings and engravings which line the staircase, peep into Miss Lewis's room and take a rapid glance at her collection of photos, drawings by Alma Tadema, Du Maurier, etc., and the glorious

little bits of sky painted by Miss Tadema and framed in gold. Lady Lewis joins us in our house trip, and I learn that she is a most enthusiastic collec-tor of first editions, and has volumes that would posi-tively make a Quaritch envious, not only of books published in this country, but of foreign authors of eminence as well.

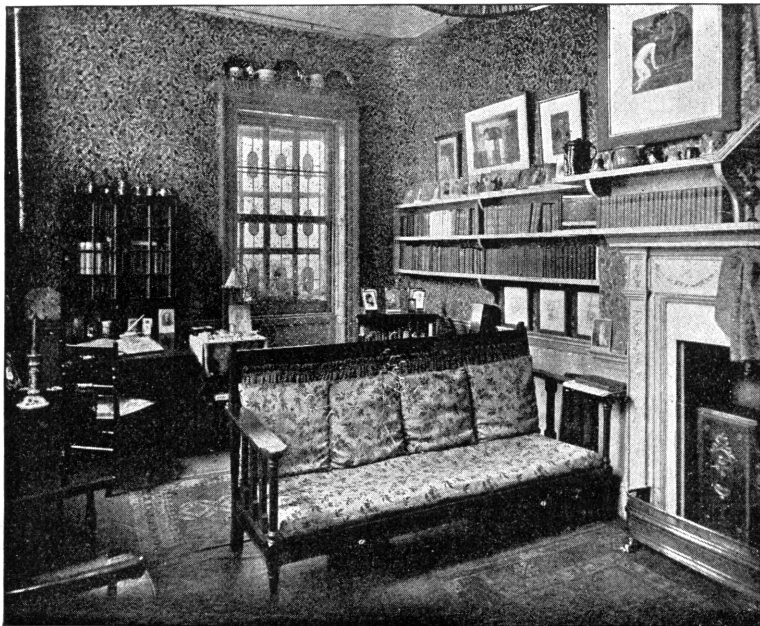
The music-room leads out from the drawing-room, and it follows—although I noticed many Whistlers in this apartment—that a



*From a Photo. by*

THE DINING-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

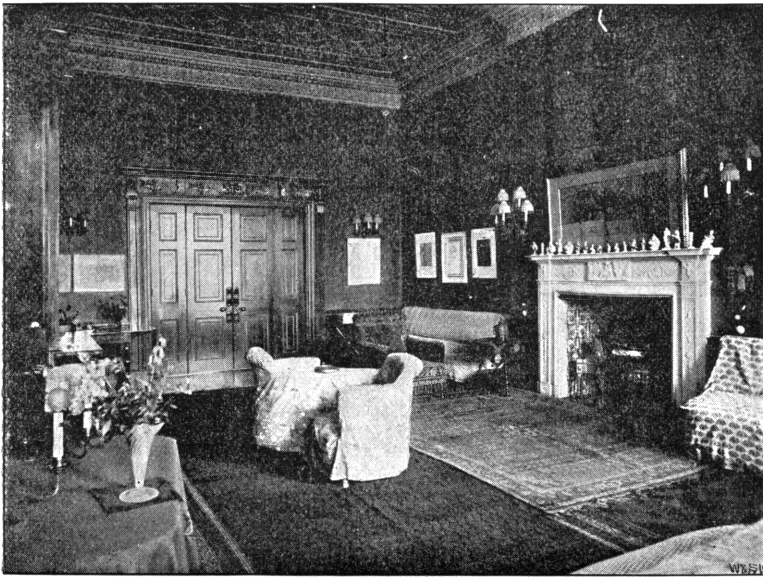


*From a Photo. by*

MISS LEWIS'S ROOM.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*





From a Photo. by]

THE MUSIC-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

head of Paderewski, by Burne Jones (which, by-the-bye, the great pianist thinks is the best ever done of him) and a very early portrait of Beethoven find a fitting place in this spot devoted to the Muses.

It is probable that no professional man has received so many gifts from his clients as Sir George Lewis. So great is Sir George's opinion as to honourable secrecy in all matters between solicitor and client, that in some cases he alone knows the donor of many a magnificent gift as a token of help rendered at a critical moment. I saw some of these gifts in the drawing-room—though there is a cellar packed with them below. They are of the greatest value and most exquisite workmanship—grand vases, snuff-boxes, Oriental daggers, cigar-cases, silver-gilt cabinets, and many more. It is a beautiful apartment in which these tokens of a

great man's skill are set out in glass cabinets, containing family portraits of Lady Lewis, by Sergeant, near the fireplace; the daughters, by Mrs. Jopling, Alma Tadema, and Mrs. Perugini; admirable examples of Miss Tadema, Solomon and George Boughton; Italian bronzes; whilst amongst all these are freely scattered great bowls of flowers from Ashley Cottage. But where is a more picturesque corner than that formed by

the marble mantelpiece? Long, easy seats are arranged on either side, a great log of wood is burning in an antique grate, and its glowing embers are reflected upon one of the most beautiful portraits Burne-Jones ever painted.

The canvas in this frame is let in over the fireplace against a draping of red-brown plush. It is the picture of a little maiden lying at full length on a sofa, reading.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

It is very real, very brilliant. The original at the moment I saw it was enjoying a ride on "Molly's" back.

There was just time to look at two portraits of Sir George's grandfather and father, in the smoking-room, which are reproduced in these pages, and together with the pictures of the eminent solicitor himself and Mr. George Lewis, the eldest son and heir to the business, give four generations of the Lewis family; and we were on our way to Ely Place, Holborn.

Ely Place has quite a little history of its own. So I learnt from Sir George, as we drove through the gates, which are shut every night at nine o'clock. It is a very old bit of London, and is governed by a separate Act of Parliament. It is the only place in the Metropolis where the old-time custom of crying out the hours of the night by the porter is still kept up, and Sir George considers it one of the best guarded spots in London. It would require a more than

average enterprising cracksman to successfully ply his jemmy and drills upon the bars and bolts of the door which leads to the strong room at Ely Place.

It was the first room I went into as soon as we arrived at the business house of the solicitor.

Whilst driving down, Sir George said:—

"One branch of my profession is that which never becomes public—that is, the secrets of London. I have not kept a diary for over twenty years! When I found that my business was becoming so confi-

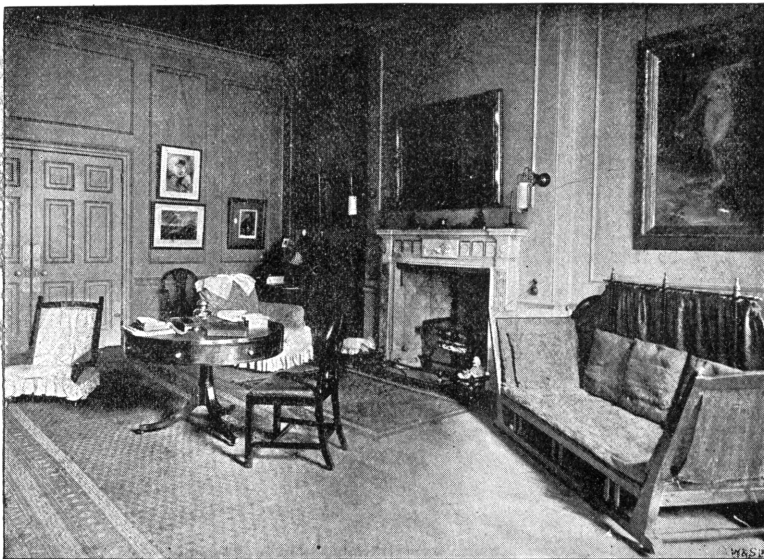
dential, I determined that I would never chronicle another thing—so when I die the confidences of London society die with me. At one time I thought the fact of my not keeping a diary—for reference sake—might lead to some severe observations in court, as all lawyers are expected to keep such a book. But a Lord Justice told me he was perfectly certain that no judge, under such peculiar circum-



*From a Photo. by*

THE DRAWING-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*



*From a Photo. by*

THE SMOKING-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*





From a Photo. by]

ELY PLACE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

stances as these, would ever blame me. Let me tell you," and Sir George spoke very calmly, without a tinge of egotism in his tone, "that no novel was ever written, no play ever produced, that has or could contain such incidents and situations as at the present moment are securely locked up in the archives of memory which no man will ever discover."

We stood in the strong room—the gas was lit. As the gate closed behind us it seemed like a prison cell! The parcels of deeds and wills are all arranged in alphabetical order—they are all known by ciphers, no name being visible. The fronts of all the great black deed-boxes are turned to the wall with the names painted on them—no, one was not! I pointed this out happily to Sir George, and promised him not to reveal the name. He smilingly remarked that he would remedy this little oversight long before the convicting camera appeared on the scene. He did so at once.

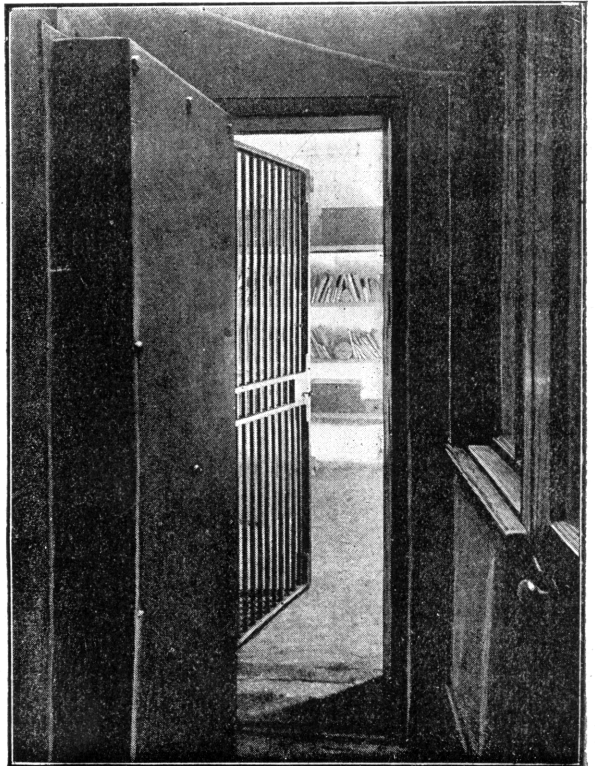
Nos. 10, 11, and 12, Ely Place, is certainly the most interesting lawyer's office in London—it has no fewer than twenty-two rooms. Sir George has spent his whole life there. All his eight brothers and sisters were

born at No. 10. We talk of actors being born "on the boards." I went into one room, now used as a clerks' office.

"That desk," said the solicitor, quietly, "occupies the very place where a bedstead once stood sixty years ago, and where I first saw the light!"

We visit a waiting-room on the ground floor. The long table in the centre suggests a dining-board. True enough, it was his father's dining-room once.

When the day's



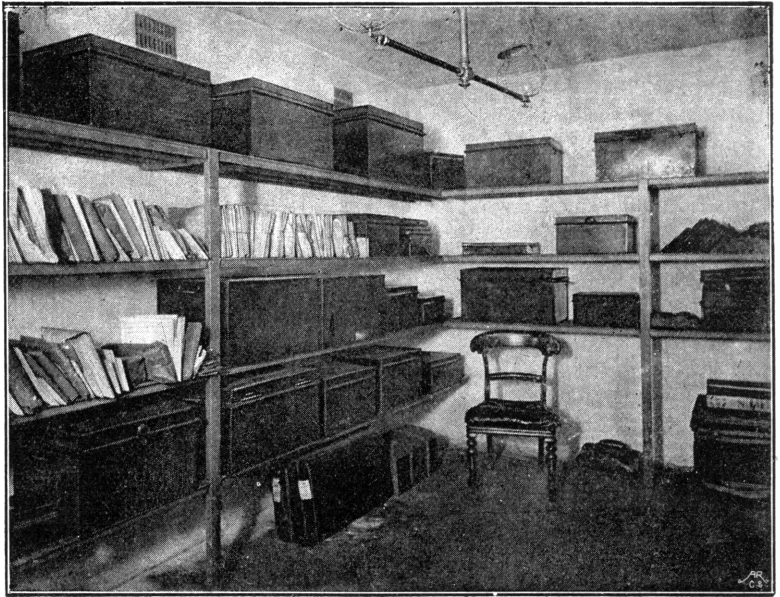
From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE TO THE STRONG ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

and the linen cloth laid in their place. The dining-room was the resort of all the fashionable people of the day, particularly of the theatrical world—Charles Matthews, Madame Vestris, Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and other lights of that period. Many a time has the versatile Charles Matthews taken a certain little fellow on his knee and told him the merriest of stories, whilst Kean—who was particularly fond of children—

would jump his fingers on the dining-table in imitation of a dancer, to the delight of the same certain little lad.

"My father knew all the celebrities," said Sir George. "Actors and"—this with a dry smile—"journalists crowded here! In those days they were always going through the Bankruptcy Court—save Kean: he never did."



*From a Photo. by*

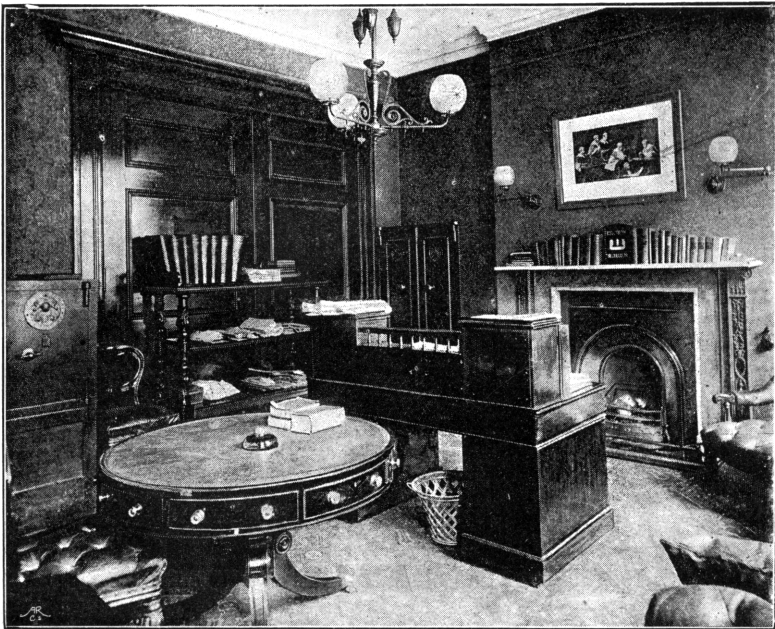
THE STRONG ROOM.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

I reminded Sir George of what he did not tell me, and that was that his father was known as "The Poor Man's Lawyer," and not only were the big people welcome at his house, but men without means were at liberty to go also, knowing that they would not only be heard but frequently defended at the sessions without being required to pay a

single farthing to their professional adviser. I knew, too, that such acts as these have become hereditary.

We sat down together in the private room. There is positively nothing in it calculated to satisfy one's curiosity. The desk which Sir George uses is of substantial mahogany; there are a number of legal volumes—seldom consulted, however—in the bookcases; the furniture is that of the ordinary library pattern, upholstered in a



*From a Photo. by*  
Vol. vi.—84.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S PRIVATE ROOM

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

dark sage green; a round Chippendale table comes in useful for five o'clock tea, and a single picture of the judges engaged in the Parnell Commission hangs over the mantelpiece.

I heard the story of how Sir George has worked his way and established his right to be regarded as the first lawyer in the land. He tells you at the outset that he has always been a working man, and recommends that method—work, steady, persistent, and always with a motive, as the best guide a young man can have to success. Having attained it, the solicitor never for a moment gives one the impression that he wants to *talk* about it. All is told very quietly, deliberately, and apparently always with the thought before him as to whether a word from his lips shall injure a man, be he friend or client.

George Lewis was born on the 21st April, 1833, and is the son of James Graham Lewis, the founder of the firm. His first school was at Edmonton, where amongst his schoolfellows he had Henry Raphael—one of the leading bankers in London. His first governess is alive now—Miss Parry, who was head of Queen's College, Harley Street. Miss Parry little thought as she taught young Lewis the rudiments of arithmetic that the small pupil was to be the executor to her will. Still such is the case. Whilst at Edmonton, with that admirable tact which in after years was to become his leading characteristic, the scholar always contrived to get out of every scrape which fell to his lot. In speaking of the days at Edmonton—where, by-the-bye, he held his own at cricket and all sports of the meadow—Sir George said:—

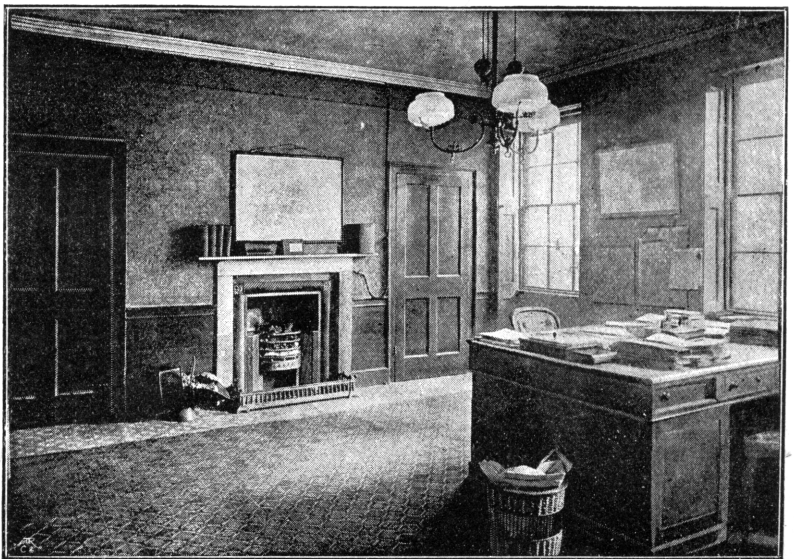
"Remember, I am speaking of the time when it was forbidden for a Jew to go to college. This then existing prejudice was so strong that the boys felt it as severely as their fathers and mothers. I am one of those who have least suf-

fered from any prejudice. I associate with all creeds to-day, and recognise no difference. I remained at Edmonton till I was thirteen or fourteen, when I went to University College, Gower Street, until I was seventeen and a half, when I was brought here and articled to my father. I served my five years, and was admitted as a solicitor in Hilary, 1856.

"During my articled period, for some two or three years I had great experience in attending the courts as an advocate in small cases, and there was born the love—which, let me assure you, I have not lost yet—for advocacy work, though during the last fifteen or twenty years I have not acted as an advocate, save on special occasions—for a newspaper libel or people of position."

"What was your first case, Sir George?" I asked.

"It occurred during the absence of my father. I was about nineteen at the time. A hansom drove up here, and a woman rushed into the office in a terrible state of mind. She told me that her son was in custody at Westminster Police-court, on a charge of robbing a till in a public-house. I rushed away with her in the cab, fought the case, and won it; though I will admit to you that whilst I was questioning the witnesses I didn't know whether I was on my head or my heels. The mother was a very big, muscular woman, and waited for me outside. I was made very happy by the words which accompanied her little-too-enthusiastic smack on the back: 'Well done, young 'un!' But her enthusiasm hurt."



From a Photo. by]

ROOM IN WHICH SIR GEORGE LEWIS WAS BORN.

[Elliott & Fry.

At the termination of his articles he went into partnership with his father and uncle.

"My first really important client," continued Sir George, "was that of Lloyds' Salvage Association. This was an association to protect the underwriters from fraud. I prosecuted for them for many years, one of the principal of which was a big case connected with the scuttling of a ship. It was heard before Justice Blackburn, and those employed in the prosecution were Sir J. B. Karlake, M.P., Mr. Hardinge Giffard, Q.C.—late Lord Chancellor—Montagu Williams, and myself. It was a neat little fraud. A ship was chartered, subsequently scuttled, and a claim made for £30,000 insurance on the ship and the cases of arms the vessel contained. The cases in question were filled with £3 worth of salt! All the prisoners got long terms of penal servitude.

"I prepared and carried out many cases for Lloyds', and in 1869 the big prosecution of the directors of Overend and Gurney's Bank took place. I conducted the prosecution at the police-court, but retired before the trial."

Sir George prosecuted in a number of bank failures, the result of the Joint Stock Act of 1862. In addition to Overend and Gurney's, there were Barnett's Bank of Liverpool, the Unity Bank, the Merchant's Bank, etc. Everybody was talking about "George Lewis," and there was scarcely a criminal case without his name being associated with it.

"There was the Balham mystery," said Sir George, as he remembered some of these "sensations." "I represented the family of the late Mr. Bravo; Sir Henry James, Mrs. Bravo; Serjeant Parry, Dr. Gully; while Mr. Murphy was for Mrs. Cox. A verdict had been obtained that Mr. Bravo had committed suicide and not been poisoned, but the friends of Mr. Bravo not being satisfied, the Court of Queen's Bench did a most unusual thing and ordered a fresh inquest. The jury found a new verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

"Now, listen. It is much to be regretted that at an inquest the advocate is not allowed to make a speech to the jury. Had I been able to do so, I could and should at once have relieved both Dr. Gully and Mrs. Bravo from any suggestion that they in any way participated in the crime. You are at liberty to say—and I am publicly expressing this for the first time—that I then and still do believe them—Not Guilty!"

"Then who poisoned Mr. Bravo?" I exclaimed.

"Who?" repeated Sir George—and he told me the name.

Madame Rachel, of "Beautiful for ever" fame, was not forgotten. Rachel—who was very far from beautiful herself—used to trade upon the weaknesses of ladies and their fear of publicity. She said the water she used came from the River Jordan. Both her story and the *aqua pura* were only very highly coloured. Sir George Lewis prosecuted her on two occasions, and she died in prison whilst serving her second term of five years.

I asked the solicitor what was the smartest robbery he had ever met with in his experience.

"Well," he answered, "the Hatton Garden diamond robbery was certainly one of the most ingenious. I acted for the Alliance Marine Insurance Company, but possibly the smartest of modern times was the famous gold robbery. I will tell it in a few words. Some boxes of bar gold were in transit from London to Paris. The boxes were weighed at London Bridge, put into the locker in the guard's van, and locked up. The packages were weighed again at Dover, again at Calais, a fourth time at the station at Paris, and the weight was found to be exactly correct to the turn of a scale. When the boxes were delivered to the owners in Paris and were opened, they contained nothing but—shot!

"The guard was in the robbery. False keys were obtained, and, during the transit from London, confederates got into the guard's van, filled the boxes with shot to the exact weight, got out at Dover, took tickets back to town, and the men were in London with the gold before the boxes were opened in Paris! The robbery remained undiscovered for two years, when one of the men turned Queen's evidence. The guard and his accomplices were tried and convicted."

Sir George Lewis has been associated with all the important newspaper libel cases of modern times, and has acted for all the principal dailies and other periodicals. "It was over a newspaper libel case that Sir Charles Russell had his first brief from me," said Sir George. "It was a case of Mr. Labouchere's—and here let me tell you that all Mr. Labouchere's libels have been connected with cases for the public good. No litigant has been more successful than he, except that he has been left to pay some £20,000 in costs!

"It was a libel brought by Mr. Robertson, of the Aquarium, and Sir Charles won





SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S GRANDFATHER.  
From a Painting.

it. He also defended Mr. Labouchere in the action which Lambri Pasha brought against him, the Napoleon of litigants having accused him of cheating at cards.

"I consider that the greatest advocate off the Bench in my day is Sir Charles Russell. By common consent he is admitted by the profession to be the strongest advocate within legal memory. I knew both Serjeant Ballantyne and Serjeant Parry when in their best days practising at the Old Bailey. Ballantyne was famous for his powers of cross-examination and Parry for his advocacy, but I question if they would be successful to-day. I have employed Sir Charles Russell in most of my heavy cases for the last twenty years, and although in the performance of his duty he is unrelenting, yet I know no kinder man at heart."

It would be quite impossible to give a detailed list of the *causes célèbres* in which the great solicitor has figured. He it was who de-

fended Mr. Lawes and Mr. Bowles against the action brought by Belt, the sculptor—that trial when nearly all the Royal Academicians were subpœnaed. He lost the case—which ran for forty-four days—for the verdict was for £5,000, and it cost Sir John Lawes £13,000 in costs, which he refused to pay, as he considered the verdict was unjust.

I thought I caught the slightest gleam of satisfaction in Sir George's eye as he hinted that twelve months afterwards he prosecuted Belt for Sir William Abdy for obtaining money under false pretences, gained a conviction, with twelve months' hard labour, and Belt has never been heard of since.

The Baccarat case was not forgotten, and Sir George said that perhaps what he would most remember about that case was the last impressive words of Lord Coleridge's summing up to the jury: "Gentlemen, in considering the honour of Sir William Gordon-Cumming, do not forget your own!"



From a

SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S FATHER.

(Painting.)

But Sir George Lewis's greatest triumph of all was the Parnell Commission.

"Mr. Parnell," said Sir George, "was an entire stranger to me until the day when Lord Salisbury's Government said they would grant a Commission, when he called on me. He asked me if I would represent him and the other Irish M.P.'s. I knew very little of Irish politics, and I told Parnell that I would give him my assistance on one condition—that he would give me his word of honour that he would come to me, at all times, when I wanted him. He gave me his word, and faithfully kept it.

"It was the greatest case I have ever had in my life. It lasted fifteen months, involved the honour of sixty-five members of Parliament, and in addition the word of Parnell—that he had never written the facsimile letter published by the *Times*. After I had received various documents I came to the conclusion that they were forgeries—and by Piggott. You are sitting in the very chair he occupied when I interviewed him here—my other two interviews with him were at Mr. Labouchere's and Anderton's Hotel. During the first six months of that inquiry I had to sit with the secret that I knew *who* was guilty, and unable to tell a soul. When Piggott—and a greater scoundrel I never met—was put in the box, I soon relieved myself of it."

It was Sir George Lewis who found the real forgery out. The story as to how it was discovered is now a matter of history, but it is interesting to remember that the solicitor spent nearly a whole day with his eyes fixed upon the two letters purported to have been written by Parnell.

Sir George—who was knighted on the 3rd of June this year—expressed himself very tersely on a variety of subjects, particularly on the Bankruptcy Act, which, although it has taken all the bankruptcy practice out of solicitors' hands, still

has lessened the number of failures and taught traders a lesson of carefulness. He spoke magnificently of the Salvation Army in its work in aiding wrong-doers to a respectable level again, and said: "I know of no organization that dips so low and rescues so many out of the deepest destitution."

My long talk with Sir George Lewis ended in quite a dramatic incident. We were speaking about the robbery of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire." Mr. Agnew put this matter into Sir George Lewis's hands, and since that time much information has reached Ely Place as to its whereabouts, including even small strips of the canvas in proof of identification. But nothing has occurred up to the present to enable the solicitor to get possession of the painting.

"Now," Sir George said, suddenly, "do you want to earn a thousand pounds?"

"I should be most happy."

"Then bring the stolen Duchess into my office, for I have instructions to pay that sum the moment it arrives here."

"Give me a clue, Sir George," I asked.

"Go to Antwerp," he said.

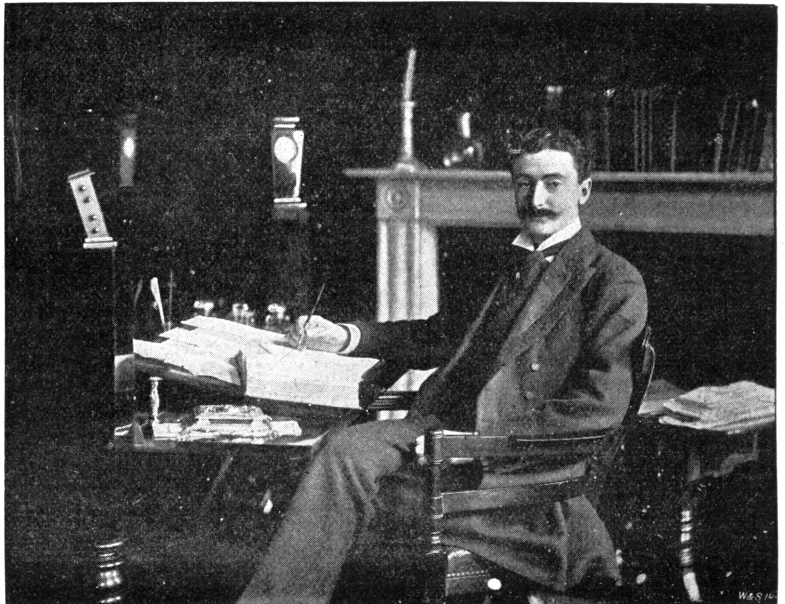
"To Antwerp?" I repeated.

"A man is now undergoing a term of penal servitude there," continued the solicitor.

"His name?"

"His name is Rayment! That is the man who stole the Duchess!"

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

MR. GEORGE LEWIS.

[Elliott & Fry.





TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CAMILLE DEBANS.

# I.

## THE STORY OF A CRIME.



THE small fort of Salem, in Brazil, is situated on the right bank of the River Amazon, higher up than Para, and some leagues from the sea. It is the most wearisome place in the world to stay in, if we may believe what travellers say; and Don Luis Vagaërt, from the time that he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, became one of the most melancholy officers in the whole Brazilian army.

The garrison consisted of not more than a hundred soldiers. Under the walls of the citadel was a poor village, which gave shelter to about a hundred negroes of both sexes, and in addition there might be found among them from time to time some Indians just emerging from a state of cannibalism, who came to dispose of the produce of their hunting expeditions.

The Governor-in-Chief lived in Bahia. Accordingly, Don Luis Vagaërt found himself absolute master of the fort. Besides the functions of Lieutenant-Governor, he discharged those of a magistrate, and administered justice without appeal.

In order to overcome his feeling of *ennui*, Don Luis had on his arrival given up all his time to field sports; but when he had laid down in his bedroom a carpet made up of the skins of twenty tigers which he had killed, the Lieutenant-Governor was obliged to own to himself that jaguars, dead or alive, gave him no further amusement. He then set to work to attack the alligators, but after a time the alligators also failed to interest him. Then he fancied that possibly snake-hunting might afford him the diversion he so much wished for, and accordingly, arming himself with a bottle of sal-ammoniac, he

started in quest of rattle-snakes, whip-serpents, and all kinds of venomous reptiles.

He ended by making a magnificent collection of them. It was reported that in his room might be seen a beautiful flower-stand, which had come from Paris, in which about fifty flowers of a particular sort afforded a home to as many living coral serpents.

Now, a coral serpent is the most charming reptile in the world; of a bright red colour, and about as long as a penholder. It lives in the calyx of a flower, from which, on the slightest provocation, it darts out upon anyone who ventures to disturb it, and its bite causes almost instantaneous death.

It happened one day that Pedro Baças, a private soldier, and John, a sergeant in the same regiment, conceived the idea of going secretly to see for themselves whether what was said about this wonderful collection was really true. They entered this famous room by the window, and looked about with much curiosity for the flower-stand. It was placed against the wall opposite the door. The two soldiers approached it; Pedro trembling, John swinging carelessly a light cane which he held in his hand. It was certainly a wonderful sight which met their eyes. In almost every flower a coral serpent lay coiled up, and seemed to be drinking in the perfume which exhaled from it. Four or five humming-birds were fluttering round the flower-stand, and every now and then one of the serpents, wearied by the buzzing of their wings, made a dart out of the flower and sprang towards the bird, which, however, it never succeeded in catching.

All at once John's face assumed a singular expression. Choosing the moment when Pedro, growing a little bolder, drew nearer to the flower-stand to get a better view of these

wonderful creatures, the sergeant, as a sort of practical joke, switched his cane near the stalks of the plants where these terrible reptiles were sleeping, and by a quick motion of his hand caused a series of vibrations among these homes of sudden death.

Then quick as thought he saved himself by leaping out through the window. A hundred sharp hissings sounded in Pedro's ears, who in his turn endeavoured to save himself by flight, but scarcely had he reached the court-yard when he fell fainting to the ground. His brother, who was mounting guard at the door of the Lieutenant-Governor, threw down his musket and rushed to his assistance. It was too late; five or six serpents had inflicted their bite on the poor soldier. He turned livid and expired on the

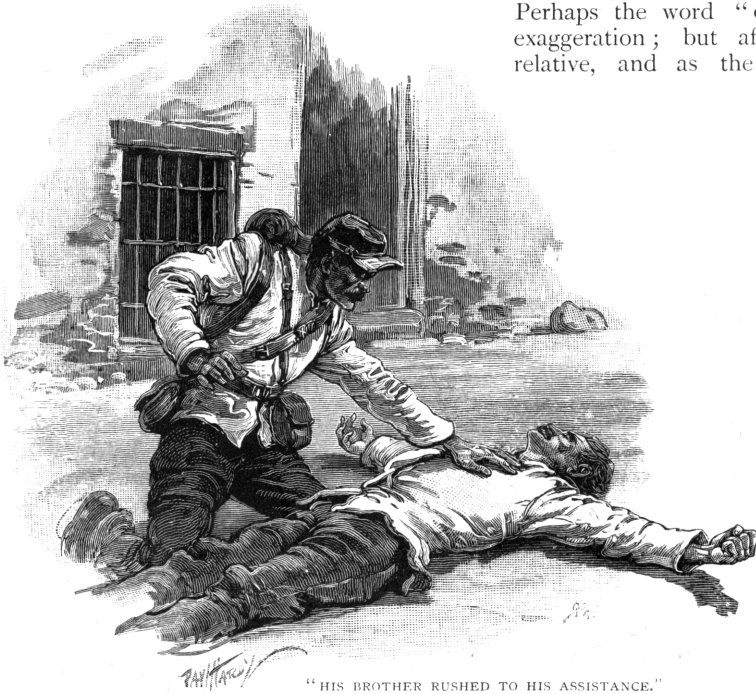
who, twenty-four hours afterwards, was brought before Don Luis Vagaërt and found guilty; and as the Lieutenant-Governor felt himself that day more than usually out of spirits, he pronounced the sentence of death in an imperturbable tone of voice. The execution was appointed to take place the following day.

Never since the fort and village of Salem had been in existence had a capital sentence been pronounced, either against one of the inhabitants or against one of the soldiers of the garrison. So that it was quite an event, and the Lieutenant-Governor, who, no doubt, had judged Alfonso Baças entirely according to the dictates of his conscience, still was not quite at his ease.

At nine o'clock on the Thursday morning there was quite a crowd on the ramparts. Perhaps the word "crowd" may seem an exaggeration; but after all everything is relative, and as the entire population of

Salem was present on the occasion, it would be hypercritical to remark that elsewhere a collection of a hundred men would scarcely be dignified by the name of an assemblage.

All the garrison were under arms. The Lieutenant-Governor, on horseback, was to preside over the execution, and, whilst a picket of twelve men went to fetch the prisoner, Don Luis Vagaërt placed himself at the head of his troop, which was formed in military



"HIS BROTHER RUSHED TO HIS ASSISTANCE."

spot, having scarcely had time to tell his brother what had happened.

Alfonso Baças, the brother of the dead man, threw himself on the corpse, kissed its forehead, then returning to his post he took up his gun and loaded it; a report was heard, and Sergeant John fell mortally wounded. A few minutes later the Lieutenant-Governor, returning to the fort, learnt what had taken place, gave the order for the arrest of Alfonso, and announced that the next day a court-martial would sit to try the murderer,

square on the place of execution.

The Lieutenant-Governor's watch showed that nine o'clock had arrived. A shudder ran through all who were present; still the prisoner had not yet made his appearance. Don Luis Vagaërt was very pale, but yet did not seem over-anxious to learn the cause of a delay so much out of harmony with all military discipline. At last the sergeant who was in command of the picket of execution arrived quite out of breath, and making excited gestures before he was able to speak,

gave the Lieutenant-Governor to understand that the prisoner had escaped.

At this news Don Luis regained his natural colour, even went so far as to utter a sigh of relief, and muttered to himself:—

"This Alfonso is not only a good-hearted man, but a fellow of some intelligence. His escape is an event the most unexpected, and the most agreeable that could have happened; we shall pass at least a week in looking for him, and I hope we shall not find him. Still, all the more reason for starting in pursuit of him."

"Comrades," cried the Lieutenant-Governor from his saddle, "the prisoner has for the moment succeeded in evading the rigour of the law. Our duty is to do all in our power to see that Alfonso Baças, who has been condemned by a regularly constituted tribunal to be shot, should be retaken and executed with as little delay as possible. We must therefore set to work at once, and a reward of twenty duros shall be given to any sergeant or private soldier who shall bring him in dead or alive. Forward! March!"

Then resuming his soliloquy, Don Luis said to himself: "He must have got a good start by this time. I might just as well have offered a hundred thousand duros."

## II.

### THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

DURING the night which should have preceded his execution, Alfonso Baças had received a visit from the parish priest of Salem, who duly performed his spiritual offices. Then, having been asked if he desired any special favour before going to execution, he begged for a bottle of brandy, which was brought to him by permission of the civil and military authorities—that is to say, of Don Luis. The half of this brandy served to fill a gourd which the prisoner had in his cell, the rest he offered to the sentinel charged to keep watch over him. The soldier began to make excuses, but Alfonso insisted so pleasantly, that the other did not know how to refuse without giving a last insult to a comrade so near death.

The sentinel then accepted it through propriety, drank it through civility, and ended by going to sleep through the effects. Baças lost no time in laying hold of the helpless man and dragging him into his cell; then he mounted guard in his place. This was at two o'clock in the morning.

Alfonso had scarcely time to take up his position when the night patrol was heard

coming to relieve guard. The condemned man struck his forehead in despair; in exchanging the password, he could not fail to be recognised, nothing short of a miracle could save him. Flight was impossible, so he waited.

The sergeant who commanded the patrol was a sort of half-caste who had come, nobody knew why, from the Argentine Republic, to which, for reasons best known to himself, he showed no desire to return. Fortunately, this man knew very little Portuguese, and as soon as Alfonso recognised him he came to the conclusion that it would not be very difficult to outwit him. In fact, the change of guard was made without any trouble, and Alfonso, ready to drop from fright, followed haltingly behind his three or four comrades in order to continue the patrol and return to the guard-house. But it was precisely this return to the guard-house which constituted his most formidable danger.

So far, there was nothing to fear; the half-caste and the soldiers were half asleep as they walked; but if, as always happens, there should be a single one awake among those at the post, all would be lost.

Alfonso at once took a final resolution. The patrol marched in a disorderly fashion along the ramparts. The fort of Salem had never undergone a siege, and yet, most luckily for him, there existed on the eastern side of the fortifications a sort of breach; commenced by the sun and continued by Time, the most invincible enemy of all.

The ramparts, formed of earth held together by bricks, had at this point slightly fallen away, and though it would have been difficult to climb up this way into the citadel from the steepness of the acclivity, still a desperate man might make the attempt of rolling down to the bottom, at the risk of breaking his head. On every other side of the fort Alfonso would have been obliged to use a thick rope in order to descend from the ramparts, and this was not the moment to go and try to get one. As to the gates, they were well guarded; for Don Luis Vagaert had too little to do not to have introduced a very severe discipline into what he called his army.

At the moment, then, that the patrol arrived at the breach, Alfonso, who had been lagging behind, drew close to the opening, and then let himself roll down to the bottom of the ramparts. The half-caste and the soldiers with him, hearing the noise, feared the approach of some wild beast, and set off running to the guard-house, where they called

the roll—one man was missing. There were several opinions on the matter: one said he had seen a jaguar carry him off down the breach; another declared that it was an alligator; while a third insisted that he had

was already a long way off. His voluntary fall had taken place under most favourable circumstances. Some brambles, tall grass, and yielding brushwood had broken the shock; and although after having rolled down for some instants he perceived a depth below him—for he had fallen from a height of several yards—still he had nothing worse to complain of than some severe bruises. The dizziness which had arisen from this giddy descent having passed away, Alfonso rose and directed his steps to the north. This was not the direction he intended to take afterwards, but the village lay to the east of the fort, and he did not wish to be seen by anyone who could give the least indication as to the course he had taken.

What has been already related was necessary for the proper understanding of the tale, but the sad story begins from this point. Two days ago this man had seen his brother fall down dead under the influence of the most terrible poison in the world; without having had time to lament him, he had listened to his own death sentence; he had suffered the most poignant anguish during the night that should have preceded his own execution; by his own presence of mind, in the midst of a thousand alarms, he had escaped an ignominious death. He was saved; and yet this was all as nothing compared with the alarms,

the anguish, and the torture which this unhappy man was about to encounter while making his escape. True, there did not seem much chance of his being re-taken. He plunged into the forest as soon as he had skirted the village of Salem. The paths of the negroes and the Indians were familiar to him up to a certain distance. So far as he could judge, he directed his course towards the east. His intention was to get as far as possible from the sea-coast, to cross the Amazon, and then to come down to Para.

As Alfonso had been more than a year at Salem, he knew perfectly well that this was one of the virgin forests of the Equator, and if he adventured himself into this wooded desert, it was only because no other path was open to him. He walked vigorously forward till daylight by a track that he knew perfectly well. Still, he was often obliged to stop and hide himself in a thicket or climb up a tree



"ALFONSO LET HIMSELF ROLL DOWN."

heard the cry of a boa-constrictor, which resembles nothing so much as a saw cutting rotten wood. Anyhow, this was sufficient to make the soldiers barricade the guard-house so well that not a single soldier was relieved until daylight.

We can tell what took place afterwards. The escape was discovered at nine o'clock. The soldier who was found in the cell sleeping himself sober was condemned to a month's imprisonment. The half-caste guessed well enough what had caused the noise at the side of the breach, but kept his thoughts to himself, and it was settled that after the siesta—that is to say, at the hour when the human brain can support the heat of the equatorial sun—forty or fifty men should set off with arms and baggage, and explore the forest, where they would be forced to camp out during the whole of the expedition.

The fugitive, we may as well say at once,  
Vol vi.—85.

in order to allow a tiger to pass him in pursuit of its prey, or to avoid some other wild beast.

At six o'clock the sun suddenly appeared above the horizon. Alfonso looked around him. The part of the forest where he found himself was completely unknown to him, and he had already made a long stage of his journey. Fear had given him the speed and instinct of a wild beast, and so he found himself in safety and on the right road, for the rays of the sun, which shot obliquely here and there through the thick trees, showed him by their direction that he was constantly advancing towards the east.

Still, he was nearly worn out ; the wretched man had been already two days without sleep, yet sleep he must have in order to get strength to continue his journey. Two enormous cedars rose to an incredible height in the air, almost side by side. About fifteen or twenty feet from the ground an entanglement of immense tropical bindweed had formed a sort of bridge, or, if you choose to call it so, a hammock, stretching from one tree to the other. The interlacing of the branches enabled him to climb easily enough up to this bindweed, and there he found a kind of bed covered with balmy flowers and green leaves, on which he stretched himself luxuriously, invisible to all the world except birds and squirrels ; and at the very time when Don Luis Vagaërt heard of his escape he was wrapped in the most profound and refreshing sleep.

### III.

#### THE VIRGIN FOREST.

THE fugitive had now penetrated far beyond that part of the forest ordinarily visited by the soldiers of Salem ; and he was soon about to plunge into the depths of the virgin forest, which for several reasons ought to have a special description ; in the first place, that some idea may be formed of the sufferings of this man, when we know the obstacles he had to surmount ; and also because these immense forests, which stretch from the Andes to the Atlantic, a space of twelve hundred leagues, have hardly been described, except by some poetical dreamers, who have drawn upon their imagination for the greater part of their facts.

The real virgin forest seen from the Amazon produces on the traveller the exact effect of a green wall ; to penetrate it would seem to be as easy as to bury oneself in the perpendicular side of a granite mountain. The axe, in spite of what has been said to

the contrary, is practically powerless to clear a path through the greenwood. There is a plan, indeed, by which a road may be made, and that is by fire ; but this is a very dangerous plan, even when practicable.

If under the guidance of an Indian you can penetrate one of the forest paths, the sight presented to your eye is in the highest degree sublime : you look upon enormous trees, tropical bindweed closely interwoven, unknown flowers, sweet-smelling shrubs, grass eight feet high, thickets of bramble, and immense cactuses. In the midst of all this you perceive that there exists a world of strange creatures, for every plant whose stalk is moving, every climber that is being bent down, every leaf that stirs, every crackling sound that makes itself heard—in a word, every movement is produced by some living being, charming or hideous, inoffensive or deadly ; whether it be reptile, saurian, overgrown toad, bird, quadruped, or all the intermediate species, the mere sight of which is often enough to make one shudder. But this spectacle, grand and seductive as it is, can only be found on the borders of the virgin forest after walking for an hour at most along the more chiefly frequented paths. For if necessity or chance leads you farther on, all this is changed. The branches become so thick that you cannot pass them without having both face and hands terribly torn by the brambles, which grow to an incredible size. It is true you are still in a path, but it is one along which only a tiger or an Indian could crawl. The trunks of trees are continually piled up across the track to a considerable height, and between each trunk grows a good-sized bush.

By degrees the thickness of the wood assumes a terrible aspect. The "impene-trabilis horror" of Virgil becomes an absolute truth ; it is no longer the interlacing of climbing plants, and of shrubs clinging or thorny ; it has become a web of incredible density, of which giant trees form the woof.

Life in the interior of the forest has now become a sort of low and incessant growl. To the right, to the left, before you, under your feet, above your head, everything is moving, leaping, singing, hissing, roaring. Myriads of birds of every size and every hue perch on the branches and cry out to each other ; there are cardinal birds, screaming parrots, and a thousand others, while a whole army of apes has taken possession of five or six cocoa-nut trees—that is, all except the one whom a jaguar has just stretched dead with a stroke of his paw.

All along the trees, like living parasitical plants, glide in silence reptiles of every possible size, and a ray of the sun has found its way through the foliage to the ground, which glitters strangely beneath it. In fact, it is not the ground which is so brilliant: it is water, running water, for beneath this scaffolding of trees, living, upright, twisted, dead, one can see that a stream is ever flowing, and all the more plainly perhaps because of the enormous jaws of a crocodile which has just come to the surface.

It is needless to say that Alfonso, as soon as he was thoroughly awake, took in all the horror of the situation. He had at least ten leagues to make under these conditions, and he could not count on doing them under four days at least, for in order to advance safely through this wall he was obliged to examine carefully every object on which he was going to place his foot; and he could not pass a tree without having first assured himself that there was no enemy lurking behind him, to say nothing of the Indians, who had not yet lost their taste for human flesh. And he must eat, too—what? Fruits? They were not easily met with, and he might possibly make a mistake and eat some poisonous ones. Fortunately for him he found some birds' nests, and ate the eggs in them. On his hammock of bindweed he found a dozen parrots' nests. He made quite a feast and washed it down with two or three mouthfuls of brandy, for he had brought his gourd with him. Still he was not altogether rested from his fatigue, and understanding that if he wished really to effect his escape he must have more strength than he possessed at pre-

sent, he determined to pass the night upon his bed of flowers. He had a good resting-place there, plenty of eggs, and he was far enough from Salem to have no cause for fear; his notion, then, was one that even a philosopher could find no fault with. He employed the rest of the day in examining his surroundings, and he found that in case he should be suddenly obliged to take flight there was a passage by which, with some extra climbing, he could make a quarter of a league in half an hour.

The next morning Alfonso was awakened by the discharge of a gun. He jumped up, scarcely knowing what he was about; but reflection comes very quickly to a man whose life is in peril. With infinite care, and without causing the slightest oscillation in his bindweed hammock, he endeavoured to turn round so as to see whence the sound came. A savage could not have made this move-



"HE FOUND SOME BIRDS' NESTS."

ment better; it was done in a minute. Then, keeping himself well out of sight, slowly, gently, with a thousand precautions, he separated two or three of the stems, and saw, some twenty feet below him, the half-caste looking round attentively on all sides, and lending his ear to the slightest sound,





"LOOKING ROUND ATTENTIVELY ON ALL SIDES."

whilst the smoke of his gun mounted lazily up in the air.

Alfonso did not move. Then the Argentine carefully examined the ground of the track, and seemed to reflect for a moment. He looked on the side where the bindweed was, but guessed nothing.

It was not difficult to understand what had taken place. The Lieutenant-Governor of Salem was wrong in thinking that Baças was beyond reach of capture, and that he might safely have offered a reward of a hundred thousand duros. When he named twenty duros, the eye of the half-caste assumed a look of cruel greed, and he said to himself, "They shall be mine to-morrow." No doubt he felt that he was acting a part, for he only asked for four men to accompany him, averring that he would not return without the prisoner.

Don Luis Vagaërt was on the point of refusing his request, but he did not wish to appear to hinder the due action of justice, and, moreover, he still had the hope that

Baças would be beyond the reach of capture. So he granted the four men to his sergeant, and went off himself with the rest of the troop in another direction. The half-caste, for his part, set out to explore the paths which led to the east of the forest, knowing well by experience that an intelligent man must think of flying towards the river. After an hour's research, he found traces freshly made, the grass trodden down, small branches broken, and here and there a bush the foliage of which had been displaced. This was enough for him; indeed, it was more than enough for this man, who had the instinct of a bloodhound. He led his four soldiers along the road that Alfonso had taken, but fortunately night set in, and they were obliged to make their camp.

Before sunrise, the half-caste set off alone in the direction indicated by the traces, which became more and more visible; seeing that as the forest became more dense, Alfonso, in order to make a passage for himself, had been obliged to break more shrubs and to beat down more of the high grass. Carried away by his ardour, the sergeant was far in advance of his men, and reached the spot where Alfonso had stopped. Ah! if he had only known that the prey he was seeking was lying asleep twenty feet over his head! But the fugitive, in order to reach his hammock, had made a circuit of eighty to a hundred yards over the trunks of fallen trees, on the bark of which he naturally left no traces; so that the half-caste was stopped like a dog who has lost the scent, smelling, listening, looking, feeling sure that he whom he was seeking must be crouched somewhere near. Too well used to the virgin forest and to the stratagems of the hunters to give himself the trouble to look for Alfonso's retreat, which might be anywhere, the sergeant thought his best plan would be to fire in the air, saying to himself that Baças, even if he were a couple of hundred paces away, would fancy the gun was fired close to him, on account of the extraordinary echo which exists in the woods.

His reasoning was perfectly good, especially as the fugitive, still asleep, woke up with a start, and might in the first moment of fright have committed the imprudence of showing himself. But Baças had understood the

artful scheme of his wily pursuer, and remained motionless. Still, he must do something. The half-caste could hardly be alone, and if his troop were to follow him it would not be two, but ten, perhaps twenty enemies that he would have to fight; for Alfonso did not know but that the whole garrison of Salem were upon his track.

He turned all this over in his mind whilst he was watching the Argentine, who seemed to have given up all hope of finding him, for he was leaning against the trunk of a tree, and seemed on the point of loading his gun again. This was like a ray of light to the fugitive. He, too, had a charge in the gun with which he had mounted guard a minute before his escape, and the half-caste, if he lost any time, would never be able to hit him. Taking, then, every precaution, placing his gun in his shoulder-belt, Alfonso hung on to a strong branch, the leaves of which overshadowed his bed, and then, with the agility of a monkey, he swung himself from bough to bough till he reached the passage which he had explored the evening before.

We may be sure that all this was not accomplished without the silence of the woods being broken, even though it was ever so little. The ear of the half-caste detected a slight sound among the foliage, so he looked up before loading his gun, and glanced eagerly at the side whence the sound had come. He there distinctly saw Alfonso pass from one tree to the other, and then disappear behind a sort of natural palisade formed by enormous bushes with gigantic thorns.

#### IV.

##### AT BAY.

FORWARD rushed the half-caste in pursuit of the fugitive, and the better to come up with him, crafty savage as he was, he climbed up to the natural hammock of bindweed in order to follow the same route that Baças had taken, rather than hurt himself against the impenetrable bushes which rose between him and his prey. However, he was agile enough, and in a moment, with a sure-footedness which Alfonso did not possess, he had guessed at, found out, and gone through the passage which Alfonso had prepared.

But here again he lost all trace of the fugitive. Only from time to time he heard on his right some crackling sounds, which indicated the presence of Alfonso. It was evident that he was trying to reach the river, that he might escape by swimming.

The half-caste then quickly formed his resolution, which was to pursue Baças along

the upper level of the forest, since the lower one was impracticable. In fact, nothing could be easier than the reaching a given point by passing from one branch to another. He first mounted an ebony tree, and from that to the summit of a gigantic oak, and following the condemned man, whom he could not see, but whose flight he could hear, this desperate fellow, sure of ultimate success, came to the conclusion that the capture was now only a question of time.

Alfonso, on his part, becoming equally sharp, glided like a serpent from tree to tree, only passing along the thickest branches. In one hand he held his gun ready for use against this tiger in human form who was hunting him.

All at once Baças, who was thus taking flight along the upper part of the forest, could not refrain from uttering a cry of despair. He found himself in front of a clearing, not very wide it is true, but it made a break in the continuity of the trees. The only thing possible was to make a circuit. He turned to the left, and was hastening on, when he found himself face to face with the half-caste, who was standing twenty paces off, on the trunk of an enormous tree. At the sight of the escaped prisoner, whose head first showed itself among the leaves, the Argentine broke out into a peal of laughter, which sounded like the howl of some wild beast. But this ferocious joy did not last very long, for, on seeing Alfonso armed with a gun, which he had not suspected, the rascal, whose mind had all the baseness of a hired assassin, turned pale and began to tremble.

In his haste to pursue Alfonso he had neglected, as we have seen, to reload his gun, and the fugitive stood up, right on the broad branch of a tree, leaning against the trunk, and covering the half-caste with his musket. The latter made a hasty retreat and hid himself behind his tree. Alfonso felt a sudden impulse of generosity.

"Gregorio," he cried out to him, "give up this pursuit of me; let me escape, and I will give you your life. But if you will not at once pledge me your word of honour, and swear that you will return to Salem, in one minute I will climb to the top of this oak, and from there I will shoot you down like a parrot the moment you leave your retreat."

There was a short pause—the half-caste was reflecting.

"Will you swear?" cried Alfonso, in a trembling voice.

"I will," replied Gregorio.

"On your honour?"

"Yes, on my honour."

"It is well, go your way," replied Alfonso.

The Argentine then came out of his hiding-place and showed himself in the open before Alfonso, in whose word he knew that he could have perfect confidence.

These two men looked at one another curiously without saying a word, and indeed at any other time they could scarcely have recognised each other. With their faces and hands torn by the brambles, their clothes in shreds, their eyes burning with fierce fever, they were simply hideous. Alfonso found his legs almost naked; his breast was covered with small drops of blood like beads, in every place where a thorn had pierced him. Horrible yellow and red mosquitoes as long as your finger buzzed round him, and fastened on the open wounds, which they made ten times more painful. His skin swelled terribly under their stings, and they only quitted the face of the wretched man to fasten on his hands or aching legs. His feet, almost bare, were absolutely covered with insects, and showed little else than blood-stained swellings. The half-caste was nearly as bad; only having been more accustomed to the great woods, he did not show so many wounds.

"Now, off with you," repeated Alfonso, "off at once!" and at the same time he raised his gun again to his shoulder.

Gregorio at length made up his mind.

"I was only carrying out the orders of the Lieutenant-Governor," he said; "but now I have sworn you may be perfectly satisfied; I'm off." And he began to move away.

"Whatever you do, don't hide yourself," Baças called out after him. "I want to see you as far as I possibly can."

The half-caste obeyed. He commenced his retreat, constantly showing himself, and turning round from time to time in order to cast on Alfonso the look of a panther. At last he disappeared in the depth of the wood.

Up to now poor Alfonso, excited by fear, and by the unspeakable emotion of this hunt in which he was the game, had not felt so much of the horrible suffering caused by the wounds and stings of the mosquitoes. But when he found himself alone—when, bathed in blood and sweat, he sank down upon the immense branch from which he had threatened Gregorio—hunger, thirst, insurmountable weariness, and a terrible smarting which pervaded his whole body, caused him such fearful suffering, that he almost repented that he had not followed the half-caste to go and die at Salem, and was tempted to call him back that he might deliver himself up.

Added to this, it was now eleven o'clock in the day. The insupportable heat of the



"NOW, OFF WITH YOU!"

climate was on this particular day, September 17th, hotter than ever. Baças felt the puffs of wind which reached him as hot as if they had passed through an actual furnace; he thought he was going to die. A last mouth-

ful of brandy remained in his gourd; he put it eagerly to his lips. This revived him for a moment, and then he thought of eating. But under this heat his wounds became every moment more excruciatingly painful. He looked round to see if he could discover a citron tree; he fancied he saw one at the foot of the oak on which he was; and so came down; but, alas! it was an illusion. For a circle of more than a hundred yards the wretched man was forced to search the wood on all sides, without finding this tree, generally so common in those parts.

At length, at the foot of a mahogany tree, a thicket of orange and citron trees attracted him by the scent of the flowers and the brightness of the fruit. He ate one orange at a mouthful, then a second, then a third, then enough to quench his thirst. This was his most pressing need. Then only did he squeeze out the juice of a citron over his chest, hands, feet, and face. It was as good as a bath to him. He felt that he was returning to life again. Some eggs, taken from the

caste, who was returning surreptitiously. The intention of this monster, when he promised to return to Salem, was to gain the necessary time for reloading his musket. This done, he set out again in pursuit of Alfonso.

It is quite impossible to express the rage which the Brazilian felt at the sight of Gregorio. He picked up his gun, glided quietly through the shrubs without losing sight of his enemy, and began to climb a cedar, so as to find himself for this the last time in face of the half-caste. It was necessary to put an end to this.

Still the heat became every instant more terrible and more intense. Thick black clouds rested on the tops of the high trees, and darkened the forest to such a degree that you might have supposed that night had come suddenly on. Then the sun appeared again a moment afterwards more burning than ever. On the heads of these two men the heavy atmosphere weighed like so much lead. Alfonso, perspiring at every pore, reached the top of his cedar without having been seen by the half-caste, who cast his eyes over all the neighbouring trees.

"Gregorio," he then cried out to him, "you need not look any farther, I am here; you are a perjurer and a coward. One of us two must die."

Hearing this voice, the sergeant began to take all prudent precaution. They were only ten paces from each other, protected by the trunk of a tree, and each waiting for an imprudence on the part of his enemy to fire on him. Then Alfonso took his straw hat, put it on the end of the barrel of his gun, and trying to imitate the movement of a head cautiously put forward, he gently pushed it out of a mass of foliage, taking good care to remain himself in the background. Gregorio

was taken in. He quickly shouldered his rifle and fired. The hat, pierced by the ball, fell to the ground. A cry of triumph came from the throat of the pursuer, and he emerged into the open. At the same instant Alfonso discovered himself and cried out:—

"This time you *shall* die. On your knees."



HE SQUEEZED OUT THE JUICE OF A CITRON OVER HIS CHEST, HANDS, FEET, AND FACE.

parrots' nests, as on the preceding evening, furnished him with a breakfast, and he was preparing to sleep for a while under the orange trees, when he heard a crackling over his head.

## V.

ON FIRE.

WHENCE came the sound? It was the half-

A clap of thunder of unprecedented violence suddenly broke above their heads and shook the whole forest. The clouds gathered in less time than it takes to write it, and the storm broke out with inconceivable force. The forest became as dark as night. Alfonso understood that the first thing was to fly, and, not caring to have another death on his conscience, he left the half-caste to himself, and rushed as quickly as he could to the great river, which could not be very far off.

Gregorio, for his part, believing that Alfonso was only waiting for a flash of lightning to shoot him down, took advantage of the obscurity, and fled in the opposite direction. Ten minutes later, although the clouds were thicker and blacker, the two enemies might have continued their duel, for the electric discharges succeeded each other with such rapidity that their lurid and continuous flashes actually supplied the place of sunlight.

Our European storms are but very poor displays by the side of equatorial hurricanes. It sounds as if there was a continual roll of artillery, accompanied by flashes of lightning, which cross and re-cross, gathering force at every fresh discharge and tenfold intensity every second. It is all the more dangerous because all the clouds pass rapidly over the trees without breaking, and the lightning strikes their tops ten times a minute.

Gregorio, swift as a tiger, fled with all the speed he was capable of. His experience of such storms told him that at any moment the forest might be in flames; he knew, too—and this it was that kept up his courage—that tempests as furious as that which raged over his head were not of long duration. Still, one flash of lightning succeeded another with more fury than ever. One moment he heard a clap of thunder, the noise of which deafened him, then another still more fearful, then another, and so on continuously. On all sides formidable sparks of electric light fell like a shower on this sea of foliage, accompanied with the crash of the sky. It seemed as if the heavens themselves were being broken up under the pressure of this tremendous force. Round the fugitive wild beasts rushed and serpents writhed along, seeking safety in flight.

Gregorio began to lose courage. A squirrel, struck with lightning, fell down dead two paces from him. Still not a drop of rain. By degrees, however, the claps of thunder became less violent; the sky became less black, and the flashes of lightning less frequent. The half-caste began to breathe

again. A cloud commenced to break over the forest; a sheet of water fell like a deluge; but this only lasted a few moments, and then the sun appeared again. It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon. For one moment the savage Gregorio debated with himself whether he should take up again the pursuit of Alfonso. But this time he felt it would be impossible, as during the storm they had separated so far from one another; so he gave up the idea, and set out to return to Salem.

But he had scarcely walked for ten minutes when he heard a great noise behind him. It was two jaguars, who were seeking safety in flight, uttering plaintive howls. Gregorio did not pay much attention to them, breaking his way through the brambles and clinging shrubs, pulling down the flexible branches so as to clear a way for himself. He was quite in his element, and knew the way perfectly. However, a band of tiger-cats, leaping from tree to tree, fell like an avalanche at his feet. He gave himself up for lost, but the creatures uttered terrible cries and howled with fear.

Along the soil of the forest the tall grass and stunted shrubs began to shake in a restless manner. All round there was a frightful stir. Gigantic boa-constrictors showed for a moment their shining and glutinous heads, and then disappeared towards the east; enormous lizards took flight in the same direction; clouds of birds passed above the forest. Everything, even down to the big ants of those parts, took the same road. One might have thought that all these monsters were going to some witches' meeting.

Gregorio began to be uneasy. The tiger-cats, uttering piercing cries, passed quickly over his head, either without seeing him, or without deigning to take any notice of him. It was very strange. On the other hand, the migration of the reptiles and of every other living creature became more close and compact.

The grass bent down under the weight of such a crowd, and one might distinguish a troop of serpents gliding towards the stream, hissing as they went; while formidable toads, disturbed in their philosophical apathy, hastened in their sluggish fashion along the same road. Then came stags, wild boars, tapirs—an interminable caravan of animals.

Certainly something had happened, for a dull, dead sound began to make itself heard from the north. A crocodile in wild haste made a passage through the branches of a thorny shrub and passed quickly on. It could not, then, be an inundation. Gregorio





"HE FOLLOWED THE TIGERS, THE BIRDS, AND THE REPTILES."

mounted to the top of a tree, not daring yet to say to himself, "It must be a fire!"

There was no need to climb to the highest branches in order to distinguish an immense light which spread to the north and west. The whole forest was in flames. The light-

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ning, falling perhaps some five hundred times, had set fire to the dry branches and resinous trees; it very soon spread, and now there was a burning circle which was gradually contracting so as to hem in and destroy all within it.

Gregorio at once made up his mind what

to do. He followed the tigers, the birds, the reptiles, and rushed towards the east, not for a moment quitting the direction taken by the denizens of the forest, for he knew very well that their unerring instinct would lead them towards the Amazon River.

Nor could he go too quickly. The fire, before breaking out and wrapping the large trees in its embrace, advanced rapidly along the ground of the forest, where the dead leaves and inflammable shrubs caught as if by magic, so that before running the risk of being burnt alive there was the danger of suffocation, for the smoke was already spreading under the sergeant's very feet, and mounted in a thick column towards the vault of wood overhead. Gregorio, mad with fear, bounded from branch to branch without giving a thought to what he had to tear his way through, although at every step he left a shred either of his clothes or his skin.

A band of apes, wild with fear, passed near him uttering cries of terror and making the most frightful grimaces. For more than a quarter of an hour he rivalled these creatures in agility, and made as much way as they did.

What a day it was !. It needed a man with a constitution of iron to have strength for flight after all that he had undergone during the last twelve hours. At length he felt a little freshness in the air ; the river could not be very far off.

Nothing can be conceived more hideous than the aspect of this man at this moment, covered from head to foot with blood and mosquitoes. It would have been difficult for the most clever naturalist to have decided at a glance whether he was a man or an ape ; and yet he overcame all obstacles as if he did not know what fatigue meant. His arms and legs were as pliant as if, instead of muscles, he had springs of steel.

At length the last oak of the forest stood before him, and he perceived the immense river, the strong current of which was already carrying down a thousand animals, who were seeking the opposite bank in their flight. At his feet was a sandy beach about twenty yards broad, and extending a very considerable distance from one end to the other. But upon this beach, brought together as if for a new Noah's ark, were all the animals of those parts, wild with fear, leaping up, tearing each other to pieces, howling in a pitiable fashion, scratching up the soil with their claws, and lifting their noses to the wind so as to catch the first scent of the coming conflagration. It was a fearful and gruesome sight.

To have gone down there in order to leap into the stream would have been simple madness. Between the paws of the jaguars, the apes, and of all these creatures devoted to death, might be seen an innumerable multitude of reptiles crawling along, from the serpent as thin as a willow rod up to the enormous boa-constrictor. All this crowd of creatures were seething, writhing, hissing, killing : and, at intervals, urged forward by the mass of new arrivals as much as by the instinct of self-preservation, they threw themselves headlong into the stream, where they became an easy prey to the alligators.

## VI.

### A BURNING, FIERY FURNACE.

GREGORIO trembled in every limb ; all around him the tree-tops were peopled with apes, scorpions, serpents, and birds. These last, rendered furious by the smell of smoke which had now reached them, were making a magnificent slaughter among the reptiles. And all around a cloud of mosquitoes, thickening every moment, threatened to intercept the light of the sun.

All at once the howling redoubled, the hissings became more shrill, a commotion took place in the whole of this mass ; the squirrels leapt out into empty space, the serpents bounded from one side to the other, the birds flew away, and the cloud of mosquitoes moved to the middle of the stream. The place was cleared ; there was nothing left on the beach but the corpses of the victims of this witches' meeting. In an instant the Amazon was covered with a hundred thousand different animals, swimming, drowning, still tearing each other to pieces.

Gregorio believed himself saved, but the foot of the oak where he was now caught fire, and up to the edge of the river, where the water, reddened by the orgies of the alligators, was submerging the beach, all the brambles and dead leaves were burning.

The half-caste, mad with despair, and blinded by the smoke, endeavoured for a moment to hold out against the stifling air ; and short as that moment was, it was long enough for the animals to clear away from the bank ; then, overcome by the heat, he let himself fall into the flames and rushed to the river, into which he threw himself, not caring for anything else. Any kind of death seemed to him preferable to that which he was escaping from.

In plunging into this fresh water the unhappy man, whose every pore was an open

wound, felt a marvellous sensation of coolness, and was conscious of returning strength. He swam like a shark, and, with wonderful dexterity, knew how to avoid the most dangerous companions of his flight. For fear of the alligators he made for the middle of the stream, the current of which, the strongest in the world, would carry him in some hours either to Para or to some island. He did not intend to swim to the opposite bank for several reasons. At this point the Amazon is four miles broad, and he would have had to struggle during great part of the night against this invincible current. On the other hand, he had every reason to believe that the animals in their flight would reach the other side, which would not in that case be a desirable place for passing the night.

So he let himself go with the current. Some hundred yards down he felt himself seized by the hair, and some shaggy creature clung to his shoulders. It was a poor little monkey, very pretty, which was just on the point of being drowned, and so laid hold of anything it could. Gregorio tried to pull it off and throw it back into the water. But the animal dug its claws and teeth into the flesh of the half-caste, and so he was forced to support and save this parasite.

He could still count upon three hours of daylight, and so he set to work to swim with all his might, still keeping his burden, which did not bite him any more, but held tightly on to his matted hair. The river suddenly widened, and the Argentine perceived the

fortifications of Para. Alas! it was too far off for him to hope to reach it, especially as his strength now evidently began to fail him.

He had just passed the mouth of a little river, when a canoe, paddled by an Indian, entered the Amazon. At the bottom of the boat lay an apparently lifeless mass. This was poor Alfonso, who had also thrown himself into the first water he had come to, and who, by providential good fortune, had been saved by an Indian to whom he had formerly rendered some service at Salem.

But to return to the half-caste. The current took him down, and he let himself swim with it. In the distance he perceived an island. All that he needed was to repose himself, and wait for the morrow. Seeing himself saved, or nearly so, he began to turn over in his mind the events of the day, and this inhuman wretch indulged in a bitter sneer when he thought that Alfonso was probably stifled and burnt in the forest.

About half-past six o'clock, a quarter of an hour before sunset, the Argentine reached the little island towards which he had been so long swimming. And it was time he did so; if he had had five hundred yards more to go his strength would have failed him. Scarcely had he put foot to the ground when he gently laid hold of the monkey and took him in his arms. The animal allowed him to do so. But either from ferocity or foresight, the Argentine seized the charming little creature by one foot, whirled it four or five times round his head, and savagely beat its brains

out on the ground. The poor beast gave one struggle and then showed no further sign of life.

In spite of the heat of the climate Gregorio felt his limbs stiff with cold; his long stay in the water had numbed them. So he rolled himself in the dust with which all the surface of the island was covered, and which the rays of the sun had warmed all day. This restored him somewhat, but his longing for sleep became more imperious every moment. He was also frightfully tormented with



"THE MONKEY HELD TIGHTLY TO HIS MATTED HAIR."

hunger. He tore the skin off the monkey with his teeth and nails, and pulling off a thigh with the dexterity of a cannibal, he got ready some branches of dead wood, to which he set fire, that he might cook his dinner.

The island on which Gregorio had taken refuge was absolutely desert and uncultivated. This was a very extraordinary thing for that part of the world. Only at the extreme western point a rock, on which a little vegetable earth had accumulated, was sheltered by three or four thorny and bushy little trees. Over the whole surface of the island, with the exception of this rock, nothing could be seen but this dust of the colour of starch, in which Gregorio had, so to speak, bathed himself on his arrival. Here and there, however, a blade of grass burnt up by the sun rose out of this dust. It seemed, moreover, as if Nature had endeavoured to assert its rights over this corner of the earth, and had formerly caused something to grow in this place; for there might be seen some tallish branches, but without any foliage, and absolutely dry. It was, indeed, by means of two of these sticks that Gregorio had lit his fire, in the same way that savages do.

After having placed the leg of the monkey on the burning embers, the half-caste sat opposite his fire, with his knees drawn up, intending to wait till his supper was ready. Night had now fallen. Gregorio, worn out, felt his wearied eye-lids close every now and then, and if it had not been for the pain of hunger, he would have gone to sleep in this posture. One moment even, overcome by sleep, he dozed off.

But all of a sudden he leaped up as if a spring had been placed under his feet, and uttered an indescribable shriek; it was made up of rage, anger, fear, and despair. He looked round him, believing that he was the sport of some nightmare brought on by fatigue. With his aching knuckles he rubbed his eyes feverishly. No, he was not asleep. With an immense bound he rushed towards the river. To the first bound succeeded a second, then a third, till he ended by leaping like a terrified dervish, not knowing which way to run.

What had happened, then? Something very natural and yet very terrible—the island was on fire! The whole of it was burning, and all along its length might be seen a lambent flame running here and there, just like what one sees on paper which the flame has left.

The explanation of this horrible fact is simple enough. The surface on which

Gregorio had landed was not really an island; it was a mass of dead wood—the trunks of oaks, cedars, firs, palms, cocoa-nut trees, mahogany, which the Amazon had brought together there—who knows where from? The first trunks of the trees had been stopped by the rock where the four shrubs were growing, the others had accumulated, in time interlacing one another. Little by little the new arrivals had increased and lifted up the island above the water, and as this piling up of wood had gone on for some years, the upper layers of the stack had been converted into dust, and a terribly inflammable dust too.

Gregorio understood it all, and how he had unconsciously applied the match to the tinder. He wished to run towards the rock, but the soles of his scorched feet were being burnt away, and no human being could endure such agony. What was he to do? To remain in his place was to be roasted; he could already perceive a smell of burnt flesh which mounted to his brain. He became mad. In the dusk of the twilight he could perfectly well distinguish all the soil of the island, which was growing red with frightful rapidity. One might have supposed that this furnace was being blown by some subterranean bellows.

Gregorio fell, but he regained his feet; and by an extraordinary effort of will he rushed towards the river. A fresh fall stopped him. At this moment the canoe bearing Alfonso in it passed before the island. The soldier, who by this time had regained consciousness, saw what seemed like an apparition writhing in the fire, and proposed to the Indian that they should go nearer, never dreaming that he was trying to save his would-be executioner.

All this time Gregorio was howling with pain, for the whole of his body was surrounded by these red-hot ashes. He raised himself, indeed, but it was only to fall back on the other side, and presently Baças saw the figure, which they vainly tried to reach, writhing in the midst of the furnace, the heat of which became more intense every moment. Burying his hands in the ashes, he dragged himself along towards the side of the river, wriggling like a serpent; his spine for an instant curved like a bow, then he fell back, made a convulsive movement, then one last struggle, and he remained motionless. Then the flame broke out.

The next day the island had disappeared. Some blackened trunks of trees, carried down by the current, floated out to the ocean.



"AN APPARITION WRITHING IN THE FIRE."

On board a steamer putting out to sea, a man with a worn and disfigured face watched these floating waifs with some interest. It was Alfonso Baças, who having

safely reached Para, told his adventures to the captain of a vessel on the point of sailing, and obtained a free passage to Europe.



# Beauties.

From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Baker Street.



From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.



From a Photo. by Brown, Barnes & Bell,  
Liverpool.



From a Photo. by  
H. S. Mendelssohn,  
South Kensington.

Mrs Edith Williams.



Mrs Kingwell Cole ~ Miss Victoria Downey.



Miss Annette Baker.

From a Photo. by The Delmen Art Studios Co., Ltd.,  
Holloway Road, N.

From a Photo. by Bullingham, London, S. W.

From a Photo. by G. Ridsdale Cleare, London, N.E.



Miss Meta Hughes.



Miss Amy Williams.

From a Photo. by J. B. Wills,  
Cardiff.



Miss Brunton.

From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Baker Street.

# The Music of Nature.

By A. T. CAMDEN PRATT.



DONKEY BRAYING.

that Beethoven, resting on a stile during a walk in the outskirts of Vienna, caught from Nature those imitative sounds in the "Pastoral Symphony," which, as has been so well remarked, is so beautifully realistic of the soft fluttering stir of the insects—the hum in the noontide warmth of a summer's day.

The gnat—which has been called "the trumpeter" amongst insects—has a well-



It is beyond controversy that music had its origin in the simple and immutable expressions of Nature. Our best musicians owe some of their sweetest effects, not alone to the inspiration due to listening to the songs of the birds, the soft murmur of the vagrant bee, the catchy melodies of the insect world, but to their reproductions of the voices of Nature. Gottschalk introduced much insect-music into his compositions. In Handel one traces the solemn and beautiful, but spirited, melody of the lark. Rossini, Mozart, and Beethoven imitated with pleasing effect the cackling of a chatty brood of barn-door fowls, while Haydn introduced the braying of the ass into his 76th quartette with great success.

It was upon a summer day

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GNAT BUZZING.



MAN WALKING.

must harmonize. This is embodied in the beautiful lines of Shakespeare :—

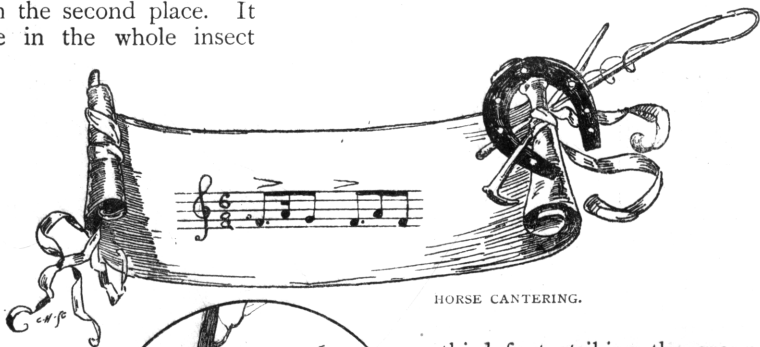
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

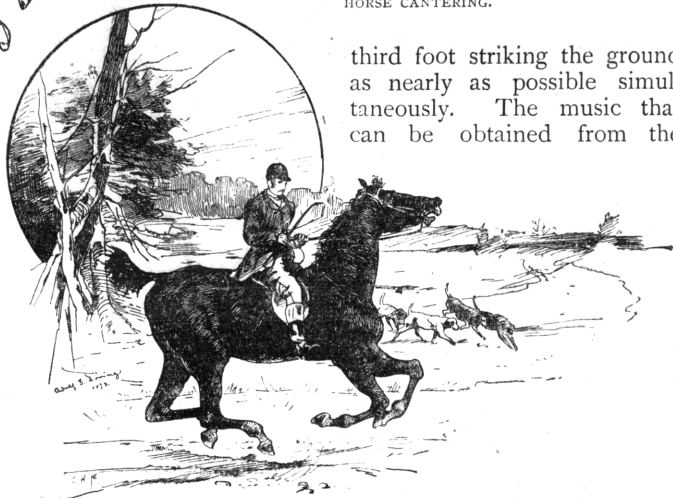
The idea itself is a truly poetic one, but it seems to proceed on the assumption that the recurrence of sounds at regular intervals constitutes the properties of music-time. But accent is necessary to rhythm; and it is difficult to see how that could exist in the "music of the spheres." In the trotting of a horse it is a matter of common knowledge that each alternate step is louder than the other; and the same is the case in the tread of our own feet, throwing the sounds into the order of common time; while the "canter"—so called from the pace which pilgrims went on horseback to Thomas à Becket's tomb—sometimes called the "Canterbury Gallop," was in triple time; every third step was louder than the other two, owing to the first and

defined note on A in the second place. It is the most audible in the whole insect orchestra, and at night may be mistaken for a post-horn at a remote distance.

There is nothing in Nature that is not musical. According to old legends, the Principal of Evil alone suffers under the curse of banishment from harmony. The Evil One cannot appreciate music; and Goethe implies this in the curiously discordant jangling of sound in the *Mephistopheles'* speeches in "Faust." Men talk music as well as sing; they walk to a musical rhythm; the sounds of Nature are in accordance with musical rules. The Ancients even held that the mere proper motion of the planets must create sounds; and as the planets move at regular intervals the sounds



HORSE CANTERING.



third foot striking the ground as nearly as possible simultaneously. The music that can be obtained from the





CHILD CRYING.

reiteration of one note is in nothing more beautifully shown than in Dr. Arne's setting of *Ariel's* song in "The Tempest," which closely imitates the call of the owl.

In a previous article I dealt with the Music of the Birds; but Nature has many voices beyond those of our songsters.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell!

sang Samuel Rogers a century ago. The same spell has found music in the babbling brook, the cry of the child, the elephant's roar, the barking of a dog; in fact, in every voice of Nature. Though laughter is often said to be musical, one would not expect to find music in a sneeze, a cough, or a yawn; yet Haydn has, in all three. The illustration given of the sneeze is from the minuet of his grand sin-

fonian; and the yawn is from his 57th quartette.

Many will recall, too, the instance of the brawling voices of three persons in a passion introduced by Beethoven in his third trio, Op. 9—a clatter of sounds indicating rage and passion.

For music in the cry of a spoiled child we must turn to Rossini's pensive duet, "Ebbere per mia memoria," in "Gazza Ladra." It is said of Mozart that he had a peevish wife, a lady hard to please, who when in a waspish humour frequently broke in upon his studies; and he has perpetuated her petulance in the overture to the "Zauberflöte." Imitations of the cries of children at play are frequent in the music of our great masters; and it will be remembered that in "Semiramide," Rossini has in a wild movement introduced the



MAN SNEEZING.





MAN YAWNING.

squealings of some little urchins with admirable effect.

Early in the present century William Gardiner, a member of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome, wrote a lengthy treatise—which I believe is now out of print—in which he attempted to prove that what is passionate and pleasing in the art of singing, speaking, and performing upon musical instruments is

derived from the sounds of the animated world. There is a great deal that is curious and interesting in this old work. He especially studied the cries of animals. With regard to the dog, he not only argues that the dog indicates his different feelings by different tones of voice—so marked that they are recognised by other animals as expressive of anger or fear—but that they understand the general force of language and the particular meaning of certain words. And again, that although the barking of a dog is an inarticulate sound, yet, if he is brought by the side of a pianoforte while barking, you may distinctly hear the notes upon which his bark is made

reflected by the instrument. For instance, the notes of a dog barking from excess of pleasure are reproduced in the following illustration.

(To be continued.)



DOG BARKING FOR JOY.

## A Literary Coincidence.

BY E. W. HORNING.

**L**T was twenty-five minutes past eight, and a fine October morning, when Mr. Wolff Mason, the popular novelist and editor of *Mayfair*, emerged from the dressing-room of his house in Kensington and came downstairs dabbing his chin with his clean pocket-handkerchief. The day had begun badly with the man of letters, whose boast it was that he had shaved for upwards of forty years without cutting himself anything like forty times. He entered the dining-room with a comically rueful expression on his kindly humorous face, and with a twitching behind the spectacles which would have led those who knew him best to prick their ears for one of the delightful things which the novelist was continually saying at his own expense. His face fell, however, when he found no one in the room but the maid, who was lighting the wick underneath the plated kettle on the breakfast table.

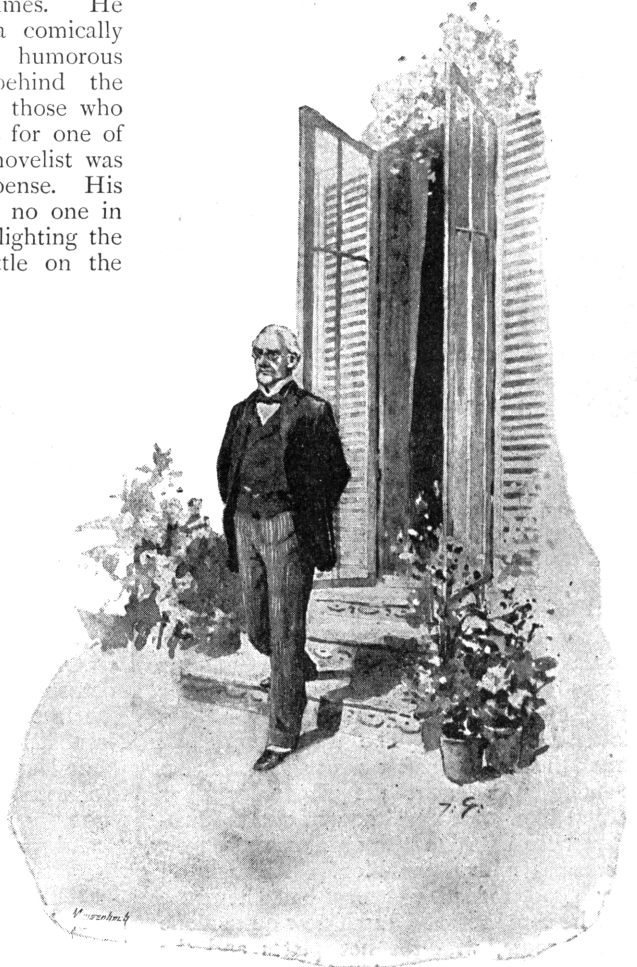
"Has Miss Ida not come down yet?"

"Not that I know of, sir. Shall I go and see?"

"Oh, never mind, never mind," said the novelist, cursorily examining the letters on his plate, and opening none of them. "Well, upon my word, I don't know what has come over Ida," he added to himself, as he undid the fastenings of the French window which led down iron steps into the little London garden behind the house. "Yesterday morning she ran it pretty fine. The day before she was distinctly a minute late. Of course she may be in time yet, but I do wish I could teach her to be five minutes early for everything, as I am. Ida is worse than either of her sisters in this respect; and she began by being the best of the three."

Wolff Mason sighed as he

thought of his daughters. The two elder ones were married and settled, very comfortably, it is true; but if Ida followed their example, what on earth was to become of her unfortunate father? Who was to type-write his manuscript, and correct his proofs, and peel the stamps from the inclosed envelopes of the people who wrote for the novelist's autograph? No, he could not do without Ida at any price; and Mr. Mason shook his head as he passed out into the



"HE PASSED OUT INTO THE FRESH AIR."

fresh air and down the iron steps into the garden. He did more: he shook his daughters, and all creatures of mere flesh and blood, clean out of his mind.

For it was Wolff Mason's habit to spend five minutes in the garden, every morning before breakfast, when it was fine; and when it was not, to walk round the breakfast-table four-and-twenty times. That filled the five minutes which he always spent in the exclusive company of the characters of his current novel. He had been heard to say that he did his day's work in those five minutes; that at the office, where he worked at his novel all the morning, he had only to sit with his pen in his hand for three hours, and two thousand words of fiction were the inevitable result. That part was purely mechanical, the novelist said. He had really written it in the five minutes before breakfast. It is not generally known, however, how curiously Wolff Mason delighted in humorous depreciation of his own work and methods. One would have liked his critics to hear him on this subject; they took his writings so very much more seriously than he did himself, that they little dreamt how highly their clever, elaborate reviews entertained the philosophic object of their censure. It was an open secret that Wolff Mason professed a wholesome and unaffected disregard for posterity and the critics, and if the books that delighted two generations are forgotten by a third, their writer will certainly be remembered as the most charming talker, the kindest-hearted editor, and the most methodical man of letters of his day.

To method and to habit, indeed, the novelist had been a slave all his literary life. This he admitted quite freely. On the other hand, he argued that as his habits were all good ones in themselves (with the possible exception of that ounce of tobacco which he managed to consume daily), while his methods produced a not wholly unsuccessful result, the slavery suited him very well. Certainly it was good to be five minutes early for everything, and to start most things as the clocks were striking. The dining-room clock struck the half-hour after eight as Mr. Mason re-entered and shut the French window behind him. He had thought out the half-chapter for that day with even more than his customary minute prevision. This was all very good indeed. It was bad, however, that he should find himself now quite alone in the room, with the hot plates and the bacon growing cold, the kettle steaming

furiously over the thin blue flame, and no Ida to make the tea.

Mr. Mason took up his position with an elbow on the mantel-piece and one foot to the fire, and stared solemnly at the clock. It was a worse case than yesterday. Two, three, four minutes passed. Then there was a rustle in the hall; light, quick footsteps ran across the room, and a nervous little hand was laid upon the novelist's shoulder. In another instant he was looking down into great dark eyes that were filled with the liveliest contrition, and making a mental note of the little black crescents beneath them.

"Father, dear, can you forgive me?"

"I'll try to, my dear, since you look so—penitent."

He had been about to say "pale." As he kissed the girl's cheek, its pallor was indeed conspicuous. As a rule she had the loveliest colour, which harmonized charmingly with the sweet clear brown of her eyes and hair. Ida Mason was, in fact, a very beautiful and graceful girl, but lately she had grown thin and quiet, and the salt was gone out of her in many subtle ways which did not escape the spectacles of that trained observer, her father. Mr. Mason glanced over the *Times* while his tea was being made, and knew all that was in it before his cup was poured out, the bacon on his plate, and the toast-rack set within easy reach of his hand.

"A singularly dull paper," said he, as he flung it aside and Ida sat down.

"Yes?"

"It is absolutely free from news. At this time of year there's more fun in the papers that lend themselves to egregious contributions from the public. I see, however, that Professor Palliser died last night——"

"Oh? How dreadful!"

"In his ninety-sixth year," added Mr. Mason, dryly, to his own sentence.

"I'm afraid I was thinking of someone else," said Ida, lamely.

"Of me, my dear? Then I *will* take another piece of sugar, if you don't object. The fact is, you didn't give me any at all. No, that's the salt!"

Ida laughed nervously. "I am so stupid this morning! Please forgive me, dear father."

"I hope there is nothing the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"That's right. I fear that the religious novel is to have a most undesirable vogue. The *Times* reviews three in one column. We have to thank 'Robert Elsmere' for this."

"And 'Humphry Ward, Preacher,'" suggested Ida.

The novelist arched his eyebrows and bent forward over his plate. "Exactly," said he, after a slight pause. He did not look at his daughter. Otherwise he would have seen that she was eating nothing, and that her eyes were full of tears. It was plain to him, however, that for some reason or other, into which it was not his business to inquire, it would be unkind to press further conversation upon Ida; to whom he addressed no more remarks, except to thank her, rather more tenderly than usual, for moving his

wedding-day she had been just as proud of her unknown bridegroom as she was now of the celebrated *littérateur*, and had loved the stalwart young fellow of eight-and-twenty only less dearly than the bent old man of sixty-three. He found her with her tea and toast growing cold on the bed-table at her side; she was reading Ida's type-written copy of the novel upon which he himself was then engaged.

"My dear Wolff," Mrs. Mason exclaimed, greeting her husband with the enthusiastic smile which had inspired and consoled him in the composition of so many works of



"HE THANKED HER MORE TENDERLY THAN USUAL."

plate and for pouring out his second cup of tea. Over breakfast the novelist always took half an hour precisely. The clock was striking nine when he rose from his chair and went upstairs to take leave of his wife.

Mrs. Mason was a sweet, frail woman of sixty, who for years had breakfasted in her own room. Without being actually an invalid, she owed it to her quiet mornings upstairs that she was still able to see her friends, when she wished to see them, in the afternoon, and to dine out at moderate intervals. For five-and-thirty years she had been Wolff Mason's guardian angel. On her

fiction, "I am delighted with these last chapters! You have never done better. You might have written the love scenes thirty years ago! But you look put out, dear Wolff. Have they been stupid downstairs?"

"We are all stupid to-day, including my dear wife, if she really thinks much of my love scenes. I cut myself shaving, to begin with. Then Ida was late for breakfast—four minutes late—and for the third time this week. I *am* put out, and it's about Ida. It is not only that she is late, but there are rings under her eyes, and she forgets the sugar in your tea, and when you ask for it



hands you the salt, and when you speak to her she answers inanely. She pulled a long face when I told her that Professor Palliser died last night, though the poor dear old gentleman has been on a public death-bed these eighteen months. She came a fearful howler over a book which she herself has read, to my knowledge, within the last fortnight. For the life of me I can't think what ails her."

"Can you not?"

Mrs. Mason had put down the type-written sheets, and lay gazing at her husband with gentle shrewdness in her kind eyes.

"No, I cannot," said the novelist, defiantly.

"Have you quite forgotten Saltburn-by-the-Sea?"

"I am certainly doing my best to forget it, my dear. A slower fortnight I never spent in my life. There wasn't a single decent library in the place, nor a man in the hotel who knew more than the mere alphabet of whist. Why do you remind me of it, my love?"

"Because that's what ails Ida. She is suffering from the effects of Saltburn-by-the-Sea."

"Look here, my dear, I simply don't believe it."

"But I know it, Wolff. Do listen to reason. Dear Ida has told me everything, and I am sorry to say she is very sadly in love."

"In love with whom?" cried the novelist, who had been pacing up and down the room, after the manner of his kind, but who stopped now at the foot of the bed, to spread his hands out eloquently. "With that young Overton?"

"With that young *Overman*. You were so short and sharp with him, you see, that you never even got hold of his name properly."

"I was naturally short and sharp with a young fellow whom she had only seen two or three times in her life—once on the pier, once in the gardens, once or twice about the hotel. It was a piece of confounded presumption! We didn't even know who or what the fellow was!"

"He put you in the way of finding out, and you said you didn't want to know."

"No more I did," said Wolff Mason.

"You liked him well enough before he proposed to Ida."

"That may have been. He had more idea of whist than any of the others, which is saying precious little. But his proposal was a piece of confounded impertinence, and I told him so!"

"I am sorry you told him so, Wolff," Mrs.

Mason said, softly. "However, the affair is quite a thing of the past. You put a stop to it pretty effectually, and I daresay it was for the best. Only it is right you should know that young Overman and Ida met in Oxford Street yesterday, and that she has not slept all night for thinking about him."

"The villain!" cried Wolff Mason, excitedly. "I suppose he asked her to run away with him?"

"They did not speak. I was with Ida," Mrs. Mason said, calmly. "It was the purest accident. Ida bowed—indeed, so did I—and he took off his hat, but no one stood still or spoke. Ida is troubled because he looked extremely wretched; I, too, can see his eyes now as they looked when we passed him. However, as I say, you put a stop to the matter, and they must both get over it as best they can. I have never blamed you, I think. It *was* very premature, I grant you. My only feeling has been that, as a writer of romance all your days, you showed remarkably little sympathy with a pair of sufficiently romantic young lovers!"

"My dear, I choose to keep romance in its proper place, between the covers of my books. I have more than enough of it there, I can assure you, if I could afford to consult my own taste."

"You can't put in too much of it to suit mine. Your love-story has been the strong point in all your novels, Wolff, and it is still. This new one is of your very best in this respect. I foresee a sweet scene in the boat-house."

"I am in the middle of it now," the novelist said, complacently.

"I have visions of the old General turning up when she is in his arms; I hope you won't let him, Wolff."

"How well you know my work, my love! The General came in and caught them just before I wiped my pen yesterday. It ended the chapter very nicely. I was in good form at lunch."

"And what is going to happen to-day?"

"Can you ask? The General blusters. George behaves like a gentleman, and scores all down the line, for the time being."

"But surely she is allowed to marry him in the end?"

"She always is, my dear, in my books."

Mrs. Mason cast upon her husband a fixed look which turned slowly into a sweet, grave smile. He was still standing at the foot of the bed, but now he was leaning on the brass rail, with his hands folded quietly, and a good-humoured twinkle in his dark eyes.

Whatever he might say about his own books at the club, he enjoyed chatting them over with his wife as keenly as in the sweet, early days when his first book and their eldest daughter appeared simultaneously. He had forgotten *Ida* for the moment, and the pleasant though impossible young man at the seaside; but Mrs. Mason did not mean that moment to be prolonged.

"Ah," said she, "in your books. Twice you have allowed the heroine to marry the hero in your life, too!"

"I was under the impression, my dear, that we were talking about my books."

"But I am thinking about *Ida*. You needn't look at the clock, Wolff. You know very well that you never leave the house before ten minutes past, and it isn't five past yet. You may look at your watch if you like, but you will see that my clock is, if anything, fast. I say that you raised no opposition in the case of either *Laura* or *Hetty*."

"Didn't I?" exclaimed the novelist, with a grim chuckle. "By Jove, I did my worst. If that wasn't very bad, you must remember that we knew all about *Charles* and *Macfarlane*. It wasn't like young *Overton*. By Jove, no!"

"Young *Overman's* is better romance," murmured Mrs. Mason.

"Therefore it is worse real life. I do wish you would see with me that the two things clash if you try to bring them together. Frankly, I wish you wouldn't try, my dear; I make a point of never doing so—that's why I don't live over the shop."

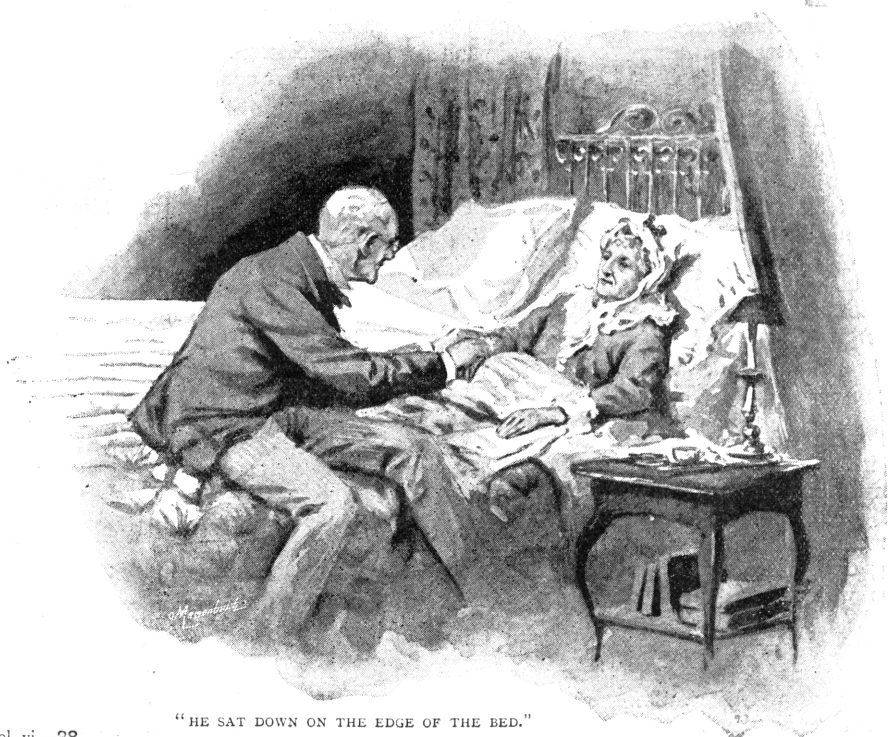
"Wolff, Wolff, say that sort of thing at the club! With me you can afford to be sincere. Why, you have put *Ida's* hair and eyes into every book you have written since she grew up. The things don't clash. If you borrow from *Ida* for your books, I think you ought to be prepared to pay her back out of your books too, and allow her to live happily ever after, like all the rest of your heroines."

There were moments when Wolff Mason realized that the one-sided game of letters has a bad effect on the argumentative side of a man's mind. The present was one. He pulled out his watch again, and replaced it very hurriedly in his waistcoat pocket.

"My love, I really must be going."

"One minute more—just one," pleaded Mrs. Mason, and her voice was as soft as it had ever been thirty-five years ago. "I want your hand, dear Wolff."

The novelist came round to the bedside and sat down for a few moments on the edge of it. During those few moments two frail, worn, thin hands were joined together, and



"HE SAT DOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE BED."

Wolff Mason's spectacles showed him a moisture in his wife's eyes—not tears, but a shining film which only made them more lovely and sweet and kind. That film had come over them in the old days when they were both young and he had told her of his love. On very rare occasions he had described it in the eyes of his dark-eyed heroines, and never without a hotness in his own. He rose suddenly. His hand was pressed.

"You will reconsider it, Wolff?"

"My dear, she is our last."

"My love, we have each other."

Some minutes later, when Wolff Mason had closed the door behind him, he had to open it again to hear what it was that his wife was calling after him. She was saying:—

"Mind you don't make the General *too* inhuman, Wolff, or I shall be disappointed in him and in you too."

The novelist laughed. So did his wife. The secret of their complete happiness was not love alone; it was love and laughter.

Nevertheless, Wolff Mason drove to the office of the *Mayfair Magazine* in a less literary frame of mind than he either liked or was addicted to at this early hour of the day. It is not true that the novelist constructed all his stories in the hansom which deposited him in Paternoster Row at a quarter to ten every morning, and in front of his own door at a quarter past seven every evening. That was the exaggerated statement of the lady journalists who wrote paragraphs about Wolff Mason for the evening papers, but who had never shaken hands with him in their lives. It is a fact, however, that he liked to get out of his hansom with more ideas than he had taken into it. He made it a rule to think only of his work on the drive each way.

But this morning he was breaking all his rules: he had cut himself with his razor; he had left the house five minutes late, owing to a series of little domestic scenes, of which his head was full now as he drove towards the City. He hated scenes outside his books. He treated the psychological moments in his own life as lightly, indeed, as in his novels, but the former worried him. That morning he had kissed Mrs. Mason with all the exuberance of a young man, and on coming downstairs and finding Ida waiting for him with his tall hat and overcoat nicely brushed, and his gloves warmed on both sides, he had kissed her, too, and so fondly as to bring out the same film on her sweet eyes as he had produced a few minutes before in those of her mother.

To begin the day by making people cry was by no means delightful to the kind-hearted gentleman who held it the whole duty of a novelist to make people laugh. He could not get those two pairs of dear eyes, so like each other in every look, out of his head, which was full of everything but his work when he climbed the stairs to the orderly, tobacco-scented room, where he edited *Mayfair* and wrote his own books. The clock on the chimney-piece stood at ten minutes to ten. He was five minutes late at this end, too.

On a little table under the window were arranged the long envelopes and cylinders of manuscripts which had arrived since the day before. Wolff Mason lit a cigarette, and examined the packets without opening them. He always began his official day like this, tossing aside the less interesting-looking mis-sives for his weekly "clean sweep," and leaving on the little table enough for the afternoon—the work of previously accepted contributors, whose handwriting was familiar to the editor. These were the people who gave the trouble, the people who had sent in a good thing once. As a rule, it was some time before they did it twice.

The editor recognised this morning on one of the long envelopes the superscription of a most promising contributor who had done it thrice, but who had lately failed as many times in succession. Wolff Mason had never known a valued contributor go to the bad at such a pace; but this one had done such merry work in the beginning that there was hope for him still. At all events, he could write, and must, therefore, be read carefully. The editor would have read him there and then, in the hopes of a laugh, which he felt he needed, had he not been five minutes late as it was. At three minutes to ten he loaded four brier-wood pipes out of a stone tobacco-jar, set three of them in a row on his desk, and lit the fourth. When the *l'cur* struck the ink was wet on an illegible symbol at the top of a clean sheet of unlined foolscap, and Wolff Mason was glancing over his previous morning's work.

The clock on the chimney-piece had a quiet, inoffensive tick, but this, and an occasional squeal from the novelist's pipe, which was exceedingly foul, were the only sounds within the editorial sanctum between ten and half-past that morning. The ink had dried upon the pen of as ready a writer as ever spun agreeable yarns in good English, but when the half-hour struck all that had been written was the

heading of the new chapter, and the number of the page (with a ring round it) in the right-hand top corner. Some ten minutes later, Wolff Mason put down his first pipe, took up his second, lit it, and began to write. He wrote for an hour, more rapidly and less gracefully than was his wont. Then he flung down his pen, lit the third pipe, and blew clouds of smoke against the square of blue framed by the upper sashes of the double window on his right. The novelist was in trouble. The best character

garden before breakfast. Moreover, for some reason or other, he felt his inventive faculty to be at its lowest vitality to-day. He did not ask himself what the reason was. He had at least got back to the world of fiction, and whatever their effects, the domestic scenes of the early morning were entirely forgotten.

He was aware, however, that this morning he was breaking all his rules. He was about to invent in the room where it was his practice only to write down what he had invented elsewhere. He got up and paced the room in order to do so, and this was another rule broken, for he very seldom stirred from his chair between ten o'clock and one. And now, as he walked, Wolff Mason's eye was caught by the packet from that promising contributor who could write so amusingly when he liked; the novelistic portion of his brain became suddenly submerged by the editorial; and the editor informed himself, with a characteristic chuckle of self-depreciation, that the new man's story would in any event amuse him more than his own was doing at the moment. At any rate he would try it. He had broken so many rules already during the morning, that he caught up the interesting envelope with a certain recklessness, and having lighted his fourth pipe, sat down to read manuscript as calmly as though it were three o'clock in the afternoon instead of the middle of his sacred working morning.

The story, which was quite short, was accompanied by the unpresuming business-like little note which this contributor always forwarded with his literary offerings. It was called "A Good Father," which was not a very good title, but the editor prepared to give it his "careful consideration," in accordance with the pledge embodied in his printed notice to contributors. He pushed his spectacles on to his forehead and began to read with the manuscript held close to his nose. Over the third leaf his fine, thoughtful forehead became scored with furrows; on the fifth he exclaimed "Ha!" Half-way through the story he muttered "Upon my word!" and, a little later, "A most remarkable coincidence." Then his face lost its interested look under the gathering clouds of disappointment, and, as he put the story down on his desk, he said, sadly:—

"Not free from merit—anything but free—



"THE NOVELIST WAS IN TROUBLE."

in his book, the old General, was failing him sadly in the hour of need. It was necessary to the plot that this hearty, weather-beaten warrior should make a complete brute of himself in the boathouse on discovering his only daughter in the embrace of the young poet who inhabited cheap chambers in Mitre Court when he was at home. But the General had treated the poet as his own son hitherto, had taken his daughter to tea at the Mitre Court Chambers, and invited their interesting tenant down to his country house for change of air; and he refused to be so inconsistent. It was a case of inventing something disreputable (afterwards to be disproved) against the poet; the General must just have heard of it to justify his ordering his guest off the premises as the plot demanded. It was necessary and easy, but undeniably conventional, and it distressed the novelist, because he had not foreseen this contingency in the

yet it won't do! This is a young man with a sweet sense of humour, but something has embittered him since he first began to send me his stories. I wish I knew what! He is the most disappointing person I have had to deal with for many a day; a writer after my own heart, which he is half breaking with his accursed, childish cynicism!"

The genuine character of the editor's regrets was obvious (to himself) from the fact that all his observations were made aloud. He very seldom caught himself in the act of soliloquy; it was one more of the set of unusual acts which were destined to stamp the day in the memory of a *littérateur* who notoriously lived and worked by routine. The matter of the unacceptable story, however, suggested an entry in the commonplace book in which he was accustomed to accumulate raw material for future use. He felt happier when he had jotted down a note or two anent the cynicism of the modern young author and his lamentable liking for unhappy endings. The story he had just read ended shockingly, and all owing to the unnatural intervention of an impossible parent, the "Good Father" of the cynical title. Otherwise it was a very good story indeed. The coincidence, however, was quite remarkable. Paternal intervention was the rock on which Wolff Mason's own pen had split that morning. But his old General was not going to run him into an unhappy ending—not he! He turned to that irate personage with positive relief, and saw his way more clearly after the ten minutes he had spent in the company of a much more terrible specimen of the same class. What he did not see was the full force of the coincidence which had caused him to exclaim aloud. It was a double one; but the man of letters lived a double life, and in the atmosphere of fiction had forgotten those unpleasant facts which had come rather painfully under his notice that morning in Kensington.

Another matter worried the writer when the clock struck one and he found himself mechanically wiping the pen that had inscribed only some twelve hundred and fifty words that morning instead of the regulation two thousand. He felt humbled by a sense of failure most mortifying at his age, and though he put away his papers and went off to the club as usual, he was not in his customary spirits, and the younger novelists who listened to his good things, in order to repeat them to their friends, heard nothing worth taking home with them that day. One of the latter, indeed, broached very deftly the subject of

Wolff Mason's books; but the veteran treated the subject with unnatural seriousness, was aware of the unnaturalness himself, and left the club before his time in an evil humour. And evil humours were the greatest rarity of all with the editor of the *Mayfair*, who, indeed, was voted, by common consent, to possess the most charming personality in literary London.

By two-thirty he was back in the editorial chair; the first of a newly-loaded set of pipes was in full blast under his nose, and the remaining contents of the little table under the window were being dealt with carefully and in turn. Not one of them proved to be of any use at all. In each case this kind-hearted man felt it his duty to pen a considerate little letter explaining the reason of rejection in the present instance, and encouraging the unsuccessful contributor to further effort. It is amazing, indeed, and little known, what a talent Wolff Mason had for the composition of kindly little notes of this nature; he made even the rejected love him, for his heartening words, and for the human, sympathetic touches with which he tempered disappointment to his tender young contributors.

Last of all this afternoon he returned to "A Good Father," and glanced over it again with a sigh. Then he took a sheet of *Mayfair Magazine* notepaper, and scrawled the date and "Dear Sir." There he stopped. After a few moments' hesitation, the spoilt sheet was dropped into the waste-paper basket, and a new note begun with "My" thrown in before the "dear Sir." But the editor paused again.

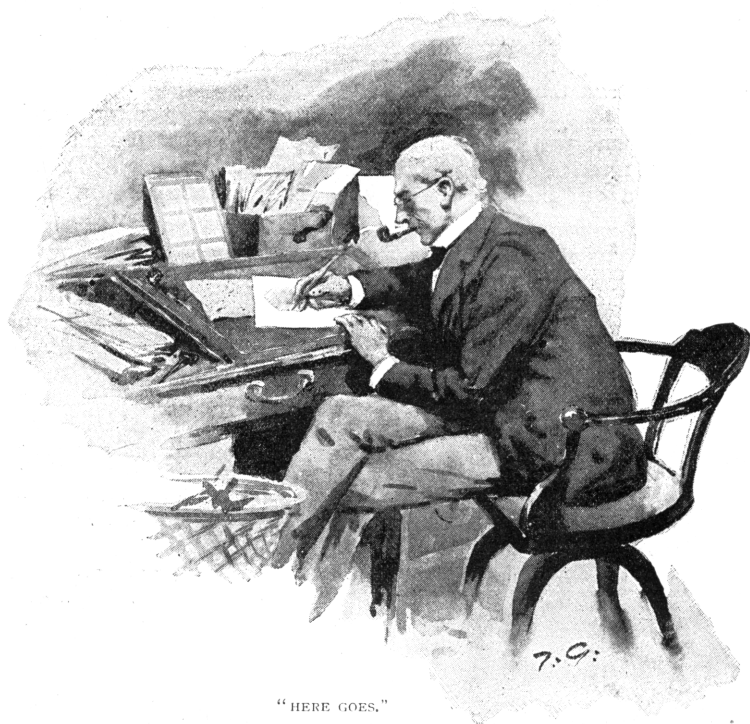
"Confound the fellow," he cried at last, "I'll treat him as a friend! The chances are he'll turn and rend me; but here goes."

The note that was eventually written and posted ran as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Evan Evans,—I think that 'A Good Father' is excellent, but on the whole it does not strike me as being in your best style—which is capital. If I may be permitted to make an unofficial observation, you will, I think, pardon the expression of an old man's regret that a writer with a real sense of humour, like yourself, should subordinate it to what strikes one as an alien melancholy. If you would only write as cheerfully as you did some time back, I should be spared the disappointment of returning your MS., which I shall never do without peculiar and personal regrets.

"Yours very truly,  
WOLFF MASON."





"HERE GOES."

The good editor breathed more freely when he had got this little letter off his mind, and had addressed it to Evan Evans, Esq., 17, Cardigan Mansions, Kensington, W., and fastened up the envelope with his own hand and tongue. It was his last act at the office that day. As he tossed the letter into one basket, and the rejected manuscript into another, the clock on the chimney-piece struck the half-hour after four. And at half-past four in the afternoon, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, with the annual exception of a hateful holiday at some such place as Saltburn, the editor of the *Mayfair Magazine* returned to his club to play whist for an hour and a half precisely, with three kindred spirits as methodical and as enthusiastic as himself.

But this was the exceptional day which proved every rule of Wolff Mason's most ruly life by causing him to break each of them in turn. He played his cards towards evening as amateurishly as he had chosen his phrases in the forenoon. Now what I am about to write down I may never be allowed to print. But at five-thirty-three, by the card-room clock, Wolff Mason, who was more eminent among the few as a whist-player than as a writer of novels, put his last trump on his partner's thirteenth card. I have it on unimpeachable

authority. A few minutes later the rubber came to an end, and, instead of playing out time, as the custom was with this sporting quartette, the novelist complained of a slight faintness (which explained everything) and left the club twenty minutes before six for the first time for many years.

One of the other three saw him into his hansom. He said that the air entirely revived him. It might have done so, if there had ever been anything the matter with him. He ailed nothing, however, save extreme and cumulative mortification ;

and the four winds of heaven, chasing each other round his temples as he drove westward, could not have blown that out of his respected head.

He could no longer feel surprised at anything that he might do, or say, or think. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of the park he managed to think upon Evan Evans's latest story, now on its way back to that uneven contributor, and it seemed only natural that the shrewdest, most experienced magazine-editor in London should question the wisdom of his late decision in a way that would have made him laugh on any other occasion. He did not laugh now. The optimist of letters was in an incredibly pessimistic mood, in which the story he had refused seemed to him an ideal one for the magazine. He thought of his valued and most promising contributor, Evan Evans, of the manuscript now on its way back to him, of the possible effect of the rejection of so good a story upon a sensitive young man with a knowledge of other markets. Then he thought of this contributor's address, which was quite close to his own, and of the twenty minutes which he had in hand owing to his premature departure from the club. A word on the spur to the cabman, a sharp turn to the left, some easy driving along a

quiet street, and the cab pulled up before the respectable portals of Cardigan Mansions, Nos. 11-22, whereof the stout attendant in uniform came forward and threw back the panels.

In another minute Wolff Mason was pressing the electric bell outside No. 17 on the second floor, and reflecting, with a qualm, that he was about to intrude upon a rejected contributor whom he had never seen—a truly startling reversal of a far too common editorial experience of his own. An elderly servant opened the door.

"Is Mr. Evans at home?"

"Mr. Hevans, sir?"



"IS MR. EVANS AT HOME?"

The servant looked as vacant as a woman need.

"Mr. Evan Evans," said the editor, distinctly, and with a smile as it struck him that there was no occasion in the world for him to leave his name. But a light had broken over the crass face of the elderly door-opener.

"Oh, I know, sir! He *is* in. Will you step this way?"

There was no drawing back now. Mr. Mason stepped boldly across the threshold and the door closed behind him. In the nice little passage the servant squeezed by him and paused with her fingers on

the handle of a door upon the right-hand side.

"What name shall I say, please, sir?"

"Mr. Wolff Mason."

A moment later, the novelist-editor found himself standing in a more charming study than he himself owned to that day. It was all books and pictures, and weapons and pretty curtains, and comfortable chairs and handy tables. A good fire was burning, and on the right of it was a desk so placed that the writer looked out into the room as he sat at his work. The writer was sitting there now. He was a very young man, with a pipe in his mouth and a pen in his hand,

and as he leant forward with the utmost eagerness, and the light of his writing lamp fell full upon his youthful face, Wolff Mason had not the slightest difficulty in recognising Ida's presumptuous suitor of Saltburn-by-the-Sea.

"How do you do, Mr. Mason?" the young fellow said, coming forward with his hand frankly outstretched; but the other hesitated before taking it in his.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Evan Evans?"

"That is the name I — write stories under."

"Exactly. Your other name is not my concern. I don't seek to know it, Mr. Evans."

The editor was smiling grimly, but his gloved hand was now extended. Now, however, that of the young man went coolly into his trousers' pocket as he looked his visitor steadily in the face. They were grey flannel trousers, with yellow slippers at one end of them and a Norfolk jacket at the other. The editor's smile

had turned to a look of interest.

"I called to see you about a little story, Mr. Evans."

"You have done me a very great honour, sir. Won't you sit down? Do you find it warm? Shall I open the window?"

"Not at all, not at all. I won't detain you a moment, and I won't sit down in one of your chairs, because they look comfortable and I am stiff—though you wouldn't think it from my breaking in upon you like this, would you?"

Having shown very plainly that it was not his intention to recognise any former acquaintance, and seeing his young host take

the cue from him in a way that was at once manly and gentlemanly, Mr. Wolff Mason was now behaving in his own most charming fashion, which was very charming indeed to a young unknown beginner from a favourite old author whose name had been a household word for a quarter of a century at least. The beginner felt that if he had gauged the character of Wolff Mason correctly, when they first met at the seaside, he would never have concealed the identity of Jack Overman with Evan Evans. His remembrance of the old man's hardness upon a young one was forced to the back of his mind by the great editor's kindness towards his utterly unknown contributor.

"I'll stand here, if I may, with my back to your fire. I looked in about the very clever little story you sent me yesterday."

The young author's face brightened till it quivered.

"That was, indeed, most kind of you."

"Not at all, my dear sir. I was passing close to you, on my way home, and I was bothering about your story. I admire your work, but I don't altogether admire this story. My dear fellow, it ends too sadly altogether!"

"No other ending was possible," the young man said, firmly. "So I felt, and one must write as one feels."

"Must you?" said the veteran novelist, smiling blandly into the boyish, eager face. "Surely all things are possible to him who writes—unless, to be sure, he takes himself seriously!"

This, however, was not very seriously said, for Wolff Mason had turned round and was peering at the photographs on and over the mantelpiece. Suddenly he pushed his spectacles on to his forehead and thrust his head close to a framed portrait, which had a piece of stamp-paper stuck upon the glass so as completely to cover the face. But the name was in print underneath upon the mount.

"May I ask, young man," inquired Mr. Mason, a minute later, as he favoured his contributor with a very comical stare, "why you have my photograph on the wall, in the first place; and, in the second, why the deuce you cover up my face?"

"You must ask the man who lives with me. He may come in any moment now."

"Did he do it, or did you?"

"He did."

"Really, I should like to know why!"

"Well, then, he bought me your photograph when you were accepting my stories; and he hid it because he said——"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He talked rot."

"Out with it!"

"He said you'd certainly live to hide it yourself on my account. I'm afraid that he unduly admires my stuff. He's a fellow who is full of sympathy——"

"And not free from humour—by no means free!" cried Mr. Mason, laughing at the top of his voice (as he had never, never laughed at Saltburn-by-the-Sea). "But seriously, you are ending your later stories far too sadly. To come back to your last one—though I'm afraid it's coming back to you. I rejected it, and then, as I was driving home, I thought you would perhaps alter it, if I called and asked you before you sent it elsewhere. Don't you think you could soften your good father—just at the end?"

"I couldn't," said the young fellow, with a candid stare; but his eyes fell under the cool, kindly scrutiny of the elderly man, who continued gazing at the well-shaped head, on which the hair was perhaps a trifle long and untidy. For once that day Wolff Mason was the equal of the occasion, and he had known it from the first moment of entering. The occasion, moreover, was the very one to which he would have desired to rise.

"Why couldn't you, my dear fellow?"

"Because it isn't life."

"Are you so sure that you know life?"

"I know it as I find it," said the young fellow, bitterly; and there was a pause.

"Well, at any rate, you know that I like your stories."

"I am thankful to hear it."

"I want to accept them——"

"You are very kind."

"As many of them as ever you can write, and some day a long novel. I believe in you."

"Oh, sir, you are more than kind—to a private in the army of which you yourself are the Commander-in-Chief!"

"My good Overton, why on earth didn't you tell me you were that three months ago? Not that you're a private at all."

Two frail hands were laid on the young man's shoulders. It was the private receiving his epaulettes. He answered quickly:—

"My other name isn't Overton. It's Overman; but you don't want to know it, whatever it is. You said it wasn't your concern!"

"Ah, well, but the man who is to make the name famous is becoming my very grave concern. You should have let me know that you were in the service, my boy."

"Not when I was such a raw recruit! The Commander-in-Chief was more likely to fraternize with a civilian."

"Confound the boy," cried Wolff Mason, "but you were perfectly right!"

"Then it was your magazine that I was writing for—you were the one man in England who could help me on—the whole situation was so liable to misconstruction!"

"It was—it was. And you never brought me an introduction nor asked for an interview, nor wrote me a single superfluous line!"

"I wanted you to accept my stuff," said the young fellow, smiling.

But behind his spectacles the editor's eyes sparkled for an instant with something more

than human kindness. He had made the grand discovery of his editorial life. He had discovered the ideal contributor, and for the moment he could only think of him as a young man of letters. Now, however, his right hand had found its way into that of young Overman, as he said, with a comic solemnity:—

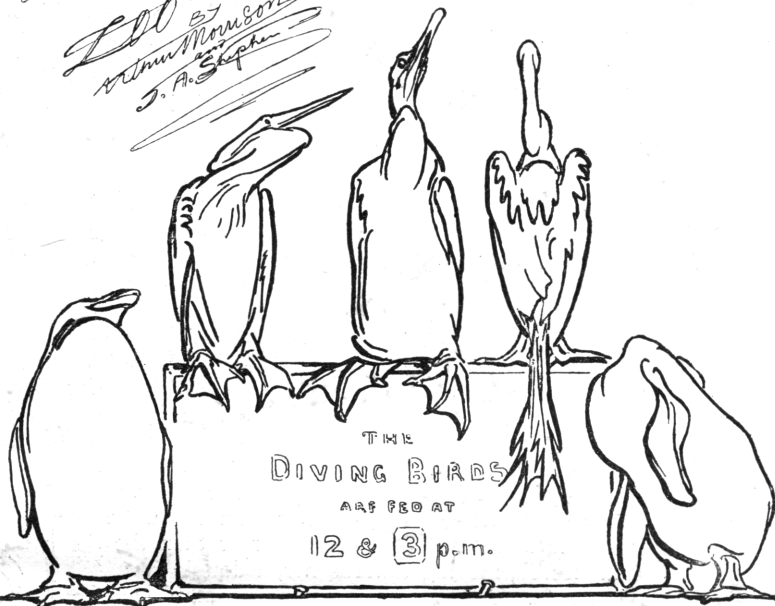
"Look here, Overton, I was five minutes late in leaving the house this morning. For once in a way I don't mind if I'm five minutes late in getting back. I think that all you need do is to shave, though Ida might prefer you in another pair of bags and slippers. You can't improve upon that Norfolk jacket—but—but you and I must have another talk about the end of your story!"



"YOU AND I MUST HAVE ANOTHER TALK ABOUT THE END OF YOUR STORY!"

146 LABS AT THE

ZOO BY  
William Morrison  
J. A. Shepherd



### XVIII.—ZIG-ZAG PISCINE.

THIS is a Zig-Zag performed by Alice, one of the darters that live at the end of the fish-house—for it is in accordance with the general zig-zaggedness of things that the most popular residents in the fish-house are the birds. The diving birds are penguins, shags, and darters, and the darters are Jack and



Alice. Many may remember the famous ballad beginning—

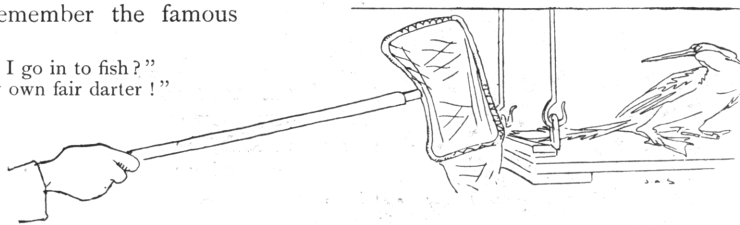
"Keeper may I go in to fish?"

"Oh, yes, my own fair darter!"

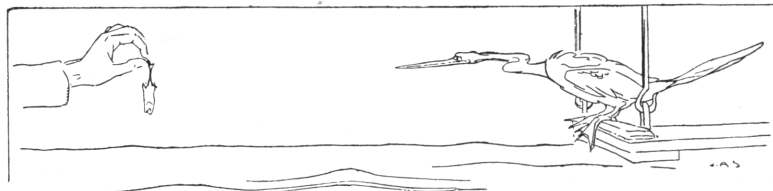
although probably they won't. The darter therein referred to is popularly supposed to have been Alice.

It is probably because of her name that Alice had this remarkable dream, although Waterman (which is the name of the keeper—a man evidently born for the fish-house) thinks it was because of swallowing Jack's dinner as well as her own. Alice certainly had done very well—she always does—and was well

disposed for sleep. Jack went quietly and respectfully home to his cage, but Alice stayed on the diving-board, dozing. Waterman reached for her with the net, and for a moment aroused her



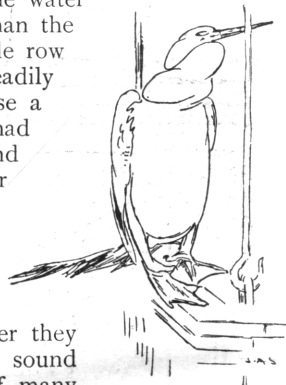
COERCION.



CONCILIATION.

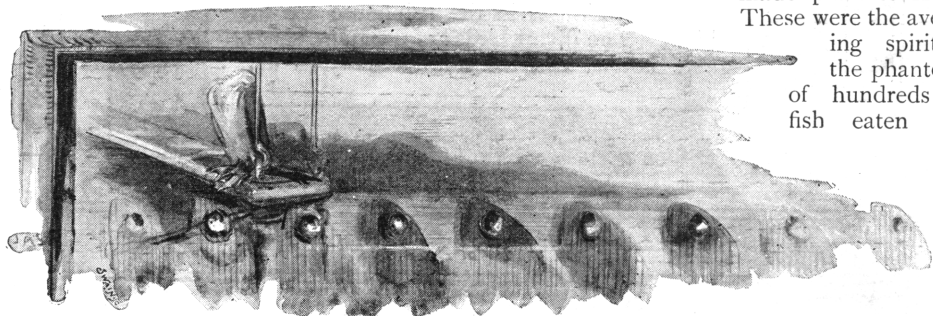
senses by the display of a roach, but Alice remembered that she was loaded to the sinking-line already, and forbore. Waterman was called away, and Alice slept.

Now as Alice slept she dreamed. And it was this. In the water below her (where she knew she had left nothing living larger than the natural animalcula) there appeared, moving towards her, a double row of great phosphorescent fishy eyes. Then between each pair of steadily upturned eyes she saw, as is usual, a nose. Then below the nose a pale, ghastly, half-open mouth. It was shuddersome. Alice had never before seen any fish that she did not welcome gladly and take inside with promptitude. But these fish, all with their noses pointing upward and their unnaturally large eyes fixed upon her—these she knew at once, by instinct, were not to be eaten. There is no record, even in the transactions of the Psychical Research Society, of an edible ghost. These awful-eyed fish passed beneath the diving-board on which she stood, and, strangely enough, Alice could see their eyes as plainly after they had passed out of sight as before. Then a weird, mysterious sound gathered about her, intensifying into a loud wail—the wail of many hundreds of fishy spirits repeating the words of the mystic inscription over the tank: "The diving birds are fed at twelve and three p.m."

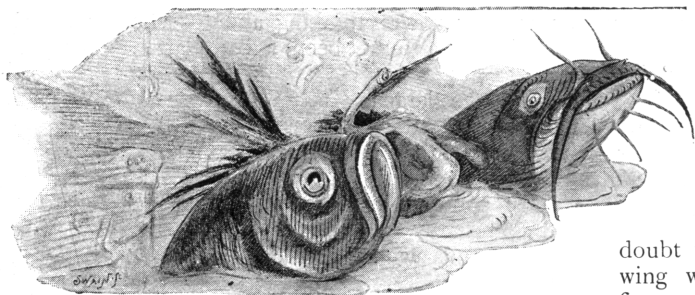


LOADED.

Thus was the case made plain to Alice. These were the avenging spirits—the phantoms of hundreds of fish eaten and



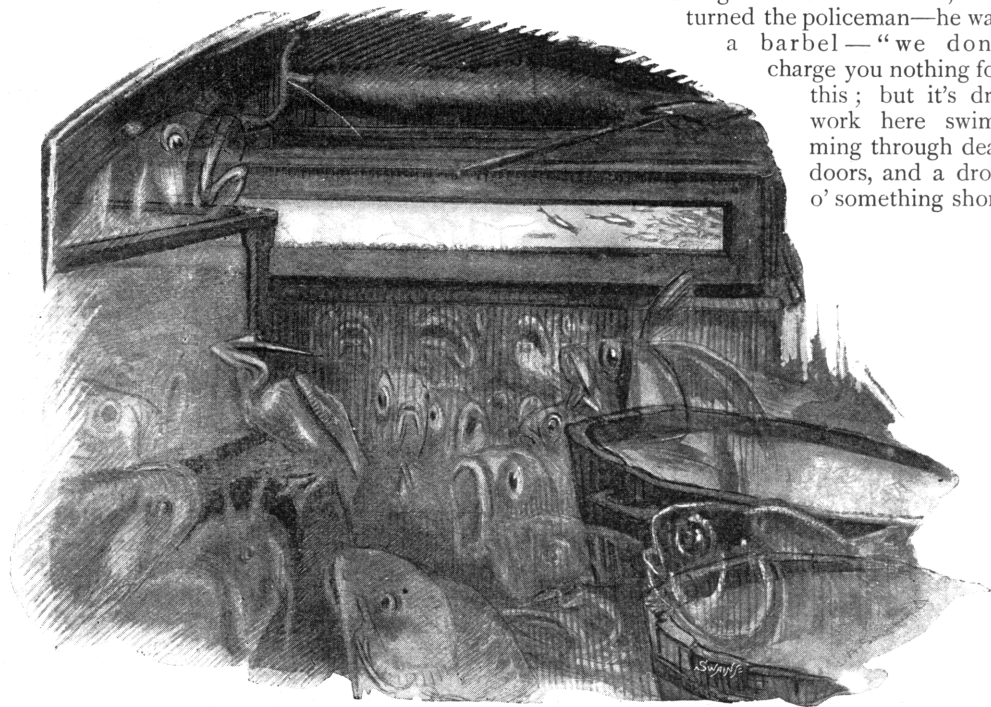
THE VISION.



IN CUSTODY.

side of her. "You're wanted, young person," said a gruff voice at one side, and "Better come quietly!" said another, on the opposite side. "Never you mind wot for," pursued the first voice, as though Alice had asked, which she hadn't; "*you'll* find that out soon enough at the station." And "It's our dooty to warn you," added the second voice, "that anything you say'll be took down as evidence ag'in you." "All right," Alice replied, with a conciliatory flutter, "I won't say anything." "Says she won't say anything," remarked the second voice, "take that down; it's important." All this time they were moving serenely along through the glass, the frames of the cases and the walls of the house, into the black shed of doom at the back where none but keepers go and the fated fish that feed the diving birds. "You're remanded here," Alice's left-hand captor informed her, "till the sessions." "But I haven't been charged yet," protested Alice.

"Charged? O' course not," returned the policeman—he was a barbel—"we don't charge you nothing for this; but it's dry work here swimming through deal doors, and a drop o' something short

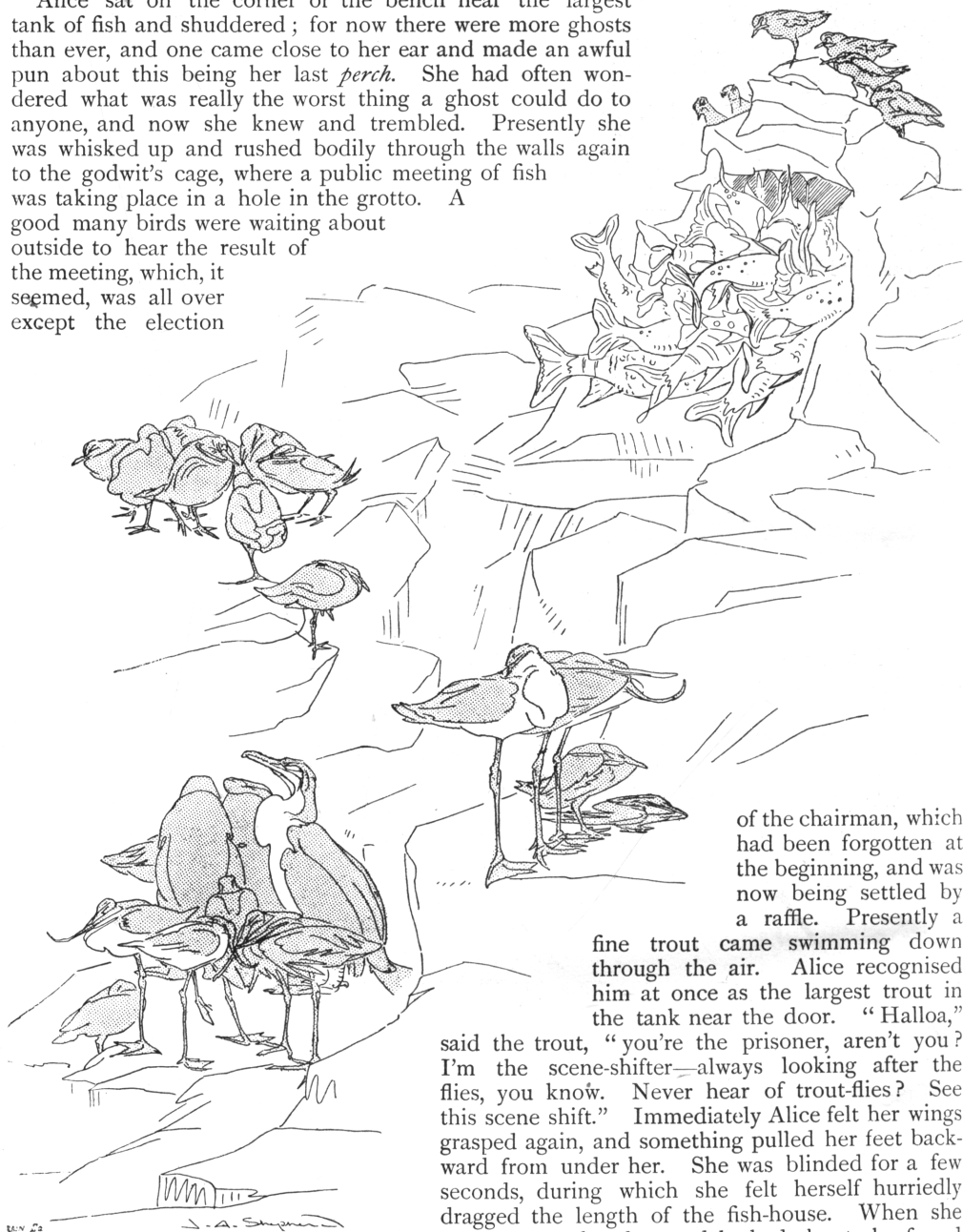


THE SHED OF DOOM.

now——" "Look here," said Alice, as an idea struck her, "can't this be squared?" "No," answered the barbel, gloomily, "you can't square a ghost, you know; everything drops through his pockets. That's the worst of being a ghost. Take down that she tried to square us," he added to his mate; "it's scandalous." Nothing was taken down, however, and Alice wondered whether either had been to one of the schools of fish she had heard

of. "Look here," said the barbel, "I know what you're thinking about—schools; board schools, because you used to board on them. Ah, you've been a bad darter. But you mustn't think. It isn't allowed."

Alice sat on the corner of the bench near the largest tank of fish and shuddered; for now there were more ghosts than ever, and one came close to her ear and made an awful pun about this being her last *perch*. She had often wondered what was really the worst thing a ghost could do to anyone, and now she knew and trembled. Presently she was whisked up and rushed bodily through the walls again to the godwit's cage, where a public meeting of fish was taking place in a hole in the grotto. A good many birds were waiting about outside to hear the result of the meeting, which, it seemed, was all over except the election



IN THE GROTTO.

of the chairman, which had been forgotten at the beginning, and was now being settled by a raffle. Presently a

fine trout came swimming down through the air. Alice recognised him at once as the largest trout in the tank near the door. "Halloa,"

said the trout, "you're the prisoner, aren't you? I'm the scene-shifter—always looking after the flies, you know. Never hear of trout-flies? See this scene shift." Immediately Alice felt her wings grasped again, and something pulled her feet backward from under her. She was blinded for a few seconds, during which she felt herself hurriedly dragged the length of the fish-house. When she was set upon her feet and looked about she found that the place was fitted as a court of justice. "Ah!" said the trout in her ear, "that's something

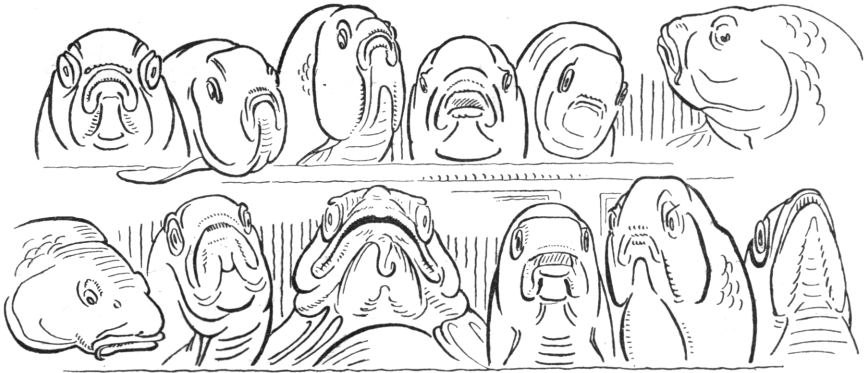
like a system of scene-shifting; a little invention of my own. You shift the spectator—saves lots of trouble. System extensively adopted by the police." Alice was standing in the dock. One of the pike was judge—the big pike from the end tank. The jury were



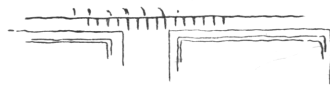
HIS LUDSHIP.

"come to lunch with me!" At which invitation the unlucky bullhead fainted away, and all the other fish tried to look as if they thought it served him right. "Now

packed—very tightly—in a box on the left. Alice wondered whether it might put the Court in a good humour to refer to it casually as the sardine-box, but decided to save the idea for an emergency. The judge looked severely about him, and from time to time snapped his jaws sharply, at which all the jury jumped nervously. Presently the judge snapped very loudly and asked, "What's the charge?" At this the bullhead appeared dragging a board, which he displayed. It was the board from above the tank. On it were inscribed the words—"The Diving Birds are fed at twelve and three p.m." "Oh, that's the charge, is it?" said the judge in a loud voice. "And pray, sir, who are you?" "I'm the bullhead, me lud," replied that unfortunate, very frightened. "I am for the prosecution." "Then what do you mean, sir, by coming into court with no horns?" "Beg your pardon, me lud," quavered the bullhead, "but I've got none—none of us have." "What, no horns?" said the judge. "I humbly apologize," replied the bullhead, trembling all over. "Don't argue, sir," roared the judge, savagely;



there'll be no speech for the prosecution," said the judge, "and that'll save time. And there'll be nobody to call witnesses for the prosecution, and that'll save time too. There's too much of this dilatory legal formality, delaying meals. Where's the evidence of arrest?" At this a carp stepped into the witness-box. "Well, constable," asked the judge, "did you arrest the prisoner?" "No, yer ludship," said the carp. "Is that what you've come to prove?" "Yus, yer ludship," responded the carp. "Oh, I see," said the pike, "the plan will be to call everybody who *didn't* arrest her, so as to make quite sure of that first?"

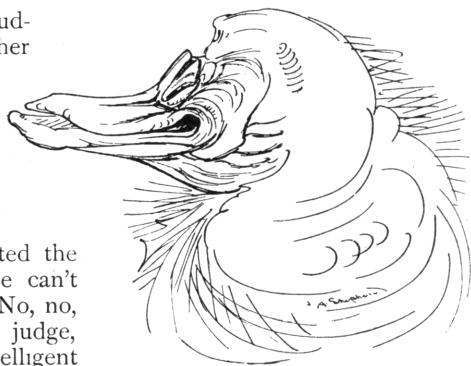


PACKED.

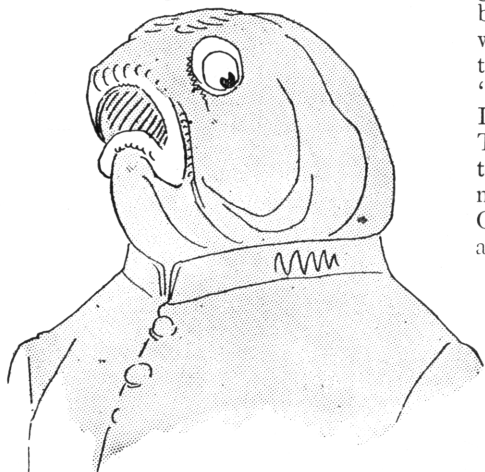


THE CHARGE.

His lordship seemed amused. "Jest so, yer ludship," answered the carp. "That'll be rather slow," said the judge, "and I want my lunch soon. Would *you* like to come to lunch with me?" His lordship looked more amused than ever, but the carp turned pale and gasped. "Because, you know," the judge pursued, "if you *wouldn't*, you'd better say who *did* arrest the prisoner, and save time." "Ghosts, me lud, ghosts!" ejaculated the carp; "we can't call 'em—they're ghosts. We can't call ghostes from the nasty deep, me lud." "No, no, of course not, my poor fellow," replied the judge, soothingly; "of course not. You're a most intelligent carp, and I'm delighted to have met you. Just come to lunch with me to-day, will you?" At this the carp



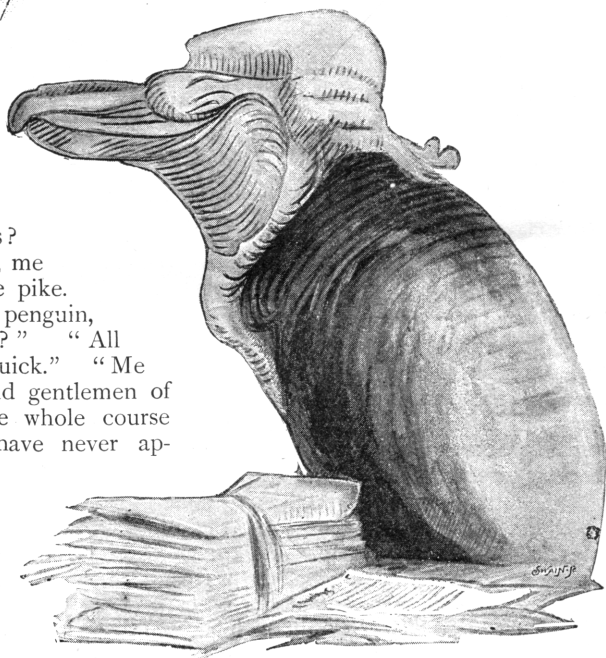
HIS LUDSHIP IS AMUSED.



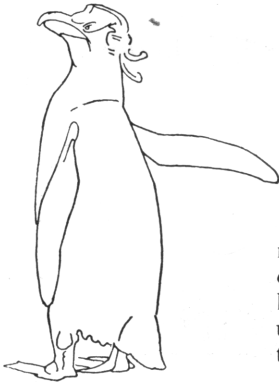
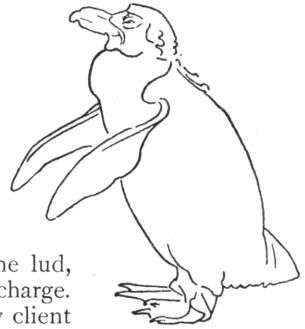
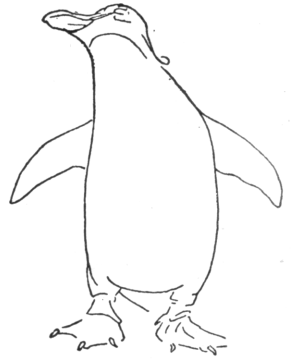
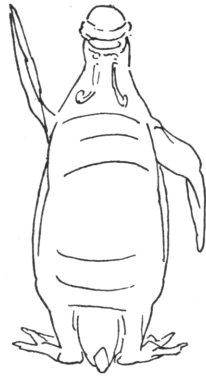
P.C. CARP.

here?" "No, me lud, in the next pond—Spiers and Pond." The judge looked disappointed. "Ah! hum!" he said, "um—not here; well, who said she was? Proceed." "I appear in this case, me lud." "Well, who for?" asked the pike. "I don't care, me lud," said the penguin, "suppose we say the prisoner?" "All right," replied the pike, "be quick." "Me lud," began Mike, with a bow, "and gentlemen of the jury" (with another), "in the whole course of my professional experience I have never approached any case whatever, having, unfortunately, been too frequently called to the bar. The barmaid always—but that is another story. Unaccustomed as I am to public-hou—I beg pardon—public speaking, I feel, me lud, that on this occasion if I failed to plead the cause of my

gave a despairing cry and fell out of the witness-box. "I wonder why they don't like lunching with the judge!" Alice thought. "Somebody's thinking in court," shouted the pike, excitedly. "I won't have it. The next person who thinks, I'll commit to my lunch for contempt of Court." Then Alice thought she knew why nobody liked to be present at the judge's lunch. At this moment Mike, the penguin, came waddling into Court as fast as he could in a wig and gown and wiping his beak on his sleeve. "Hope I haven't kept the Court waiting, me lud," said Mike, "but I've only just been called to the bar. The barmaid said——" "Stop!" said the judge, "is the barmaid



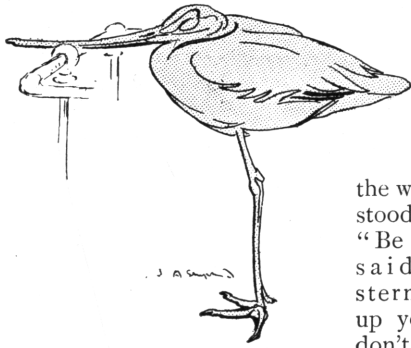
"ME LUD!"



unfortunate client with all my force and all my strength and all my power, that I—in fact, that I should not succeed in bringing these various qualities into requisition in this particular case. Me lud, my client is charged with being fed at twelve and three. I fail, me lud, to see the gravity of this charge. I am authorized to say that my client will gladly consent to be fed on as many more occasions as the Court may consider proper. As to the few trifling murders involved, that, my lud, I contend is a matter too small for the consideration of this Court. Murder, as we all know, is a small failing practised by the most honourable birds and fish every day. Even your ludship yourself has lunch. The same hand that ministers unto my unfortunate client at twelve and three provides lunch, me lud and gentlemen of the jury, for all of us. What! did you never see the keeper? Did you never hear of a jolly young Waterman? Me lud and gentlemen, you with darters—'erring darters, I may say—of your own, I—I throw myself upon—the nearest chair, and implore you to remember the temptation to which my client has been subjected, and how pleasant you would be fried yourselves." The penguin, pulling out an immense handkerchief, flung himself on a chair where the grey mullet had placed a bent pin.







THE GODWIT.

diately put down his other foot and straightened up. "I have heard," said the penguin, "of people coming into court without a leg to stand on." At this a gudgeon laughed, and was immediately taken into custody for the judge's lunch. "Now then, sir," said the judge to the godwit, "tell us what you know." "I don't know anything," said the godwit; "it saves so much trouble."

Rising again immediately, and dropping his handkerchief, the penguin put the grey mullet into his pocket and said: "Call the godwit."

The godwit hopped into the witness-box and stood on one leg. "Be careful, sir," said the pike, sternly. "Hold up your head, and don't stand on one leg. It's insolent!"

The godwit im-



"BE CAREFUL, SIR!"

mediately put down his other foot and straightened up. "I have heard," said the penguin, "of people coming into court without a leg to stand on." At this a gudgeon laughed, and was immediately taken into custody for the judge's lunch. "Now then, sir," said the judge to the godwit, "tell us what you know." "I don't know anything," said the godwit; "it saves so much trouble."

"Did you ever see the prisoner committing murders at twelve and three?"

asked the penguin. "No, never!"

"Why was that?"

"Because the centre tanks were in the way," answered the godwit, "and I couldn't see her at all."

"There, me lud," cried the penguin, triumphantly; "here is an irreproachable witness who didn't see the crime; what do you ask more

than that? Further, there is proof that he couldn't have seen it. I have any number of witnesses to testify the same thing. Call the avocet."

"Call the *what*?" said the usher, very loudly. He was deaf, and a flounder. "Call the *what*?" "Never mind," said the penguin. "That ain't what you said before," roared the usher; "don't you go playin' jokes on me." The avocet was already in the witness-box behind the usher, and while the penguin and the flounder shouted at one another the judge suddenly leaned over and snapped the witness up. He sank back in his chair placidly munching the avocet, while the jury, who had been attempting to unlock their box and sneak away before the pike's lunch-time, all stared with such hushed astonishment that the cod-sounds (the foreman was a cod) could be heard distinctly all over the court. When at last the avocet's legs had finally vanished, the judge, leaning back complacently, said, "I don't think we'll wait for that witness; he seems to have disappeared. Hope nothing's

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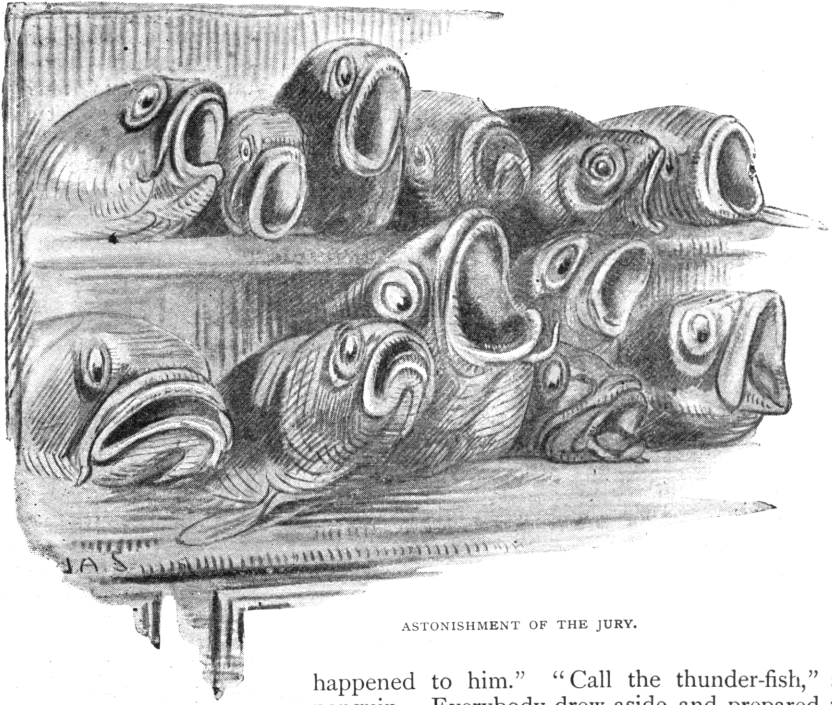
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ATTENTION.



DISAPPEARANCE OF THE WITNESS.



ASTONISHMENT OF THE JURY.

happened to him." "Call the thunder-fish," said the penguin. Everybody drew aside and prepared to make way for something tremendous. "Here I am," said a very small voice in court, and a fish about four inches long wriggled shyly into the box. "Tell the jury what you know of the case," said the penguin. "The case? Oh, yes—the case," the thunder-fish replied, nervously; "it's a very good case, I'm sure. Glass sides and an iron frame; I've nothing to complain of in the case, except that sometimes one runs his nose against the glass without thinking. I *have* heard it called an aquarium. But, then——"

"What do they call you a thunder-fish for, you wretched tittlebat?" demanded the judge. "I don't know, I'm sure," answered the thunder-fish, meekly, "unless it's because it's easy to spell on the label; some ain't." "Oh!" said the pike, and swallowed the thunder-fish. "I was going to invite that witness to lunch with me," he went on, after a pause, "but I shan't now."

Bill, the shag, was called, and examined by the penguin. "How are you?" "Pretty bobbish." Here a voice from the gallery cried "Bobbish!" why, you ain't got a bob in the world; you're only three-pence an ounce." "Who is that person?" asked the judge, angrily. "That's the tittlebat," said the usher; "if I hadn't got both eyes on one side of my head, I shouldn't have seen him." "Here, come," protested the tittlebat, "*you're* not a whale, you know. I may be a tittlebat now, but I have been whitebait—shall be again soon." "Ah!" mumbled the flounder to himself, "sometimes I'm a sole!" "If it hadn't been the tittlebat," said the pike, "I'd invite him to lunch for his disrespect. But it's no use asking tittlebats to lunch—you're as hungry as ever afterwards. That's why



BILL.



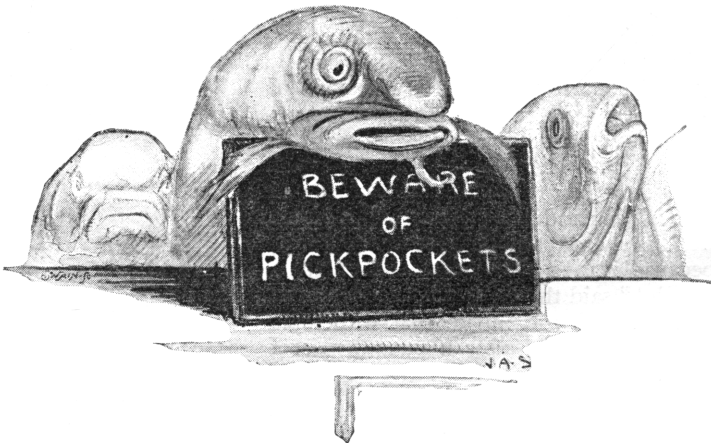
"I WON'T HAVE IT!"

another case." Then, turning to the jury, he snapped, "What's your verdict?" The jury trembled and tried to hide behind each other. "We—we'll think about it, me lud," said the foreman. "What!" cried the judge, excitedly; "think in this court? I won't have it—it's disrespectful. Anybody caught thinking will be committed to my lunch for contempt of Court. I won't have it." Whereupon he immediately fell asleep. "Well, your ludship," said the foreman, "as we mustn't think, and there's only two notice-boards in the house, and one was used for the charge, we shall have to use the other for the verdict. 'Beware of Pickpockets,' me lud." But the pike snored on, and so did Alice.

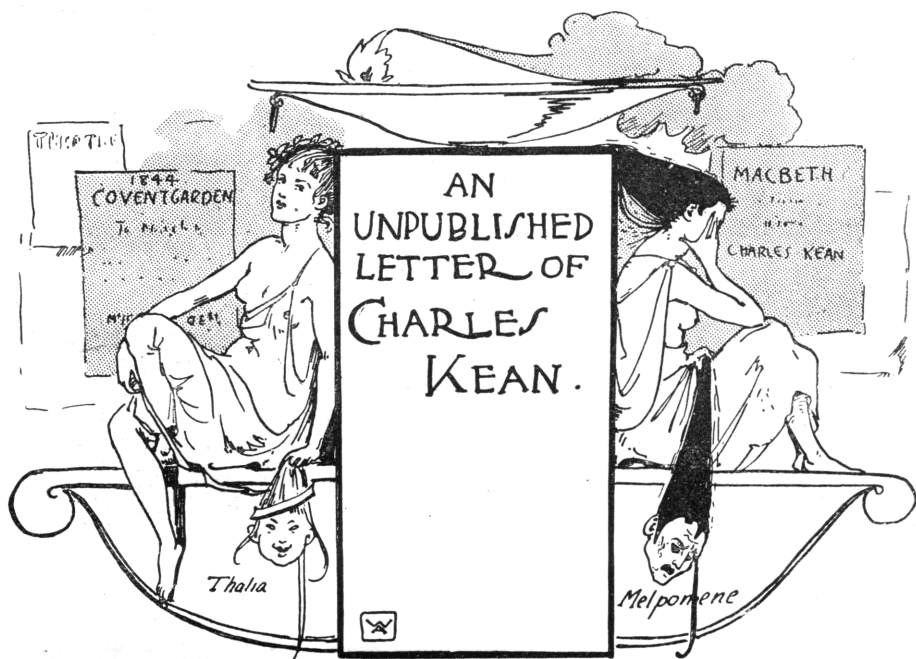
he's impudent." The penguin resumed the examination. "You are a diving bird of some experience yourself," he said. "Now tell me how often are you fed?" "Often?" replied the shag, with contempt; "it ain't often; it's only twice a day. Call that often?" Here the judge interposed. "Let's have the verdict now," he said, "and then there will be more time for lunch. If this is a good witness you can call him some other time, you know—in



SLUMBER.



THE VERDICT.



**S**IR,—It is my custom never to answer *anonymous* letters, but in the present instance I cannot do otherwise than meet your communication in the same kind and friendly spirit in which it is sent. You may well allude to the “envenomed teeth” of those “factious vipers” of the Press. They have struggled hard to crush my energy, and disappoint my hopes, and I believe I can proudly boast of being the *only actor* on record who has run a successful career without their aid. *All* others have had some portion in their favour. I have scarcely had a solitary instance. *And why? Because I will not know them.*

The gentlemen!! of the Press as they *call themselves* are with *very* few exceptions low and vulgar men who write from prejudice or personal feeling.

One of the only tragedians of the present day was as much their victim ten years since, as I am now—but feasts and banquets have changed their tone and they hail with rapture in his public life, the man who feeds them in his Private Home. There is not one of those who shoot their spite at *me*, that are not the *dinner* companions of another. Mr. Knowles from my first start on the road of public life was filled with “envy, hatred,

and malice,” and the position I gained in defiance of his prophecy, a Position which enabled me to act with generosity towards him, has only increased his spleen towards one whose right he questions to ride “in his own carriage while *he* walks.” Conscientiously can I declare that my life has been devoted to the service of my Profession, and to the assistance of its members, but ingratitude and unkindness have been my only reward. I have dwelt too long on this subject but I feel it keenly. Respecting the observations made by Mr. Knowles in his lecture, I have only followed “the same *unwarrantable absence of mind*” that was exhibited by *Kemble*—my father—and *Macready* and is one of the hereditary points of the play, for *each Macbeth* has obliged *Lenore* to repeat the question of the *King’s deposition*. I see no necessity for it, nor no very great objection. Respecting again the clashing of the daggers—that has been mere *accident*, without any object whatever in it. I never dreamt of calling Lady Macbeth’s attention by any such absurd means, but if in the natural expression of the moment I clasp my hands, and the daggers *should* clash in consequence, I cannot understand why the critick should presume any such intention! and none but an *enemy*



would. I cannot for one moment agree with your friendly suggestion of "Liar and Slave." In this position nothing can be overdrawn in "the fearful look." Reflect for one moment on the inward feelings of the King when he hears that what he considered an impossibility, (and on which he rests his whole life and soul), has suddenly happened and in one second, I may say, he finds himself cast to Perdition. Oh, no no, no, nothing can be *too* fearful at such a time.

I am much pressed for time or I would write more in detail. Let me assure you however that I am *really* grateful for your kind expressions, and for the interest you take in

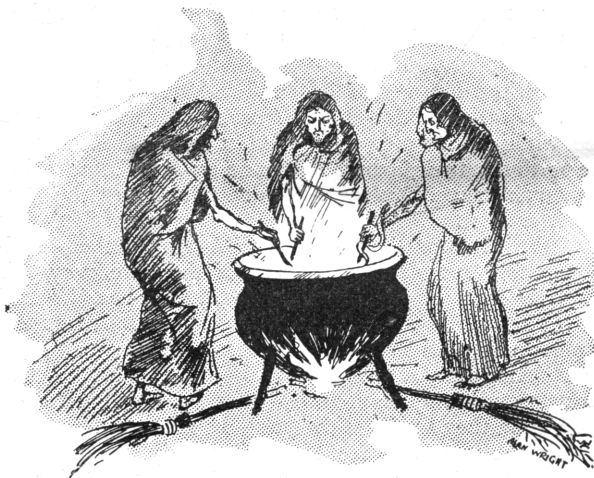
CHARLES KEAN.

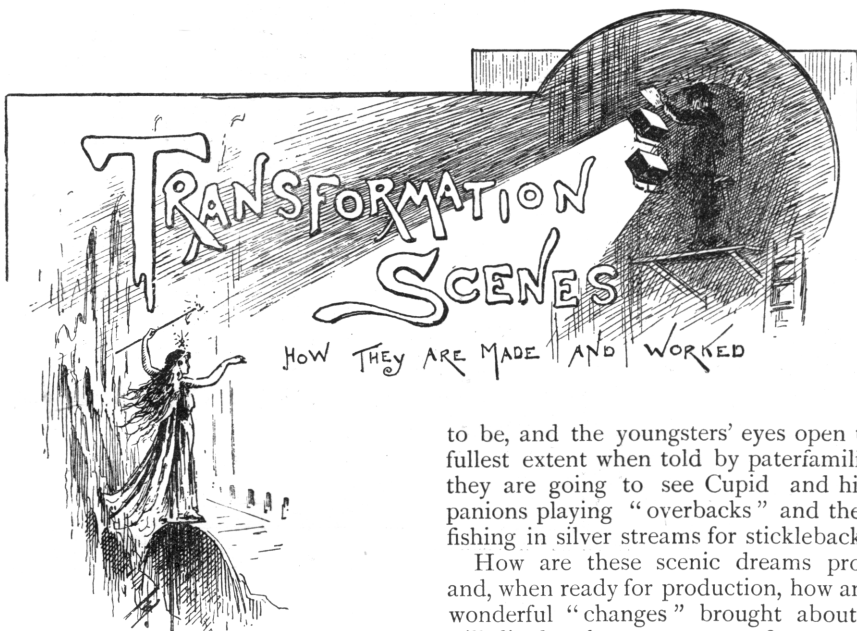
We leave London for Scotland immediately.

16 March 1844. 119 Park St.

P.S.—I agree with you that "face and manner" may not be sufficiently expressive of scorn for the servants "lily-liver"—and will correct it.

In haste.





O all lovers of pantomime, be they young or old, the event of the evening and the sure producer of the biggest "Oh!" is the transformation scene. Your theatrical manager, who is a

very wise man in his generation, knows this, and he ingeniously suggests its expected beauties by printing its title in very large type on the programme. Much rests on a transformation title. It is invariably suggestive of all that is most beautiful, unsolvable, and never before seen by mortal eyes—"Cupid's Birthday Party," "The Fairies' Trysting Place," and "The Palace of Pearls of the Coral Queen," are all calculated to set mature minds wondering as to whatever it is going

to be, and the youngsters' eyes open to their fullest extent when told by paterfamilias that they are going to see Cupid and his companions playing "overbacks" and the fairies fishing in silver streams for sticklebacks!

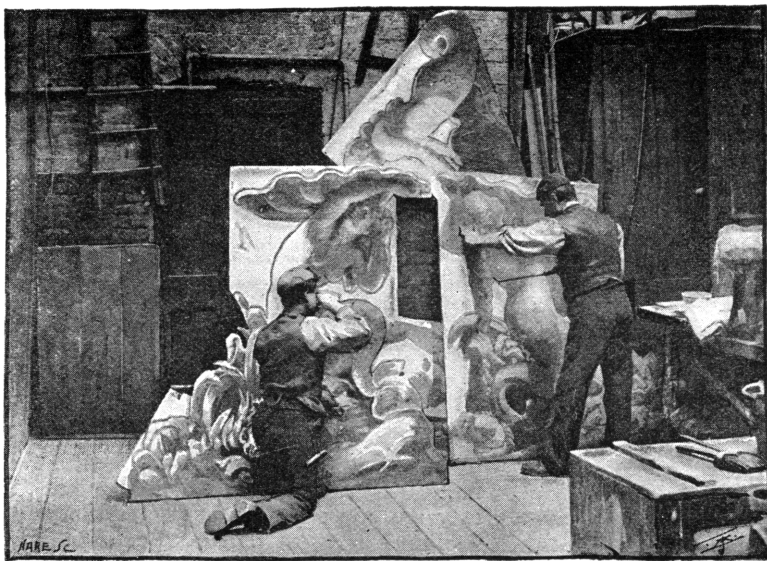
How are these scenic dreams produced, and, when ready for production, how are these wonderful "changes" brought about? We will divulge the great secret of pantomime.

First a subject is chosen—call it what you will, but fairies and their near relations must be included; their homes where they dwell—be they inside a rosebud or within the shelter of the white bell of a lily of the valley—must haunt the mind of the



MODEL BY MR. H. EMDEN.





"PROFILING" A MERMAID.

artist who is about to prepare the surprise for Boxing Night. A number of rough sketches are made, and these proving as satisfactory as they are suggestive of an ultimate brilliant and bewildering effect, your artist settles down to build up a model to half-inch scale. This will frequently take a fortnight or three weeks to make, and very pretty things they are. Anything elaborate, such as rock-work, is carefully modelled out in plaster, whilst occasionally the figures are for the time being cut out in cardboard, so that a better notion may be formed as to how the ladies who pose in the great scene on Boxing Night will look in the completed picture. The one reproduced in these pages will give a very good idea of what this is. It is a model by Mr. H. Emden, one of our principal scenic artists, who has been promoting pleasure with his painting for the past twenty-eight years, and who will be responsible for the transformation scene in Mr. Oscar Barrett's revival of pantomime at the Lyceum, with that sweet young damsel with the daintiest foot in fairyland—"Cinderella."

The model completed, the carpenter and property master have to be considered. Each separate piece is traced off in outline in order that the knight of the chisel may make a wooden framework for the canvas. He it is who "profiles" the mermaids and their golden-haired sisters who will fill up the corners of the stage and, with the lime-light thrown on their glistening forms, look for all

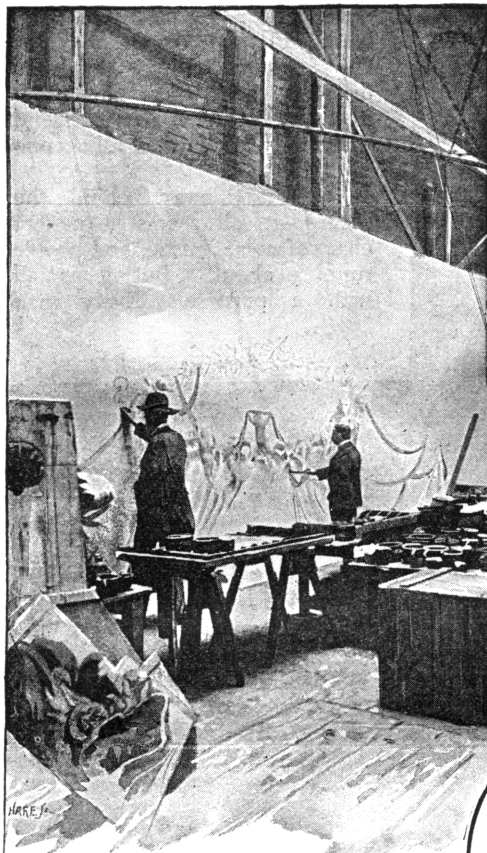
the world as though they have just come straight from the ocean on a temporary Christmas visit. Alas! for the wicked deception of this world! We are well aware that a certain young man, named Tommy, fell in love with one of these damsels only last Boxing Day. It is our painful duty to inform him that his sweetheart was made of wood and canvas, and—*painted!*

The property master—the gentleman who makes those terribly big craniums for the two-headed giant—builds up his share in the work from the plaster model.

Here is the painting-room. It is a perfect *olla podrida* of pots of colour—you can count a couple of hundred of them. Tables—formed by boards on trestles—are placed close at the back of the artists, on which are "stage" palettes. These are great wooden



MR. H. EMDEN.



PAINTING "THE TRANS."

arrangements containing twenty or thirty different compartments for colour. And the scenic artists paint away on the canvas—previously prepared to receive the colour—which is stretched on immense wooden frames, which vary from 24ft. to 30ft. in height, and some 50ft. to 60ft. in length. Here they paint away for weeks—flowers and fairies, Cupids and birds of brilliant plumage make their appearance by degrees, until perhaps at the end of five or six weeks "the trans.," so far as the artist is concerned, is ready.

Young girls are now called in to decorate the canvas—sewing on glittering beads, tinsel and foil, and garlands of flowers, all of which will add to its beauty.

Your wig-maker and costumier must be consulted—the angels in the big picture have to be provided with wings. The dresses are made so that they will exactly match the combination of colour; whilst,

so far as the wigs are concerned, merchants have been touring Germany and persuading the peasants to let them apply the scissors to their flowing locks in exchange for a few trinkets. Mr. Clarkson, who is costumier and perruquier to the Queen, will tell you that some of the principal figures in a transformation scene—and certainly the fairy who rises from below on a golden ball—will frequently wear wigs costing from fifteen to twenty guineas each.

At last—at last the picture of fairyland is finished, and will have cost anything between £800 and £1,000. It is now set on the

stage, its many movements rehearsed again and again, the fairies and Cupids arranged a hundred times—and the managerial mind is in a state of whirl and worry as to how it will all work out at the "first performance."

The "behind the scenes" arrangements at Drury Lane are unique

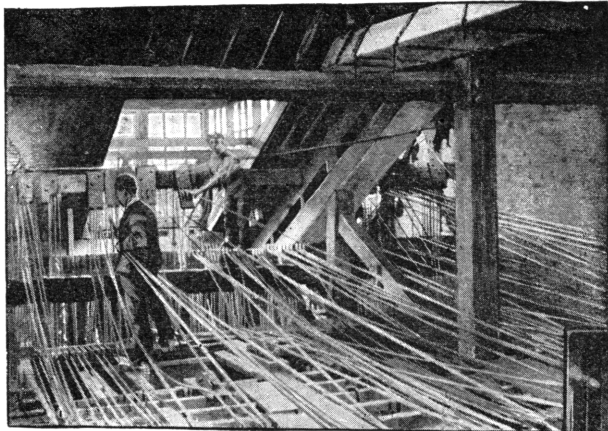


SEWING ON BEADS.

in their way, and a perfect puzzle to the uninitiated. There are ten thousand ropes

so the clouds disappear, the stars begin to twinkle, and you get the first peep into fairy-land. Flowers come and go, Cupids drop from the sky, birds fly about everywhere and perch upon the blossoms, fairies ascend noiselessly. How is it all accomplished?

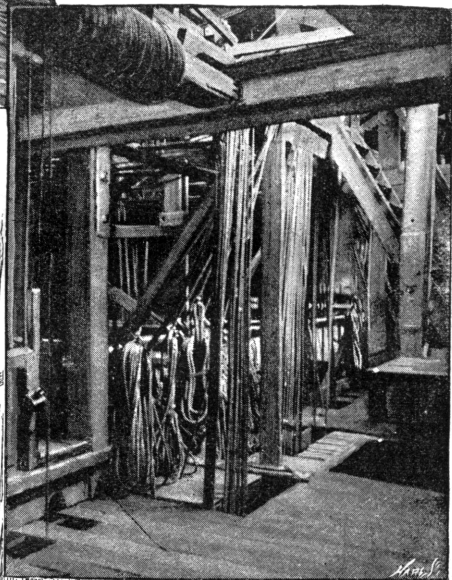
We hurry away behind the scenes—it all seems a perfect chaos of noise, bustle, and people running about. But it is all with a purpose. Every man



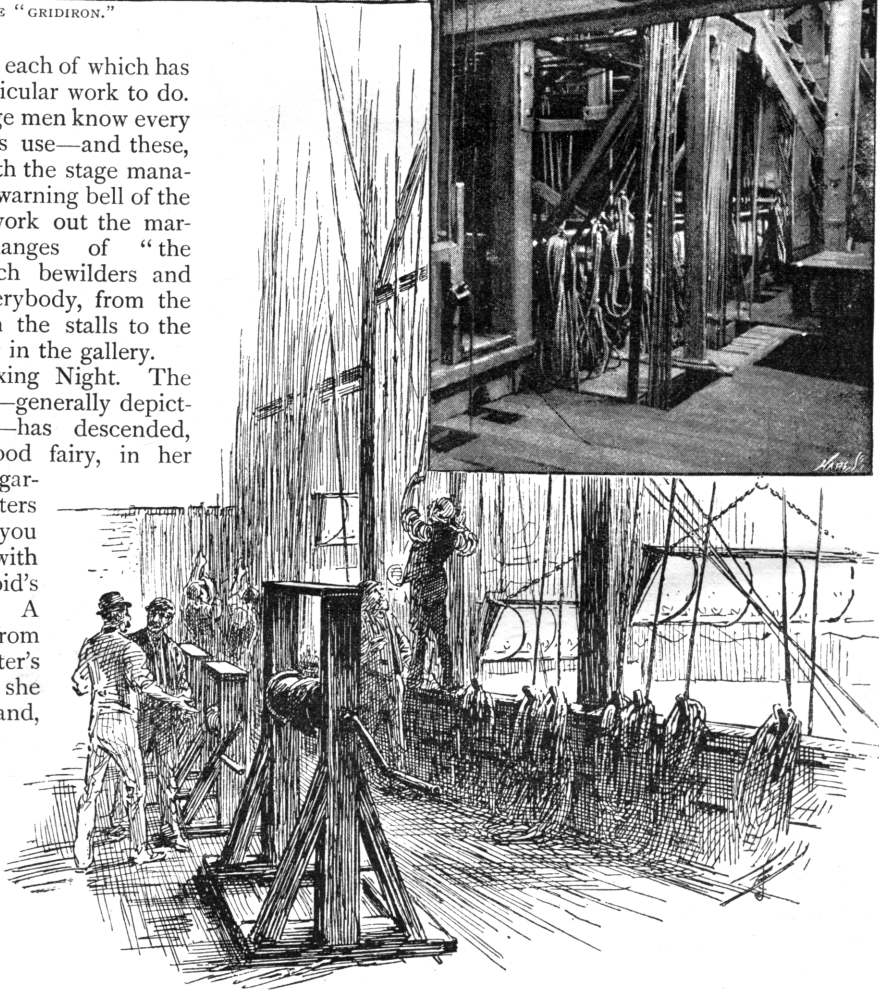
ON THE "GRIDIRON."

and pulleys, each of which has its own particular work to do. But the stage men know every cord and its use—and these, together with the stage manager and the warning bell of the prompter, work out the marvellous changes of "the trans." which bewilders and delights everybody, from the little one in the stalls to the butcher boy in the gallery.

It is Boxing Night. The front cloth—generally depicting clouds—has descended, and the good fairy, in her clinging garments, enters and invites you to come with her to "Cupid's Bower." A ting-ting from the prompter's bell, and as she waves her wand,



"UPPER FLIES."



IN THE "FLIES."  
(At Drury Lane Theatre.)

knows the ropes, so to speak. Certain ropes will let down a piece of sky. At the moment that piece of sky is due to make its appearance, the prompter from his corner

ON THE STAGE—ABOVE.



ing to his place as though nothing had happened. He was only twenty or thirty feet above the level of the stage, and with absolutely nothing to protect him!

To most juvenile minds, the greatest wonder is caused when a bevy of fairies come up through the floor as though by magic, without a sound or murmur, whilst the youngsters can scarcely contain themselves when some beauteous being positively flies through the boards without note of warning.

The pictures here reproduced will convey a very good notion as to how this is managed.



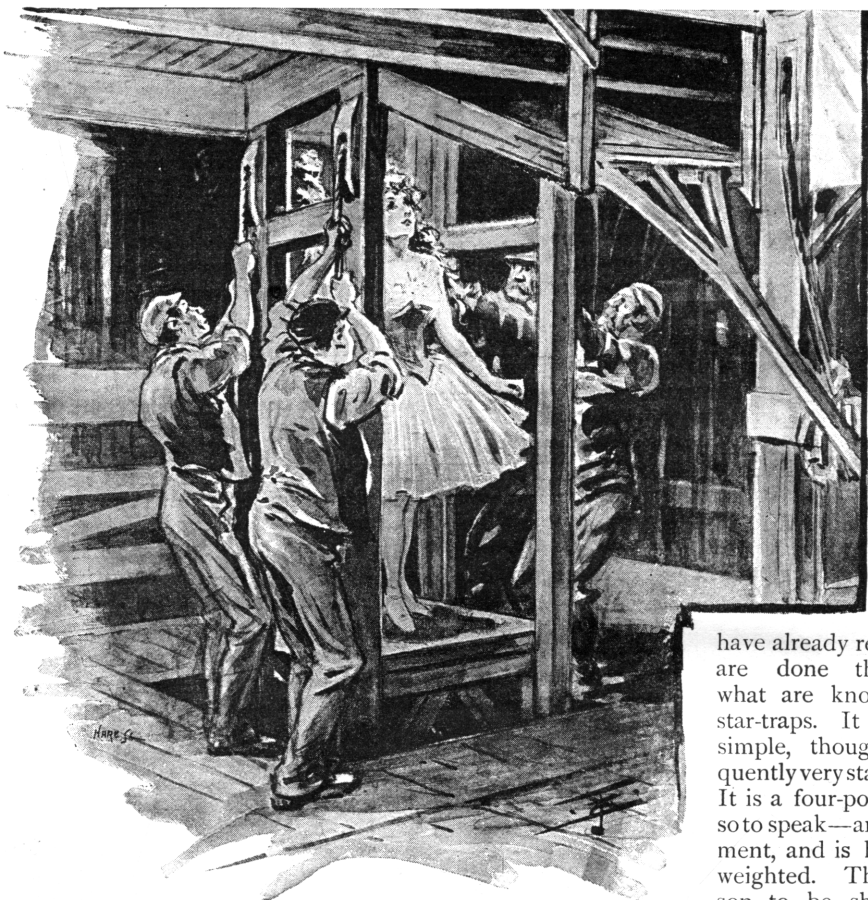
ON THE "BRIDGE"—BELOW.

presses the button which rings a bell above or below the stage, as needed, or right up in the gridiron—so called on account of the number of ropes stretched across from side to side of the stage—and your man knows that it is a signal to let the sky drop, or the flowers descend, or the glittering golden rain shower down. How it is all brought about without a piece of canvas getting out of order is a mystery. Sometimes, however, this is the case, and then you see one of the fly men crawl along the gas batons with the dexterity of a monkey—and be it distinctly understood that this is intended as a compliment—and put the rebellious bit of canvas right, return-

It happened that when this article was being prepared a ballet was in course of presentation at the Empire Theatre in which this magical appearance was done, and the sketches were drawn whilst all was in action.

Not only fairies, but the big banquets set out on tables, which appear and disappear, are done on this principle. Some moments before the cluster of pretty people is required the fairies are busily arranging themselves—under the direction of the stage manager—beneath the stage, on what is known as a bridge. This is a substantial length of board connected with weights, pulleys and cords, which, at the proper moment, is raised to a level with the stage by means of a windlass. Down the





LIFTING A FAIRY.

stairs the fairies come tripping and take up their position on the bridge. Some will lie down, others recline against supports to help them to remain without moving, whilst others who are to pose in a sitting position are provided with comfortable seats and strapped on for safety.

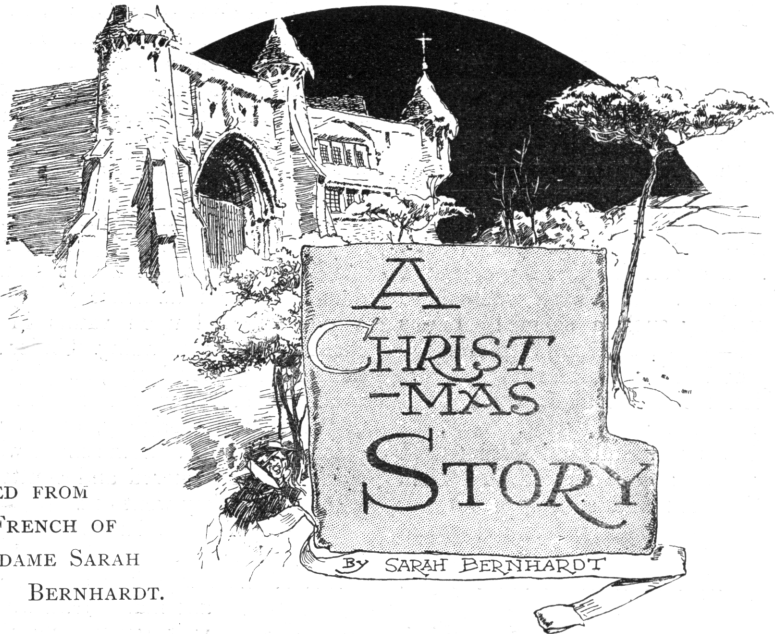
All at once the bell sounds—it comes from the prompter's box. The trap, which provides the opening above, silently slides away, the men in their shirt sleeves at the windlass clap their hands to the handles, and noiselessly the bridge with its beautiful burden ascends, and we hear a burst of applause.

The "sudden" appearances to which we

quartet of stage hands take their allotted corners at the ropes, and at the word "Go!" suddenly release the cord and "up" goes the fairy. It is not often the case, however, that

fairies are subjected to this means of a sudden rise in life—the star-trap being more frequently used for the appearance of spangled and fiery-eyed demons and sprites, or the irrepressible disciple of Joey Grimaldi, who after being so "lifted" only regains his feet to thrust his hands in his capacious pockets, screw his highly coloured mouth into position, and shout out at the top of his voice: "Here we are again! A Muddy Christmas and a Sloppy New Year!"





TRANSLATED FROM  
THE FRENCH OF  
MADAME SARAH  
BERNHARDT.

**T**HE Château de Ploerneuf was the terror of the Bretons. On passing it the peasants made the sign of the cross and murmured under their breath : "The Château of the Accursed !" Brambles grew about its boundary walls, which no living soul dared pass. The valets moved about within like shadows, never raising their voices. No one ever spoke to the master.

Alone, the young Comte Robert found grace before the lord of the manor, the old Duc de Kerberzoff, his uncle.

At the moment when this recital commences, Robert was at the feet of the old man, who, with livid face, glittering eyes, and marks of fear on all his features, sat in the great ducal chair, listening to what the spectre of terror said to him.

By his side, upon a porphyry column, burned a small golden lamp, ornamented with precious stones, into the flame of which a tall negro poured, minute by minute, a drop of oil. In the old man's rude hand gleamed an axe : the negro would have paid with his life the least forgetfulness of his duties.

The Duke was paler than usual. His long white hair clung to his brow, and from his eyes great tears rolled down upon his silver beard.

"My dear lord, are you in greater pain?" asked Robert, tenderly.

The Duke shuddered—listening still.

"Christmas! Christmas!" sang voices in the fields. "Christmas! Christmas!" sounded the church bells.



"ROBERT WAS AT THE FEET OF THE OLD MAN."



Then, drawing himself up, spectre-like, he said:—

"Listen, Robert, listen!"

For twenty years the old man had not spoken.

The sepulchral voice resounded in the great hall; the arms, struck by echo, gave out an iron plaint. The young Count felt frozen with fear.

"Twenty years ago, I had a son; handsome, brave, and generous. He loved a young, low-born girl, and wished to wed her; but I refused—I could not consent to such an outrage. My son implored me, but I remained inflexible. My blazon would have been shattered by such a shame! I was wrong, child—I was wrong! Never be arrogantly proud, it is a mortal sin!"

Sobs stifled the old Duke's voice. But presently he went on:—

"The girl was beautiful and virtuous. I offered her gold; she refused it. Then I had her abducted and shut up in a tower of the château. Months passed; my son remained faithful to his vows, I faithful to my pride. I therefore resolved to kill the girl.

To that end I sent her secretly a message, advising her to escape. A silken ladder was conveyed to her, with minutely detailed instructions as to how she was to fasten it to her window. She prepared to fly—and then I invented an infamous trap!

"Listen, Robert—listen! I caused the stones which supported the window to be loosened, so that it should give way under her and she would be dashed upon the marble pavement of the courtyard below. It was Christmas, the night of that evil deed; and ever since I have slept in fear of God.

"That same night I was transported in dreams into an immense gallery of clouds. Vaults followed upon vaults in millions—extending, ever extending. Under these vaults hung little golden lamps, swaying gently. It would have taken years to count them. Some of them burned brightly, others were extinguished suddenly. Some shone with a violent glare, others flickered and sputtered a long while before they went out.

"Some of these lamps were guarded by angels, white and beautiful as beauty itself. Other of the lamps had angels, black, ugly, and malevolent, who seemed to wait impatiently the moment when the flame should expire.

"What does all this mean?" I asked my conductor.

"All those lamps are human souls," he replied. "Those which burn so brightly are the souls of new-born infants; stainless angels guard them. Here are the souls of those who are at the age when, some think, the Spirit of Evil and the Spirit of Good contend for them; but, at the supreme moment, the last breath almost always returns to the Spirit of Good."

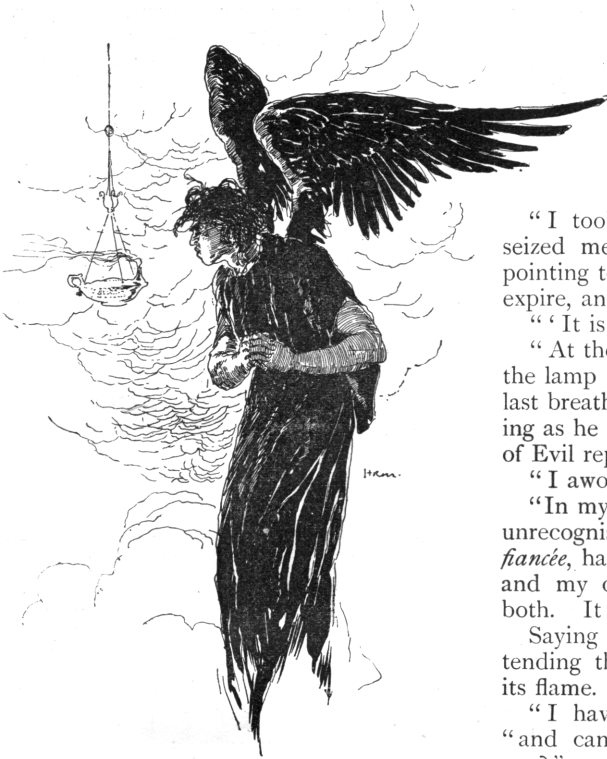
"I then asked to be shown my own lamp.

"Come with me," said the strange being; and, leading me under innumerable vaults, he made me traverse a great distance. At length, stopping me abruptly, he said: 'Behold! there is your soul!'

"I was petrified with terror. A single drop of oil remained in my lamp; and, above it, an angel with black wings blew upon the flame to accelerate its extinction. I was seized



"I HAD HER SHUT UP IN A TOWER."



"AN ANGEL WITH BLACK WINGS BLEW UPON THE FLAME."

with dread—overtaken by cowardice—yes, cowardice!" said the Duke, trembling in every limb.

"Listen, Robert—listen! Beside me burned a flame of purest light: that lamp of gold, protected by an angel with wings of spotless white. The Spirit of Evil whispered in my ear."

The old Duke stopped—as if the voice were speaking to him again. His eyes became bloodshot, his hair rose on his head with horror, his teeth chattered with affright, and when he continued his voice was almost a shriek.

"I went to the lamp guarded by the angel with the white wings, who looked at me sorrowfully; but the angel with the black wings still whispered in my ears. I saw nothing; I did not wish to see anything. I plucked a feather from the wing of the black angel and dipped it in the brightly flaming lamp and took from it the oil, drop by drop, and poured it into mine. My flame became glittering and red as blood; the other paled, but preserved still the brightness of a star. When but one drop of oil was left in it, the angel that

guarded it spread his white wings and would have stayed me; but an angel with pearly wings and bearing a golden sword suddenly appeared.

"Let this human being do according to his will—God will judge him!" it said.

"I took the last drop of oil! Then fear seized me. 'What lamp is this?' I asked, pointing to the poor flame that was ready to expire, and the voice replied:—

"It is the soul of your beloved son."

"At the same moment the clear flame of the lamp died out: the white angel took its last breath in his wings and flew away, uttering as he went a cry of distress. The Spirit of Evil replied with a cry of triumph.

"I awoke, frozen with horror.

"In my chamber lay two bodies—crushed, unrecognisable. My son, informed by his *fiancée*, had tried to protect her in her flight, and my criminal snare had destroyed them both. It was Christmas, twenty years ago!"

Saying this he made a sign to the negro tending the precious lamp to cease feeding its flame.

"I have made confession," he added, "and can now die; but will God forgive me?"



"DIPPED IT IN THE BRIGHTLY FLAMING LAMP."

At that moment the bells of the château pealed forth and the voices of the singers in the church were heard. The doors of the great hall opened. At the back of the chapel of the old manor, resplendent with lights, the infant Jesus, lying upon his bed of straw, appeared, radiant with celestial glory.

The old Duke fell on his knees before the infant Deity.

"Man," said the voice of the priest, "Jesus was born to suffer, and died for the redemption of

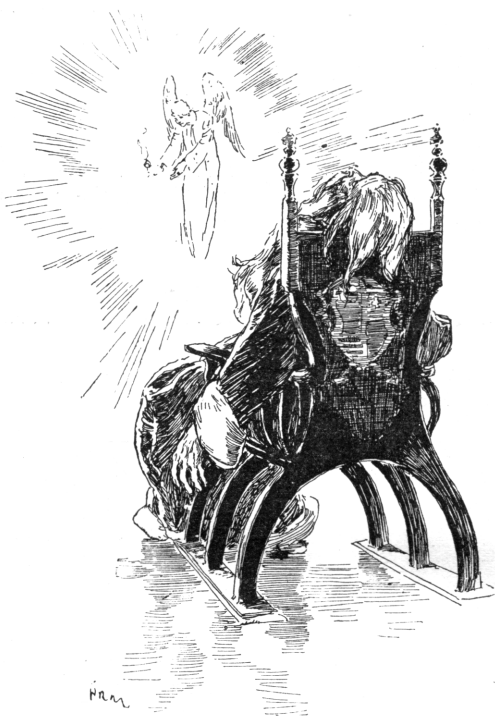
sinner. You have sinned, you have suffered, you have repented—God forgives you.

Your soul pass from you in peace."

Then the old man turned his eyes towards the lamp, above which an angel with white wings was hovering. That angel he recognised—it was the guardian of the brilliant lamp.

The angel smiled sweetly and took within his wings the expiring flame, with which he flew heavenwards.

The Duc de Kerberzoff was dead !

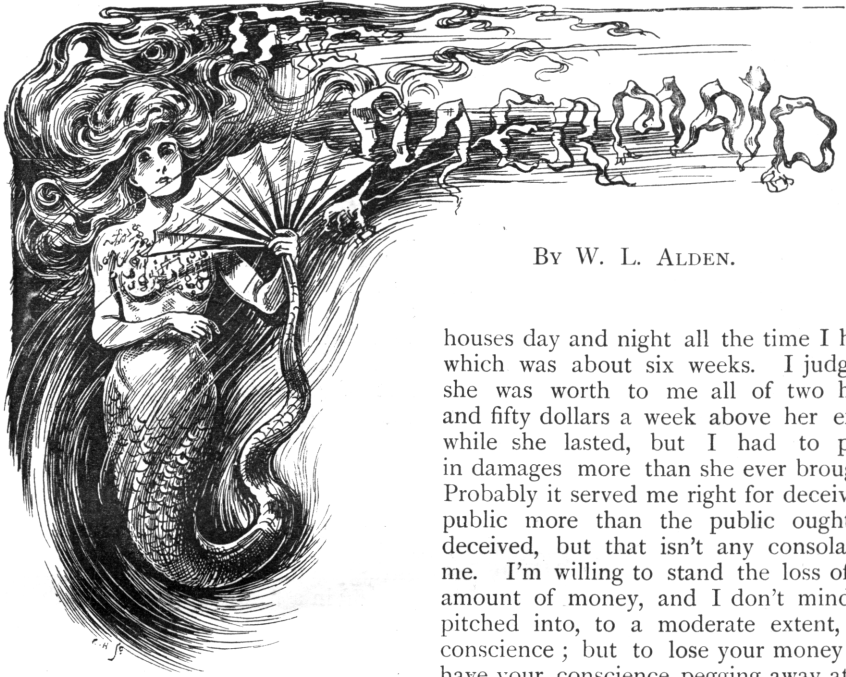


Je me jette à l'étendard  
 Il s'envole vers le ciel.  
 Le Duc de Kerberzoff  
 est mort !

Charles Bernier  
 1880

Boston

## *The Queer Side of Things—Among the Freaks.*



BY W. L. ALDEN.

**W**HAT I need," said the Doorkeeper one evening, when he had seemed more than usually thoughtful, "is some brand new attraction. Thishyer thing of running the same show year after year, with the same Giant and Dwarf and Fat Woman and such, doesn't seem worthy of an enterprising Christian man."

"I thought you had tried novel attractions a good many times?" said I.

"So I have, but they never panned out well. I told you about several of them, and you could see for yourself that they were failures. You've got to deal honestly with the public if you want to succeed. Of course, when I say honestly I mean it in a reasonable sort of way. If you take your honesty straight, it won't work. You've got to mix it with a little intelligent enterprise before it can really be called the best policy.

"One of the best things that I ever tried in the line of novel attractions," continued the Doorkeeper, after a smoky pause, "was the Marquesas Mermaid. She drew full

houses day and night all the time I had her, which was about six weeks. I judged that she was worth to me all of two hundred and fifty dollars a week above her expenses while she lasted, but I had to pay her in damages more than she ever brought me. Probably it served me right for deceiving the public more than the public ought to be deceived, but that isn't any consolation to me. I'm willing to stand the loss of a fair amount of money, and I don't mind being pitched into, to a moderate extent, by my conscience; but to lose your money and to have your conscience pegging away at you at the same time is a little too much, and that's what happened to me in this Mermaid affair.

"She was brought to me by a stranger one day. I knew him by reputation, and his reputation was pretty bad, but I had never dealt with him before. I was exhibiting in New York at the time, and was doing a fair to middling business, though it showed signs of falling off, owing to the Presidential campaign which was then in progress. If ever you go into the show business you'll wish you were living under a king. Thishyer electing of a President takes the public's attention away from all Freaks excepting political ones, and people will walk ten miles to look at Jim Blaine sooner than walk around the corner to see a first-class Fat Woman. I believed in a republic as much as anybody before I went into the show business, but there is no denying the fact that no Museum of Freaks can stand the active competition of American politics.

"Well! to go back to thishyer Mermaid. I was sitting in my office one day when this agent comes to me and says:—

"Colonel! if you want an attraction that will knock all competition sky-high, including

the Eyetalian Opera and the Woman's Temperance Society, I've got it for you.'

"What is it?" said I. 'Not that I'm in need of any attraction, considering that I'm turning about a thousand people away every day; but for all that, I'm always ready to consider any fair offer. That is, providing it ain't no Two-Headed Girl. One head apiece is all any Freak that gets into my collection is allowed to have.'

"You see," added the Doorkeeper, "I'd been sold once, and put in a very bad position, by a Two-Headed Girl, and I wasn't going to be caught in that way a second time."

"It's a genuwine South Sea Mermaid," said the agent, 'and a mighty handsome one too.'

"Then we can't trade," said I. 'I've got one of your South Sea Mermaids in one of my packing boxes, and I'll give her to you if you'll carry her away. A Mermaid won't draw nowadays any more than a stuffed cat.'

"But," says the man, 'this is none of your regular old-style Mermaids, made out of a fish and a monkey. I tell you she's a genuwine Mermaid, what sings and swims, and combs her hair, and talks. Mighty intelligent she is, too. She can speak French just as well as you or me speaks American, though, of course, she don't speak it in public. If you'll let me bring her here some morning and give you a private exhibition, you'll admit that she is something altogether new in the Mermaid line.'

"The next morning, when there was nobody in the Museum except me, a van drove up, and a big packing box mounted on wheels was brought in. The agent was with it, and when he had sent away the men that brought the box, he opened it. There was a big glass tank inside of it, and inside of

the tank was a very handsome young woman, got up as a Mermaid. And she was mighty well got up, too. The upper part of her was covered with india-rubber life preservers fitted to her shape, and from the waist down she was covered with a blue and gold fish-skin that ended in a practicable tail worked by her feet. What with the life preservers, and the ballast that was inclosed in the fish-skin, she was constructed so as to swim in the tank with her head and arms and shoulders clear of the water, and with her back hair, which was about 4ft. long and genuine so far as I know, floating out behind her.

"The agent filled up the tank with water, and the Mermaid gave a performance, although she grumbled a little at having to do it in cold water. She would swim around the tank singing to herself in some sort of gibberish that the agent said was the Marquesas language. Then she would sit on an artificial rock in the middle of the tank and comb her hair, and cuss a little to herself, as I afterwards found out, because the hair, being wet, would get in more or less of a tangle. Then she would keep on sitting on the rock while she would look at herself in a hand mirror, and sigh as if she thought she was beginning to grow grey and wrinkled, which she wasn't. Presently she



"THEN SHE WOULD SIT ON A ROCK AND COMB HER HAIR."

would start as if she saw some particular young man in the audience, and with a wild shriek she would dive in the tank and swim around under water for about ten minutes as it seemed to me, though it was really only about four minutes. You see, she had begun her career as a Champion Woman Fish, and as such was accustomed to eat and smoke under the water. This Mermaid business was only an expansion, as you might say, of her original profession.

"What do you say to that?" asked the agent when the exhibition was over and the Mermaid had gone into my private office to get dry, and to put on her citizen's dress.

"Of course I told him that I didn't think much of it, but that I was willing to give the girl an engagement, provided she would take a nominal salary. From that we argued the thing for pretty near an hour, I being determined that such a first-class attraction shouldn't escape me, and he being bound to stick me for a salary that was about equal to that of an Eyetalian primer donner. We came to an agreement after awhile, and all three went to dinner together. I will say that, for a professional, the Marquesas Mermaid was the most lady-like woman I have ever met, barring that she would drink more beer and whisky than, to my mind, a regular private lady would drink. But she said she had to do something to keep her blood circulating, and stave off the rheumatism, which was only reasonable, considering that she spent from three to four hours daily in her tank.

"Well! That Mermaid was the very

biggest success I ever had, and I've had a good many since I first went into the business some thirty - seven years ago. About two-thirds of the people who came to see her believed in the Mermaid yarn, and the other third could not help admiring the splendid way in which she played her part, especially her performances under water. She was a remarkably well-behaved girl, too. I am sorry to say that she drank altogether too much, but she was always sober until after her day's work was done; and if she did drink too much in her own bedroom, she never made a row and broke things, as a Fat Woman I once had (who took to drink in consequence of a disappointment in love) was in the habit of doing.

"But there was one person who hated the girl, and that was the Beautiful Circassian Girl. From the day the Mermaid came into the show the Circassian might as well have been out of it altogether, so far as attracting any attention went. Naturally she was jealous, as were all the other Freaks, though they did not show it so openly. The thing that made the Circassian Girl the maddest was that the Giant, who had been paying her attention for some months, went clean over to the Mermaid, and hadn't eyes in his head for any other girl.

"Now, the Circassian, who was a Spanish girl from Cuba, and about as bad-tempered as they make 'em, combined with the Dwarf, who was another bad lot, and got up a scheme for getting square with the Mermaid. They worked it in this way. The girl was accustomed to stay in her tank for an hour



"THEY GOT UP A SCHEME."



and a half at each performance, and of course we had two performances a day. Naturally the water, no matter how warm it might be at the start, would grow cold in the course of an hour and a half, and as it was late in the Fall, and the weather was unseasonably cold, the Mermaid could not stand such a change of temperature. So she had the tank supplied with warm water that was heated in a boiler in another room, and led into the tank by a pipe. This kept the tank at an even temperature—for the warm water was continually flowing into it, while the overflow of cooler water ran off through the escape pipe. She always saw for herself that the water in the boiler was of the right temperature before her performance began, and took care that the fire was brisk enough to keep the water properly heated without overheating it.

"One afternoon the Dwarf pretended that

he had the rheumatism so bad that he could not show, and so I gave him a day off. What does he do but hide himself in the room where the boiler was kept, and after the Mermaid had seen that the fire was all right, and had gone to her room to put on her Mermaid clothes, he stirs up the fire, pours a lot of petroleum into the coal-scuttle, and then fills up the furnace as full as it would hold. After which he

sneaked out, and went to bed, pretending that he had been there all day.

"The Mermaid went into her tank at 2.30 as usual, and as I was standing close to her at the time I noticed that she looked a little dissatisfied, the reason being, as I afterwards found out, that she thought the water was too hot to be quite comfortable. She went through with the first part of her programme as usual: combing her hair, and singing in the Mermaid language, and swimming round the tank with her head and shoulders out of water, but all the time that look of dissatisfaction was growing and

spreading as you might say. Then she came on to the second part of the programme, in which she performed her submarine feats, and no sooner had she sunk gracefully to the bottom of the tank, than she came up to the surface again, with the unhappiest expression I ever saw on a woman's face. She supported herself by holding on to the edge of the tank, and kept as much of herself out of the water as she could, and I could see from the way that she looked at me that she was dying to say something to me. It wouldn't do, however, for her to let the public suppose that she knew how to speak any human language, so I just smiled at her to encourage her, never thinking what the real matter was.

"You see, the Dwarf had managed the fire so that the water was by this time pretty near up to the boiling point, and kept growing hotter every minute. The girl stood it like

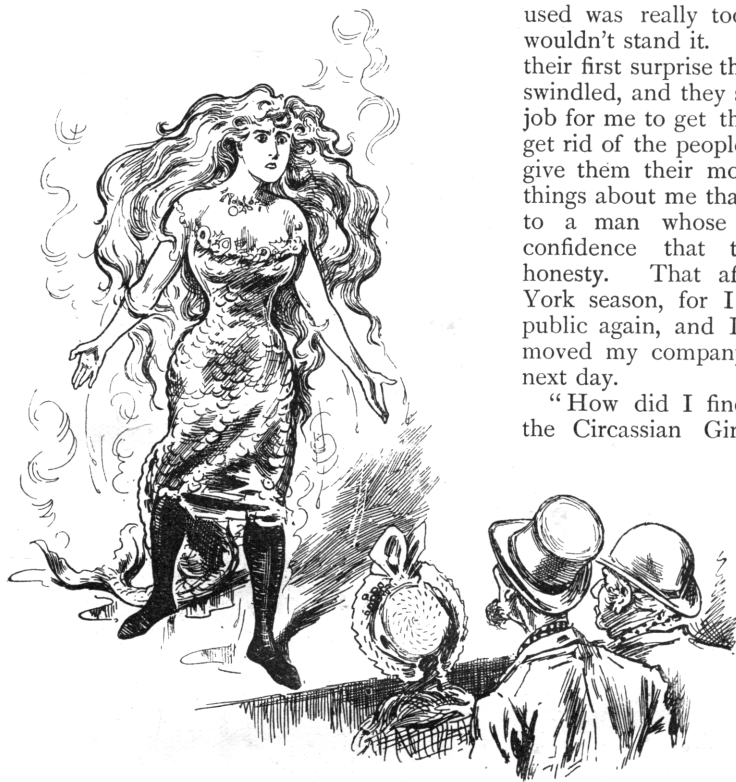
a hero, and the perspiration stood out all over her forehead. She kept moving herself around in the tank, trying to see if she could strike a cooler section of the water, but it was no use. The time came pretty soon when she had to take her choice between being boiled and giving herself away, and, naturally, she chose the latter. At first she tried to get out of the

tank without opening her lips, but when she had swung herself up to the rim of the tank, and was hanging over it, the tank began to tip up, and presently the whole thing went over with a crash and pretty near drowned the people that were standing under it.

"The Mermaid, when she saw what was going to happen, called out, 'Save me!' as loud as she could, and when she was picked up, with her fish-skin extension burst open, and her feet showing through it, she knew the game was up, and she thought she might as well relieve her feelings with language. She stood up and made a speech to the



"HE STIRS UP THE FIRE."



"SHE SAID THAT SOME SCOUNDREL HAD TRIED TO BOIL HER."

public, saying that some scoundrel had tried to boil her, and threatening to kill him the first minute she could find him.

"I can overlook a good deal that people, and especially women, may say when they are excited, but, the language the Mermaid

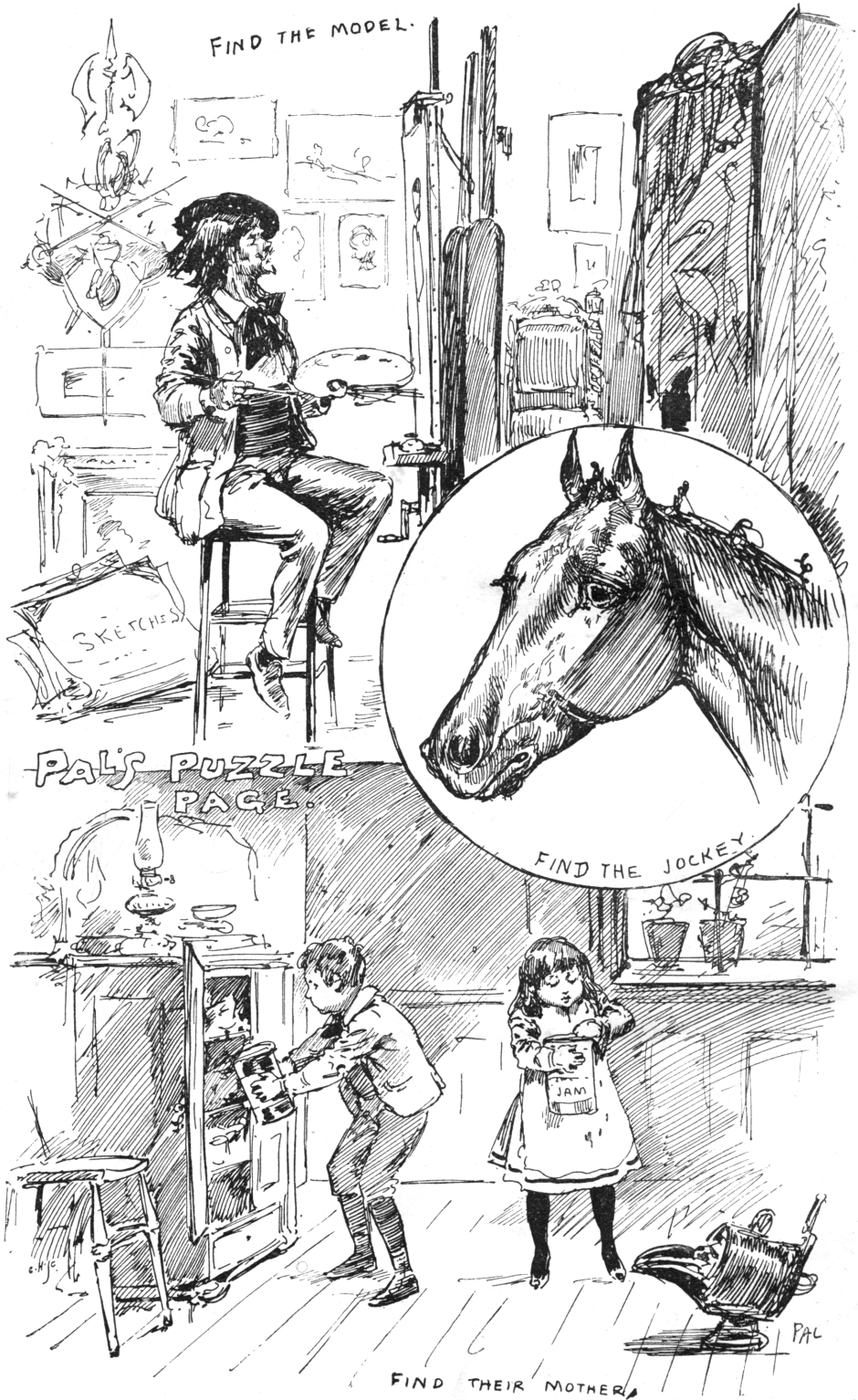
used was really too much, and the public wouldn't stand it. As soon as they got over their first surprise they felt that they had been swindled, and they said so. It was a tough job for me to get the Mermaid away, and to get rid of the people. Of course, I had to give them their money back, but they said things about me that were very discouraging to a man whose living depends on the confidence that the public has in his honesty. That affair broke up my New York season, for I didn't dare to face the public again, and I just shut up shop and moved my company on to Philadelphia the next day.

"How did I find out that the Dwarf and the Circassian Girl had a hand in it?

Why, because they naturally couldn't help bragging about it. However, I never said anything to them about it. What was the use? 'Let bad enough alone' is my motto. But I can tell you I kept a sharp eye on the Dwarf after that, and cured his rheumatism

for him. The next time he came to me for a half holiday on account of rheumatism, I just said: 'You get into a tank of boiling water, and your rheumatism won't trouble you any more.' He knew what I was referring to, and he never said rheumatism to me again."





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